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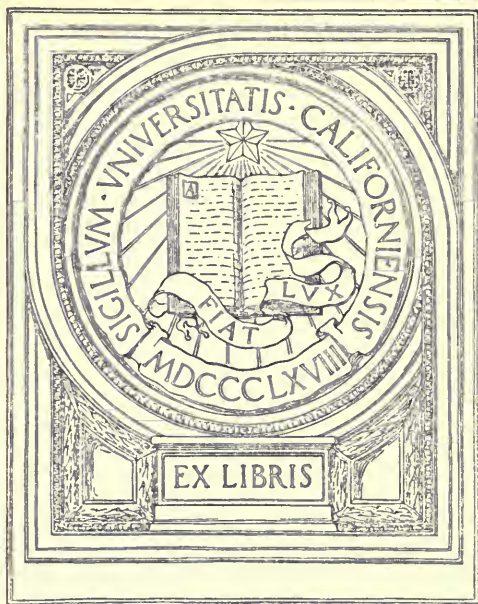
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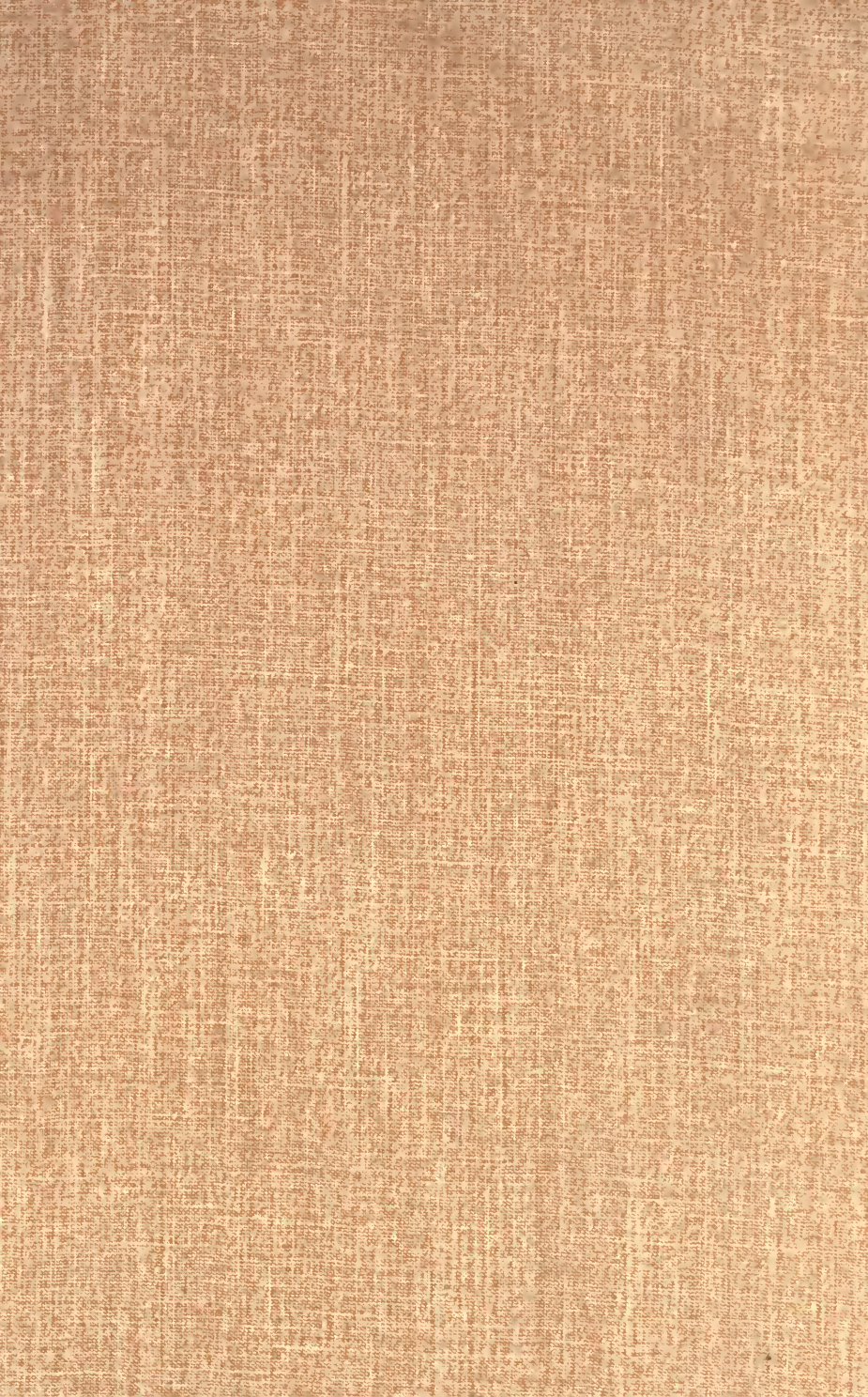
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## LONDON AND ITS CELEBRITIES

# Memoirs of John Heneage Jesse



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Original etching by Adrian Marcel.



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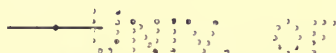
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London, Vol. III.





# LONDON AND ITS CELEBRITIES.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE TEMPLE.

The Knights Templars — The Origin, Habits, Duties, and History of the Order — Temple Church — Effigies There — Temple Gardens — The White and Red Rose — Inner and Middle Temple Halls — Temple Lawyers — Inner Temple Gate and Lane — Doctors Goldsmith and Johnson's Rooms. — King's Bench Walk — Eminent Residents in the Temple.

ON the south side of Fleet Street, to the eastward of Temple Bar, are the entrances into the Temple. Quitting the noise and bustle of the crowded streets, we suddenly find ourselves wandering among its silent courts, or moralising in its secluded garden ; recalling the days of chivalry and the Crusades of Saladin and Cœur de Lion, when the ground on which we stand was peopled with the white robe and the red cross, — the romantic garb of the great religious and military Order of the Knights Templars.

“Those bricky towers  
The which on Thames’ broad aged back do ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers:  
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,  
’Till they decayed through pride.”

— *Spencer’s Prothalamion.*

The famous Order of the Knights Templars was first established in England by Hugo de Payens, in 1118, shortly after the first Crusaders had rescued the Holy City from the infidels. The lives and properties of the numerous pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre were at this period constantly exposed to the attacks of the merciless bands of robbers who scoured the plains of Palestine; and accordingly it was principally for the purpose of protecting their pious Christian brethren from wrong and robbery on the road that the Order was originally founded. It was in the reign of King Stephen that a branch of the Order first established itself in England. Their earliest lodge, called the “Old Temple,” was in Holborn, nearly on the site of the present Southampton Buildings. In 1184 they removed to the “New Temple,” on the banks of the Thames, in Fleet Street, where they remained till the suppression of their Order, in 1310.

The habits and dress of the Knights Templars were originally as simple as the duties which they were called upon to perform. Their dress was a white robe, to which was afterward added the

famous red cross on the left shoulder. Honoured throughout Christendom for their piety, humility, and heroic actions, they styled themselves the Fellow Soldiers of Jesus Christ, subsisting entirely on alms, and in their humility deeming one horse sufficient to carry two knights. This striking evidence of their original lowliness they still continued to commemorate on the seal of their order, even in the days of their proud magnificence.

The principal duties which were enjoined to the Knights Templars were chastity, self-denial, and obedience to their superior. Previous to their admission into the Order, they were required to take a solemn oath that they were neither married nor betrothed ; that they were free from debt, and of sound constitutions ; that they would be strictly obedient to the master of their lodge, and the grand master at Jerusalem ; that they would solemnly observe the rules of this Order ; that they would lead a life of chastity ; that their whole energies should be devoted to the conquest of the Holy Land ; and that they would never permit a Christian to be despoiled of his heritage. To kiss a woman, even though a mother or a sister, was strictly forbidden.

By degrees, as the fame of these military monks increased, they relaxed the strictness of their original regulations. Instead of the single horse which was originally considered sufficient for two knights, each Templar was allowed three, with the addition

of an esquire, who was usually a youth of noble birth, only too proud of such distinguished servitude. Moreover, though still required to practise habits of self-denial and to inure themselves to hardships and danger, the armour which they wore was permitted to be of the most splendid description, while their horses, which were of the purest blood, were allowed to be similarly richly caparisoned. By this time the treasures and domains of the Knights Templars had increased to an almost regal magnificence. Gold had poured in to them from the superstition of the pious and the favour of princes. The numerous powerful nobles who joined their Order threw their wealth into the common stock; at one time they could boast the possession of no fewer than nine thousand manors. That the moral character of Knights Templars was in some degree changed by these vast accessions of wealth and power, and, indeed, that there were individual instances amongst them of arrogance, licentiousness, and broken vows, there can be little question. Nevertheless, that the whole Order had swerved from its ancient character for piety, chastity, and self-denial, and, much more, that they were guilty of the monstrous crimes with which their enemies charged them, may be safely denied. Their great crime, indeed, was their wealth, which successive sovereigns had regarded with covetous eyes, and to which, far more than to their crimes, we are to attribute the subsequent



ruin of their Order and their own memorable and cruel fate.

The first formidable blow struck at the Knights Templars was by Philip the Fair, King of France, in 1307, only sixteen years after their heroic defence of St. Jean d'Acre. To the cruelties to which these chivalrous warriors were subjected in this reign, it would be difficult to find a parallel even in the blood-stained chronicles of France. Philip, having determined to possess himself of their wealth, issued a manifesto, in which, after accusing them of the most atrocious offences, he directed the simultaneous seizure of their persons ; at the same time consigning them to the tender mercies of an infamous inquisition which was empowered to employ torture in order to extort confession. Accordingly, of the first 140 knights who were thus put to the torture, no fewer than thirty-six, asserting their innocence to the last, perished under the agonies of the rack. Some, indeed, while undergoing tortures too terrible for human nature to endure, faintly admitted the guilt of their Order ; but of these not a few subsequently retracted the confession which pain had wrung from them, and passed even cheerfully from the dungeon to the flames.

The fate of the grand master, James de Molay, the last individual who filled that exalted post, was the most striking. He, too, in a moment of weakness, had pleaded guilty to the charges brought

against his Order and himself, and consequently had secured for himself a temporary security from the flames in which fifty-four of his Order had suffered at Paris at the same time. His fate, however, had been delayed merely to allow Philip to produce him as a crowning triumph to his ruthless policy. Accordingly, after a protracted imprisonment, he was led forth from his dungeon to a scaffold erected in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, where it was expected that he would reiterate his denunciations of his departed brotherhood and his own admission of guilt. To the astonishment, however, of the assembled citizens, on advancing to the edge of the scaffold, he boldly revoked his former confession, addressing them in a speech of nervous eloquence, which is said to have made an extraordinary impression on those who listened to him. "It is right," he said, "in this terrible hour, and in the last moments of my life, that I should denounce the iniquity of falsehood, and make the truth triumph. I declare, therefore, in the face of heaven and earth, though I speak it to my eternal shame, that I have committed the greatest of crimes, the acknowledging of those offences which have been so foully charged on my Order. I made the contrary declaration only to suspend the excessive pains of torture. I know the punishments which have been inflicted on those knights who have had the courage to revoke a similar confession, but not even the dread-

ful death which awaits me is able to make me confirm one lie by another. The existence offered me upon such terms I abandon without regret."

The same evening a charcoal fire was lighted in front of Notre Dame, at which the last Grand Master of the Knights Templars was slowly and mercilessly burnt to death. In his dying agony he solemnly cited King Philip and Pope Clement the Fifth, who had connived at the destruction of his Order, to appear before the divine tribunal within a specified time; and as they severally expired within the period predicted, it was not unnatural in a superstitious age that the common people, who were not without commiseration for the sufferings of the Knights Templars, should have been led to regard them as martyrs in the cause of religion and truth.

The fate impending over the Knights Templars in England was scarcely a less melancholy one. There, the reigning monarch, Edward the Second, was easily induced to follow the example set him by the French king, and accordingly, on the 8th of January, 1310, preparatory to the seizure of their property, an edict was issued for the simultaneous arrest of the persons of the Knights Templars in all parts of England. A few, indeed, escaped either to the dreary regions of Ireland, or to the fastnesses of Scotland and Wales, but the majority proving less fortunate, no fewer than 229 knights were thrown into prison. To

what extent torture was put into practice in order to extort confessions from them is not known. Certain, however, it is, that when brought before the inquisition, which held its meetings in the churches of St. Martin's, Ludgate, and St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, one and all denied with impressive solemnity the monstrous crimes with which their Order was so confidently charged. Eventually, however, proceedings against them were put a stop to, in consequence of the formal and final abolition of their Order by the Pope, in 1312. At its dissolution, the Temple was conferred by Edward the Second on Aylmer de Valence, second Earl of Pembroke, the fellow soldier of Edward the First in the Scottish wars. Shortly after the death of this powerful baron it was granted to the Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who, in the reign of Edward the Third, leased it to the students of the common law, in whose possession it has ever since remained. The winged horse, the emblem of the Knights Templars, and the lamb, the occasional emblem of the Knights of St. John, still remain among the many striking decorations of the Temple Church.

Passing under a semicircular arched Norman doorway, — the deep recess of which is elaborately ornamented with pillars, foliated capitals, and other sculptured ornaments of great beauty, — we find ourselves in that masterpiece of art, the Temple

Church, rich with a thousand historical associations. Here it was that the chivalrous Crusaders offered up their devotions and performed their penances. Their very seats, supporting the graceful marble pillars, still exist, while beneath rest their mouldering remains.

The Temple Church is divided into two distinct edifices. The more ancient is the round or circular one, which we first enter; having been built by the knights in 1185, after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The other portion, which is used as the choir and is of a square form, was not completed till 1240. Together they form a whole not only rarely equalled in interest and beauty, but which is unique, as exhibiting to us, almost at a glance, the gradual advance from the old Norman to the exquisite pointed style of architecture; the church having been commenced, and long afterward completed, at periods when the two styles were severally in their highest states of perfection.

Perhaps the objects in the Temple Church which excite the most general attention are the recumbent monumental effigies of the Knights Templars, which lie, in two corresponding groups, on each side of the central avenue. Not only are they beautiful as works of art; not only do they carry us back in imagination to the romantic period of the Crusades; but they are also of great value as affording us the best specimens which we possess

of military costume in England from the reign of King Stephen to that of Henry the Third. That the knights are severally represented in the same garb which they wore in their lifetimes, there can be little question. Such of the figures as are represented with their legs crossed are supposed to be those of knights who had either served against the infidels in the Holy Land, or else had made pilgrimages to the Holy Sepulchre. This characteristic, however, when observed in other churches, is far from invariably denoting that the knight was either a pilgrim or a Crusader.

Of the group on the south side, the first figure is said to represent that turbulent baron, Geoffrey de Magnaville, created Earl of Essex in 1148, who, having been forced into rebellion by the injustice of his sovereign, King Stephen, was led to commit all kinds of excesses, which caused his being excommunicated by the Church. Having been mortally wounded in an attack on Burwell Castle in Cambridgeshire, in his last moments he was abandoned by all but the Templars, who, finding him penitent, dressed him in their habit and admitted him into their Order. His death, however, having taken place while he was under the ban of the Church, they were unable to bury him in consecrated ground, and therefore adopted the singular expedient of enclosing his body in a leaden coffin and suspending it from a tree in Temple Garden. Here it remained till absolution

had been obtained from the Pope, when the Templars interred him in the portico before the western door of the Temple Church. The next figure is supposed to be that of the great Protector, William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1219. The third, which is a figure of considerable grace and beauty, has been thought to represent Lord de Ros, who, youthful as he appears, was one of the most formidable barons who extorted the Magna Charta from King John. The fourth figure in the group is said to be that of William Marshall, who succeeded as second Earl of Pembroke, and who died in 1230. In a corresponding position is a stone coffin, of a ridged shape, supposed to have contained the remains of William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry the Third, who died in 1256, and is known to have been buried in the Temple Church.

Of the identity of the group of figures on the north side little or nothing has been ascertained. One of them, indeed, is said to represent Gilbert Marshall, another son of the Protector, and afterward Earl of Pembroke, who took the vows as a Knight Templar, and who, when on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land, was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse at a tournament at Ware, in 1241. The figure in question has certainly a general resemblance to that of his brother, Earl William, but there seems to be no reason for presuming it to be the effigy of Earl Gilbert.



A striking feature in the Temple is a small and gloomy penitentiary cell, in which such of the knights as had infringed the rules of the Order were condemned to solitary imprisonment. Measuring only four feet and a half in length by two and a half in breadth, it is so arranged that the prisoner, through a small aperture, could listen to and join in the services of the church. Within this confined dungeon it was that Walter de Bachelor, Grand Preceptor of Ireland, was chained with fetters till death put an end to his sufferings, when his body was brought forth at dawn of day, and interred in the court between the church and the hall.

Not only was fasting and imprisonment inflicted on the lordly Templars, but there were even occasions on which they were compelled to submit to the degradation of being publicly scourged on the shoulders within the walls of the church. One penitent knight in particular, of the name of Valaincourt, who had formerly renounced the Order, but subsequently sought readmission into it, was condemned, during a whole year, to fast four days in the week on bread and water, to eat on the ground with the dogs, and to be scourged every Sunday in the church, in the face of the assembled congregation.

With the exception of the monumental effigies of the Knights Templars, the Temple Church contains but few sepulchral memorials to which

any interest attaches itself. The exceptions are the monuments of the celebrated John Selden, who died in 1654, and whose funeral sermon was preached in the Temple Church by Archbishop Usher ; of another famous lawyer, Edmund Plowden, treasurer of the society in the reign of Elizabeth ; of James Howell, the author of the charming "Letters," who died in 1666 ; and, in the vestry-room, of a bust of Lord Thurlow, who was interred in the vaults of the church. Here also was buried the celebrated physician, Doctor Mead, but, we believe, without any monument having been raised to his memory.

In the burial-ground outside the building rest the remains of Oliver Goldsmith, over which a monument, inscribed with his name, has of late years been raised.

Formerly, in the Temple Church, was to be seen a black marble gravestone to the memory of one John White, who died in 1644, the inscription on which we quote merely for the sake of its quaintness :

" Here lies a John, a burning, shining Light,  
Whose name, life, actions, were alike all White."

Let us not omit to mention that in ancient times it was the custom of the sergeants at law, when giving counsel to their clients, to station themselves in the circular church of the Temple, each lawyer having his particular post. For in-

stance, in the "Alchemist" of Ben Jonson we find :

"Here's one from Captain Face, sir,  
Desires you meet him in the Temple Church  
Some half-hour hence."

And, again, in the same play :

". . . I have walked the Round  
Till now, and no such thing."

Butler also, in his "Hudibras," has an allusion to the Round :

"Retain all sorts of witnesses  
That ply i' the Temples under trees,  
Or walk the Round with Knights-o'-th'-Posts,  
About the cross-legged knights their hosts;  
Or wait for customers between  
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;  
Where vouchers, forgers, common bail,  
And affidavit-men ne'er fail,  
T' expose for sale all sorts of oaths."

The Temple Garden, with its charming view of the Thames, forms a pleasant oasis in the vast metropolis. It has gradually, indeed, been curtailed by modern buildings of its just proportions, and, moreover, it has lost somewhat of its solemnity by having been forsaken by the old rooks, whose forefathers were transplanted hither by Sir Edward Northey from his seat near Epsom, in the reign of Queen Anne. Goldsmith, who delighted to watch their movements from the windows of his

chambers, has celebrated them in his "Animated Nature." Still, whether we seek the Temple Garden for the sake of its secluded situation, or to indulge in its historical associations; whether we people it with the warlike forms and picturesque garbs of the Knights Templars; or whether we call to mind the many celebrated lawyers who, from the days of Edward the Third to our own time, have sauntered and ruminated in its retired walks; it is alike a spot visited with pleasure and quitted with regret. Probably, to many persons, it is from its connection with the magic pages of Shakespeare that the Temple Garden owes its chiefest interest. Here it is, on the breaking out of the fatal feud between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, that Shakespeare places the memorable meeting between Richard Plantagenet and the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick, during which a trifling incident led to the adoption of the distinctive badges of the white and red rose. Their dispute had commenced in the hall of the Temple, whence they adjourned to the silence and seclusion of the Temple Garden:

*"Suffolk.* Within the Temple hall we were too loud,  
The garden here is more convenient."

Richard Plantagenet, remarking the cautious silence maintained by his friends, proceeds:

"Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,  
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts;

Let him that is a true-born gentleman  
 And stands upon the honour of his birth,  
 If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,  
 From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

*Somerset.* Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,  
 But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
 Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

*Warwick.* I love no colours; and without all colour  
 Of base insinuating flattery,  
 I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

*Suffolk.* I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;  
 And say withal, I think he held the right."

At the breaking up of the meeting, Warwick, foreseeing the misery and bloodshed of which it was destined to be the forerunner, exclaims :

"Against proud Somerset, and William Pole,  
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose :  
 And here I prophesy — this brawl to-day,  
 Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,  
 Shall send between the Red Rose and the White  
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

— *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act ii. Sc. 4.

The fact is alike a curious and an interesting one, that not very long after the date of this alleged colloquy, Cicely, Duchess of York, with her sons, the future Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and her daughter Margaret, afterward Duchess of Burgundy, was compelled to seek refuge in the Temple; the chambers in which they found shelter being those of Sir John Paston, a devoted partisan of the house of York.

The Temple is divided into two separate Inns of Court ; the one distinguished as the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, and the other as the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Each has a hall of its own, but the church is common to the members of both.

The hall of the Inner Temple is supposed to stand on the site of the refectory of the Knights Templars. It was in the old hall of the Inner Temple that, on the 15th of August, 1661, Charles the Second and his brother, the Duke of York, were entertained at a magnificent banquet by the benchers and barristers of the Inner Temple ; and here also took place, on the 2d of February, 1733, the last revel given by an Inn of Court, the occasion being the elevation of Lord Chancellor Talbot to the woolsack.

Far more interesting is the magnificent hall of the Middle Temple, with its venerable timber roof, its emblazoned armorial bearings, its stained glass, its elaborate carvings, and its portraits of successive sovereigns. Rebuilt between the years 1562 and 1572, it suggests many interesting associations. Here, during nearly three centuries, have sat at the social board, and possibly at the very tables which we see arranged before us, most of our celebrated lawyers from the reign of Edward the Sixth to the present time ; here — in the lifetime of the immortal Shakespeare, and probably in his very presence — was acted by the lawyers

his beautiful play of "Twelfth Night;" here, in the days of the Lord of Misrule, of the yule-wood, and the boar's-head, were held the jovial festivities, and the riotous revellings and Christmasings of the olden time; here, among other "merry disports," the fox and the cat were hunted around the hall by a pack of yelling hounds; here, centuries ago, resounded the merry catch and the jolly chorus; and lastly, here, amidst shouts of laughter, the Master of the Revels, followed by sedate benchers and frolic students, led the dance around the sea-coal fire.

"Full oft within the spacious halls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;  
The seals and maces danced before him."<sup>1</sup>

From the days of Queen Elizabeth, till the civil troubles dispersed the refined court of Charles the First, we find the Templars not only frequently representing plays and masques before the sovereign at Whitehall, but also constantly taking a part in the court pageants, whether they comprised a marriage, a coronation, or a royal progress on the Thames. Generally speaking, the Templars

<sup>1</sup> It deserves to be mentioned, in illustration of the revels at Christmas, which used to be held in the halls of the Inns of Court, that in taking up the floor of the Middle Temple hall, about the year 1764, near one hundred pair of dice were found, which had dropped, on different occasions, through the chinks or joints of the boards: the dice were very small, at least one-third less than those now in use.



of the olden time were distinguished as much for their birth, gallantry, and accomplishments as for their legal lore. The cost, indeed, of education averaging not less than twenty marks a year, was of itself sufficient to render the society tolerably exclusive. Sir John Ferne, who was himself a student of the Inner Temple, observes, in his "Glory of Generosity:" "Nobleness of blood, joined with virtue, counteth the person as most meet to the enterprising of any public service. And for that cause it was not for nought that our ancient governors in this land did, with especial foresight and wisdom, provide that none should be admitted into the Inns of Court, — being seminaries sending forth men apt to the government of justice, — except he were a gentleman of blood." Fortescue, another old writer, affords similar evidence of the exclusiveness of the Inns of Court in former days. Speaking of the initiation of a student, he writes: "If he has a servant with him, his charge is then the greater; so that, by reason of this great expense, the sons of gentlemen only do study the law in these inns; the vulgar sort of people not being able to undergo so great a charge, and merchants are seldom willing to lessen their traffic thereby." The Templars, in former days, would seem to have been a somewhat quarrelsome body. So frequently, indeed, did hostile encounters take place among them, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that an order was issued prohibiting

any member of the society from entering the dining-hall with any other weapon "than a dagger or knife."

In ancient times, the lawyers of the Temple appear to have been particularly obnoxious to the lower orders. During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, for instance, one of the first acts of the mob was to burst open the gates of the Temple, and burn and destroy every parchment and record on which they could lay their hands. These lawless acts were afterward repeated with increased violence during the rebellion of Jack Cade.

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."

— *King Henry VI.*, Part II., Act iv. Sc. 2.

On this latter occasion the gates were again forced open, when, not only were the valuable libraries of the society completely destroyed, but numbers of the innocent benchers and students were slaughtered by the infuriated mob.

To the Middle Temple Gate the following well-known anecdote attaches a certain interest. About the year 1501, when Cardinal Wolsey was merely parson of Lymington, without power and apparently without friends, he had been placed in the stocks by Sir Amias Powlet, a justice of the peace, on the charge of having been drunk and disorderly. Such an indignity Wolsey was not a likely person to forget, and accordingly, when in the zenith of his power, he summoned Sir Amias

to London, where he commanded him to remain until further orders. Wolsey's anger appears to have lasted for five or six years, during which period the knight resided in apartments over the gateway, which he subsequently rebuilt at his own expense, and, to gratify the pride of Wolsey, ornamented it with the cardinal's cap and armorial bearings. This gateway having been destroyed by the great fire, the present gate was erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684. It may be mentioned that the conflagration swept so far westward as to destroy a portion of the buildings of the Temple, but fortunately spared the stately hall of the Middle Temple, and the still more ancient and interesting church of the Knights Templars. The Inner Temple Gate was erected in 1607.

As may readily be imagined, many individuals celebrated in the literary annals of their country have lived and pursued their labours within the venerable courts of the Temple. In Middle Temple Lane, for instance, we learn from Anthony Wood that Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, was residing in 1678, when his chambers were burnt down and his valuable collection of books, coins, and medals perished in the flames. In the Middle Temple Thomas Southerne, the dramatic poet, composed his "Disappointment, or, Mother in Fashion," which was acted at the Theatre Royal in 1684. William Wycherley was also at

one period a resident in the Inner Temple ; here dwelt another celebrated dramatic writer, Nicholas Rowe ; and here also resided, in early life, William Cowper, the poet.

In Paper Buildings, looking toward the garden, were the chambers of the learned John Selden ; in Elm Court, Lord Keeper Guildford first commenced practice ; and in this court the great Lord Somers had chambers. The chambers of John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva," were in Essex Court ; Lord Thurlow's were in Fig Tree Court ; those of Sir William Jones in Lamb's Buildings.

With the genius and misfortunes of Oliver Goldsmith, the Temple is especially identified. His first residence was in No. 2 Garden Court. The apartments no longer exist, but Nos. 3 and 4 still remain to point out the site of the spot which was once occupied by the poet. From Garden Court, Goldsmith removed to King's Bench Walk, and lastly, from there to No. 2 Brick Court, Inner Temple, where his rooms were on the second floor, on the right-hand side of the staircase. In these apartments, on the 4th of April, 1774, he breathed his last. In the rooms beneath him lived Sir William Blackstone.

The apartments of Doctor Johnson, which were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple Lane, are associated with more than one anecdote related of

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him by his biographer, Boswell. Not the least amusing of these is the account of the visit paid him by the well-known *belle-esprit*, Madame de Boufflers, in 1763, as Topham Beauclerk related it to Boswell. "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England," said Beauclerk, "she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and, eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a dusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt, and the knees of his breeches, hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

Many of our readers, probably, in passing by the site of Doctor Johnson's rooms in Inner

Temple Lane, have paused to call to mind the curious scene described by Boswell, when the great philosopher was aroused at night by Beauclerk and Bennet Langton, both of them thirty years younger than himself, and persuaded to join them in a street frolic. "One night," writes Boswell, "when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good humour agreed to their proposal; 'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them, but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called bishop, which Johnson had always liked; while, in joyous

contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the lines :

“ ‘ Short, O short then be thy reign,  
And give us to the world again ! ’ ”<sup>1</sup>

“ They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day ; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for ‘ leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched un-idea’d girls.’ Garrick, being told of this ramble, said to him, smartly, ‘ I heard of your frolic t’other night. You’ll be in the *Chronicle*.’ Upon which Johnson afterward observed, ‘ He durst not do such a thing ; his wife would not let him ! ’ ” Doctor Johnson appears to have resided in the Temple from about the year 1760 to 1765. According to Murphy, this period of his life was passed by him in “ poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature.”

It was in the Temple that Boswell first visited Doctor Johnson in his own home. “ He received me,” he writes, “ very courteously, but it must be

<sup>1</sup> Short, very short, be then thy reign,  
For I’m in haste to laugh and drink again.  
— Lord Lansdowne, *Drinking Song to Sleep*.



confessed that his apartment and furniture and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth." It was at this period that the neighbouring Mitre Tavern was his favourite place of resort. Boswell himself was at one period a resident "at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane;" and at No. 4 in this lane Charles Lamb had chambers on the third floor.

In addition to Oliver Goldsmith, who has already been mentioned as a resident in King's Bench Walk, here also resided the then gay and gallant William Murray, afterward lord chief justice and Earl of Mansfield. The apartments which he occupied were at No. 5, a circumstance referred to by Pope in his imitation of Horace's beautiful ode, — "Intermissa, Venus, diu," etc. :

"Mother too fierce of dear desires !

Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires :

To number five direct your doves,

There spread round Murray all your blooming loves ;

Noble and young, who strikes the heart

With every sprightly, every decent part ;

Equal the injured to defend,

To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend ;

He with a hundred arts refined."

Again, in another imitation of Horace, Pope thus eulogises him :—

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words,

So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords :"

a couplet which was thus wickedly parodied at the time : —

“Persuasion tips his tongue whene’er he talks,  
And he has chambers in the King’s Bench Walks.”

In King’s Bench Walk also resided Anstey, the author of the celebrated “New Bath Guide,” who, in his “Pleader’s Guide,” thus commemorates the localities of the Temple with which he was so familiar :

“Fig-tree, or fountain-side, or learned shade  
Of King’s Bench Walk, by pleadings vocal made ;  
Thrice hallowed shades ! where slip-shod benchers muse,  
Attorneys haunt, and special pleaders cruise.”

Samuel Lysons, the author of “Magna Britannia,” occupied chambers at No. 6 King’s Bench Walk.

Besides the eminent men we have mentioned, there remain to be recorded several others, who, having been members of one or other of the two Inns of Court, must frequently have passed along the classic courts and shady groves of the Temple, if they were not actual residents within its walls. Of the Inner Temple, the following may be mentioned as among the most eminent members :

The great lawyer, Sir Thomas Littleton, who died in 1481.

The accomplished lord chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton ; died in 1591.

Thomas, Lord Buckhurst, the poet, and successor to Lord Burleigh as lord high treasurer; died in 1608.

Francis Beaumont, the dramatic writer; died in 1615.

Sir Edward Coke; died in 1634.

William Browne, author of "Britannia's Pastorals;" died circ. 1645.

John Selden; died in 1654.

The infamous Judge Jeffreys; died in 1689.

Henry Fielding, the great novelist; died in 1754.

The list of illustrious men who were students of the Middle Temple is more numerous :

Sir Edward Montague, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench; died in 1556.

The learned lawyer, Sir James Dyer; died in 1581.

Edmund Plowden, author of the famous "Commentaries;" died in 1584.

Sir Thomas Overbury; poisoned in the Tower in 1613.

Sir Walter Raleigh; said to have been a resident in the Temple in 1576; beheaded in 1618.

Sir John Davies, the poet, and author of the "Reports;" expelled, though afterward readmitted, for having beaten in the hall Mr. Richard Martin, afterward Recorder of London; died in 1626.

John Marston, the dramatic poet; died circ. 1633.

John Ford, the dramatic poet; died circ. 1639.

Sir Simonds d'Ewes; died in 1650.

Henry Ireton, the republican general; died in 1651.

The Lord Chancellor Clarendon; died in 1674.

Bulstrode Whitelocke, the author of the "Memorials;" died in 1676.

Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic poet; died in 1692.

John Evelyn; died in 1706.

William Wycherley, the dramatic poet; died in 1715.

The great Lord Somers; died in 1716. <sup>~</sup>  
William Congreve, the dramatic writer; died in 1729.  
Thomas Southerne, the dramatic writer; died in 1746.  
Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke; died in 1754.  
Arthur Onslow, the Speaker; died in 1768.  
Sir William Blackstone; died in 1780.  
Edmund Burke; died in 1797.  
Richard Brinsley Sheridan; died in 1816.  
William Scott, Lord Stowell; died in 1836.  
John Scott, Lord Eldon; died in 1838.  
Thomas Moore, the poet.

Gower and Chaucer, the fathers of English poetry, are presumed to have been members of the Temple; but in neither case, we believe, has the fact been substantiated.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE STRAND.

Bad State of the Roads between the City and Palace through the Strand — Strand Formed into a Regular Street — Temple Bar — Palsgrave Place — Butcher Row — Devereux Court and Essex Street — Strand Lane — Church of St. Clement Danes — Clement's, New, and Lyon's Inns — Arundel, Norfolk, and Howard Streets — St. Mary-le-Strand — Maypole in the Strand — Exeter 'Change — Southampton Street — New Exchange, Strand — The Adelphi — Garrick's Death — Peter the Great — Hungerford Market.

IN the days when our Saxon and Norman monarchs held their court at Westminster, the Strand constituted, as it does at the present day, the direct land thoroughfare between their palace at Westminster and the city of London. Nevertheless, as late as the year 1315, we find the road rendered almost impassable from its deep ruts and holes, while the foot-passengers were scarcely less inconvenienced by the brambles and bushes which interrupted their progress. At this period, it should be mentioned, the Strand was merely a suburban highway, the only buildings between Westminster and London being the small village of Charing; the great palace of the Savoy, which had only recently been built; the old church of

St. Mary-le-Strand, and perhaps here and there to the north a scattered farmhouse or cottage. On the south side, the Thames was to be seen gliding silently between its shady banks, while on the north rose the high and well-wooded grounds of Hampstead and Highgate.

At this time also, and indeed till a much later date, no fewer than three small streams, having their source in the highgrounds to the north of London, crossed the Strand in their way to the Thames. These streams were spanned by as many bridges, the remains of one of which, consisting of a single stone arch about eleven feet in length, was discovered in 1802, during the construction of a new sewer a little to the eastward of St. Clement's Church. The two others were severally known as Strand Bridge and Ivy Bridge; the site of both bridges being pointed out by Strand Lane and Ivy Bridge Lane, which anciently formed the channels through which the two rivulets flowed to the Thames.

Although by degrees the progressive erection of new buildings altered the aspect of the Strand, it is not till 1532 that we find it forming into a regular street, when an act was passed for paving the "streetway between Charing Cross and Strand Cross," at the expense of the owners of the land. Within eleven years from this period there had arisen, on the north side of the Strand, an almost continuous row of houses extending from Temple

Bar to the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. The south, or river side, was occupied principally by Somerset House, the Savoy Palace, Durham House, York House, and St. Mary's Hospital, the site of the present Northumberland House.

Here also, with their fair gardens extending to the river, stood the mansions of more than one dignitary of the Church. "Anciently," writes Selden, "the noblemen lay within the city for safety and security; but the bishops' houses were by the waterside, because they were held sacred persons whom nobody would hurt." There were, in fact, at one period, no fewer than nine bishops who had "inns," or palaces, on the south side of the Strand.

Temple Bar—the point from which we start on our stroll from Fleet Street to Charing Cross—derives its name from a bar or chain which anciently formed the line of demarcation between the cities of London and Westminster. At a later period, according to Strype, "there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house." In 1670, a few years after the destruction of this clumsy edifice, the present gateway was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. The statues on the east side are those of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First; those on the west side, of Charles the First and Charles the Second.



It was through Temple Bar, after the battle of Poitiers, that Edward the Black Prince made his triumphal entry into Westminster, and through it also, after his great victory at Agincourt, in 1415, that Henry the Fifth—attended by the lord mayor and aldermen, “apparelled in grained scarlet,” and “well mounted and gorgeously horsed with rich collars and great chains”—rode in triumph to the palace of the Confessor. Through Temple Bar Edward the Fourth led his beautiful bride, Elizabeth Woodville, to her coronation at Westminster; and here, also, on her way to her coronation, Elizabeth of York, the interesting young queen of Henry the Seventh, was greeted by “singing children,—some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins,—who sang sweet songs as her Grace passed by.” Here Anne Boleyn, on a like occasion, was gorgeously welcomed by the citizens of London; and lastly, here, twenty-five years afterward, her daughter, Queen Elizabeth, was received with similar pageantry and rejoicings to those which had greeted her ill-fated mother.

On the occasions when the sovereign pays a visit to the city, there still exists the ancient custom of closing the gates of Temple Bar, when admission is formally demanded by the flourish of trumpets, and announcement made by the heralds that the sovereign is without. The gates being then opened, the lord mayor delivers up the

guardian sword of the city to the sovereign, which the latter immediately returns. When Oliver Cromwell and the Parliament dined in state in the city, on the 7th of June, 1649, we find this ceremony performed in the same manner as when the kings of the realm had sought admission.

For some years after the rebellion of 1745, the heads of more than one of the unfortunate sufferers in the cause of the house of Stuart were to be seen affixed to poles on the top of Temple Bar. To George Montagu, Walpole writes, on the 16th August, 1746: "I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look." As late as the year 1772 there were still two heads to be seen on Temple Bar, one of which is mentioned as having fallen down on the 1st of April in that year. "I remember once," said Doctor Johnson, "being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him, from Ovid :

" ' Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.' "

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me :

" ' Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.' "

It is, perhaps, needless to remark that Goldsmith's sly remark had reference to the Jacobite

prejudices which Johnson was well known to have entertained.

Ben Jonson at one period of his life lived close to Temple Bar. "Long since, in King James's time," writes Aubrey, "I have heard my Uncle Danvers say, who knew him, that he lived without Temple Bar, at a combmaker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you pass as you go out of the churchyard into the old palace, where he died." "Temple Bar without" included the houses between Essex Street and the Bar. In 1740 we find William Shensstone, the poet, dating his letters from a Mr. Wintle's, a perfumer, near Temple Bar.

On the south side of the Strand, close to Temple Bar, is Palsgrave Place; apparently so called from the palsgrave, Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, who was married at Whitehall on the 14th of February, 1613, to the interesting Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James the First. Close to the Palsgrave Head Tavern stood, in the days of the Commonwealth, the once famous Haycock's Ordinary, "much frequented," says Aubrey, "by Parliament men and gallants." In the year 1650 we find the celebrated engraver, William Faithorne, setting up a shop under the name and sign of the Ship, "next to the Drake, opposite the Palgrave's Head Tavern, without Temple Bar."

On the opposite side of the Strand, facing St. Clement's Church, formerly stood Butcher Row, deriving its name from a market for butchers' meat which was anciently held on its site. Here also anciently stood a large mansion which, in the reign of James the First, was the residence of M. de Beaumont, the French ambassador, and in which the celebrated Duke de Sully passed a night in 1603, previously to his taking up his abode in Arundel House, in the Strand, which had been prepared for him. The old mansion, which bore upon it the date "1581," was at the time of its demolition, in 1813, still conspicuous from the roses, crowns, and fleurs-de-lis which decorated its exterior. It had long been divided into separate tenements.

It was on quitting a house of entertainment in Butcher Row, known as the "Bear and Harrow," that the improvident dramatic poet, Nathaniel Lee, met with the accident which caused his death. In Butcher Row was another house of entertainment, "Clifton's Eating-house," which was occasionally the resort of Doctor Johnson. "Happening to dine," writes Boswell, "at Clifton's Eating-house, in Butcher Row, I was surprised to see Johnson come in and take his seat at another table." "Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, sir,' says Johnson, 'it has been accounted for in three ways :

either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. The matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions, upon which Johnson rose and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying: 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius.'"

Devereux Court and Essex Street, severally close to Temple Bar, derive their names from the mansion of the ill-fated Thomas Devereux, Earl of Essex, which stood upon its site. In Devereux Court was the well-known "Grecian" Coffee-house, one of the oldest in London, to which there are frequent allusions in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. It derives its name apparently from one Constantine, a Greek, who, in the early part of the reign of Charles the Second, obtained a license to sell coffee, chocolate, and tea, then newly imported into this country. The Grecian, divided into two houses, and let out as chambers, still exists. Moreover, on the east side of the building may still be seen a bust of the Earl of Essex, the Parlia-

mentary general, — said to be the work of Gabriel Cibber. The Grecian was a favourite place of resort of Oliver Goldsmith.

Doctor King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Time," relates the following incident in connection with the Grecian. "I remember two gentlemen, who were constant companions, disputing one evening at the Grecian Coffee-house concerning the accent of a Greek word. The dispute was carried to such a length that the two friends thought proper to determine it with their swords. For this purpose they stepped out into Devereux Court, where one of them — whose name, if I rightly remember, was Fitzgerald — was run through the body and died on the spot."

"Tom's Coffee-house," in Devereux Court, was a favourite place of resort of Akenside, the poet, and of Doctor Birch, the industrious biographer and antiquary. In Essex Court John Evelyn lodged as a young man. Here, too, Professor Porson occupied chambers.

It was in Essex Street, at the house of a stanch Jacobite, Lady Primrose, that Prince Charles Edward was concealed during the secret visit which he paid to London in 1750. "In September, 1750," writes Doctor King, "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to [the Pretender]. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still

more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends, who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable ; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place whence he came." It was in Lady Primrose's hospitable mansion in Essex Street that the interesting Flora Macdonald had previously found an asylum when released from confinement by the Act of Grace in 1747. At the south end of Essex Street may be seen two large pillars, with Corinthian capitals, apparently a portion of the old water-entrance to Essex House.

Toward the close of Doctor Johnson's life, — "in order to ensure himself society in the evening during three days in the week," — we find him establishing a club at the Essex Head, in Essex Street (now No. 40), then kept by one Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Johnson's friend, Mr. Thrale. To Sir Joshua Reynolds he writes, on the 4th of December, 1783: "It is inconvenient for me to come out. I should else have waited on you with an account of a little evening club which we are establishing in Essex Street in the Strand, and of which you are desired to be one. It will be held

at the 'Essex Head,' now kept by an old servant of Thrale's. The company is numerous, and, as you will see by the list, miscellaneous. The terms are lax, and the expenses light. Mr. Barry [the painter] was adopted by Doctor Brocklesby, who joined with me in forming the plan. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits two-pence. If you are willing to become a member, draw a line under your name. Return the list. We meet the first time on Monday, at eight." Sir Joshua, doubtless from a natural unwillingness to be drawn too closely into contact with the eccentric Barry, declined to become a member of the society. Nevertheless, the Essex Head Club comprised the names of many eminent men among its members, of whom Boswell has given us a list in his charming pages. "I believe," he writes, "there are few societies where there is better conversation or more decorum. Several of us resolved to continue it after our great founder was removed by death. Other members were added; and now, about eight years since that loss, we go on happily."

Close by stands the church of St. Clement Danes, dedicated to St. Clement, a pupil of St. Peter the Apostle. The additional appellation of Danes has been variously accounted for. According to some writers it is derived from a frightful massacre of the Danes which is said to have taken place on this spot; according to others, from its



being the site of one of their burial-places. The body of the present church was erected in 1684, by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren ; the steeple, the work of Gibbs, not having been added till many years afterward. During the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, a piece of artillery was placed on the tower of St. Clement's Church for the purpose of commanding Essex House.

In the vestry-room of St. Clement's is preserved a painting by Kent, to which a rather curious story is attached. It had long formed the altar-piece of the church, when, in 1725, a rumour having got abroad that it contained portraits of the Chevalier St. George and his children, the circumstance created so great an outcry that Bishop Gibson found it necessary to order its removal. For some time it continued to be exhibited at the neighbouring Crown and Anchor Tavern, till at length the prejudice wore away, and it was restored to the church.

St. Clement's Church appears to have been the usual place of worship of Doctor Johnson during his long residence in this neighbourhood. His pew was in the north gallery, near the pulpit. "On the 9th of April [1773], being Good Friday," writes Boswell, "I breakfasted with him on tea and cross-buns ; Doctor Levet, as Frank called him, making tea. He carried me with him to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his

seat, and his behaviour was, as I had imaged to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany: 'In the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us!' We went to church both in the morning and evening. In the interval between the services we did not dine, but he read in the Greek Testament, and I turned over several of his books."

The chiming of the bells of St. Clement's—one of the few churches in London where the chimes are still regularly rung—has been rendered famous by Shakespeare:

"We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."

In St. Clement's Church lies buried the unfortunate poet, Nathaniel Lee, as also another dramatic poet equally gifted and imprudent, Thomas Otway. Here also were interred William Mountfort, the actor, who was assassinated close by in Howard Street in 1692, and Thomas Rymer, the compiler of the "*Fœdera*."

In the parish of St. Clement Danes died, on the 19th of February, 1718, a remarkable literary character, Peter Anthony Motteux. Driven from his native place, Rouen, in Normandy, by the persecution which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, he commenced business as a merchant in Leadenhall Street, but subsequently,

owing to his knowledge of languages, obtained a lucrative situation in the post-office. Such was the perfect mastery which he acquired of the English tongue, that he not only composed in it several songs, prologues, and epilogues, but was the author of no fewer than seventeen dramatic pieces, many of which were highly popular in their day. His death took place at one of those disreputable houses for which we find St. Clement's parish noted so far back as the time of Henry the Fourth, when the students of Clement's Inn "knew where the bona-robas were."

In consequence of the ancient custom of erecting churches due east and west, the back part of St. Clement's Church is thrust most awkwardly into the street; a grievance celebrated by Gay in his "Trivia:"

"Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,  
Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;  
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,  
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;  
Where not a post protects the narrow space,  
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;  
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,  
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware!  
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers' steeds  
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;  
Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,  
And wait impatient till the road grows clear."

It was in a house "behind St. Clement's," that Catesby, Percy, Guy Fawkes, and the other

conspirators engaged in the detestable Gunpowder Plot, administered to each other the oath of secrecy ; after which, we are told, they received the sacrament in the adjoining room.

Close to St. Clement's Church is Clement's Inn, an Inn of Chancery belonging to the Inner Temple, said to stand nearly on the site of an ancient hostelry or inn, erected in the reign of King Ethelred for the accommodation of the pilgrims who visited St. Clement's Well. Besides its reputation for sanctity, St. Clement's Well was supposed to be peculiarly efficacious in the cure of cutaneous and other disorders. Its waters, to the present time, are said to be as clear and refreshing as they were in the days of King Ethelred.

Clement's Inn, now partly demolished, consists of three courts, in the middle one of which is a small but neat hall, built in 1715, which contains, among other pictures, a good portrait of Sir Matthew Hale. In the centre of the garden is a statue of a kneeling African supporting a sun-dial, presented to the society by one of the Holles, Earls of Clare, whose family anciently resided in the immediate neighbourhood, and who gave the name to Clare Market. To this statue some unknown hand is said to have affixed a paper, containing the following satirical verses :

“In vain, poor sable son of woe,  
Thou seek'st the tender tear;  
For thee in vain with pangs they flow,  
For mercy dwells not here.

“From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;  
Lawyers less quarter give;  
The first won't eat you till you're slain,  
The last will do 't alive.”

There exists no evidence of Clement's Inn having been a court of law previously to 1486; unless, indeed, we accept the authority of Shakespeare, who makes Justice Shallow a member of the society as early as the reign of Henry the Fourth. “I was once of Clement's Inn,” says the justice, “where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.” Wentzel Hollar, the engraver, lived close to the back entrance to Clement's Inn.

Adjoining Clement's Inn is New Inn, an appendage to the Middle Temple. “This house,” writes Dugdale, “having been formerly a common hostelry, or inn for travellers, and, from the sign of the Blessed Virgin, called ‘Our Lady Inn,’ became first an hostel for students of the law—as the tradition is—upon the removal of the students of the law from an old Inn of Chancery called ‘St. George's Inn,’ situate near Sea-coal Lane, a little south from St. Sepulchre's Church, without Newgate; and was procured from Sir John Fineux, Knight, some time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, for the rent

of £6 per annum, by the name of 'New Inn.'"  
Sir Thomas More was for some time a student of this inn previously to his being admitted to Lincoln's Inn.

Within a short distance, stood, till very recently, Lyon's Inn, belonging to the Inner Temple, an Inn of Chancery as long ago as the reign of Henry the Fifth. Previously to that time it is said to have been a common inn for travellers, with the sign of the Lion. Sir Edward Coke was for some time reader at this ancient inn.

Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Surrey Street, and Howard Street, situated on the south side of the Strand, derive their names from having been built on the site of Arundel House, the residence of the Earls of Arundel, afterward Dukes of Norfolk. In one of the houses overlooking the Strand, between Arundel Street and Norfolk Street, lived Bishop Burnet, while next door to him resided his friend, Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of William the Third. Burnet's residence continued in the possession of his family till the middle of the last century, at which period it was occupied by a bookseller of the same name, who was collaterally descended from the bishop.

In Arundel Street died, in 1713, Thomas Rymer, the compiler of the "Fœdera." John Anstis, the antiquary and herald, was residing here in 1716.

Norfolk Street has many interesting associations. At the southwest corner lived William Penn, the legislator of Pennsylvania, and in the same house afterward resided the indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Birch. In Norfolk Street also lived for many years William Shippen, — the celebrated Tory leader in the House of Commons in the reigns of George the First and George the Second, — whose reputation for integrity, in public and private life, was such as to obtain for him the name of “the English Cato.” Pope says of him :

“ I love to pour out all myself, as plain  
As honest Shippen, or downright Montaigne.”

And Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his “ Election of a Poet Laureate,” writes :

“ To Shippen Apollo was cold with respect ;  
But said, in a greater assembly he shined,  
As places are things he had ever declined.”

A compliment paid by Sir Robert Walpole to Shippen was still more flattering : “ I will not say,” he remarked, “ who was corrupted, but I will say who was not corruptible. That man was Shippen.”

Shippen’s house in Norfolk Street was long the rendezvous of all the talent, rank, and wit of the age in which he lived.

In Norfolk Street, near the waterside, Peter the Great was lodged on his first arrival in England, in 1698. At No. 42, also, in this street,

resided Coleridge, the poet, previously to his removal to the friendly mansion of Mr. Gilman at Highgate. Sir Roger de Coverley is represented in the *Spectator* as lodging in Norfolk Street.

In Howard Street, which intersects Norfolk Street and Surrey Street, lived the charming actress, Mrs. Bracegirdle. "Her youth and lively aspect," writes her contemporary, Colley Cibber, in his "Apology for His Life," "threw out such a glow of health and cheerfulness, that on the stage few spectators, that were not past it, could behold her without desire. It was even a fashion among the gay and young to have a taste, or *tendre*, for Mrs. Bracegirdle. She inspired the best authors to write for her; and two of them, when they gave her a lover in the play, seemed palpably to plead their own passion, and make their private court to her in fictitious characters." The two authors here alluded to were Congreve and Rowe, both of whom are said to have been enamoured of her. Congreve's admiration is well known; but if Rowe was really her lover, certainly his verses, in which he exhorts Lord Scarsdale to make her his countess, notwithstanding her plebeian birth, are calculated to leave a different impression.

"Do not, most fragrant earl, disclaim  
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,  
To Bracegirdle, the brown;  
But publicly espouse the dame,  
And say, confound the town."



On the night of the 9th December, 1692, Howard Street and Norfolk Street were the scenes of a distressing tragedy, of which Mrs. Bracegirdle was the innocent cause. Among her admirers was a Capt. Richard Hill, a man of depraved habits and headstrong passions, whose addresses having been received by her, not only with coldness but with disdain, he formed the resolution of gaining possession of her person, if not by fair, at all events by foul means. Accordingly, having secured the aid of his friend, Lord Mohun, a man even more notoriously profligate than himself, on a certain night they posted themselves, with some hired ruffians, and with a coach in waiting, in the neighbourhood of the residence of a Mr. Page, in Prince's Street, Drury Lane, at which they had ascertained that the beautiful actress had engaged herself to supper. After having lurked about for some time, the street door at length opened, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, accompanied by her mother and brother, and attended by their host carrying a light, made her appearance. She was immediately seized hold of by Hill, who endeavoured, with the assistance of his myrmidons, to force her into the coach, in which Lord Mohun was seated with a loaded pistol in each hand. Her violent struggles, however, as well as the resistance made by her mother, who flung her arms around her daughter's waist and passionately clung to her, kept her assailants at bay till the arrival of timely assist-

ance, when, the subordinate actors in the affair having hurried off in different directions, Mrs. Bracegirdle was conducted by her deliverers to her house in Howard Street. Here her misfortunes might be supposed to have ended, at least for the night ; but, on the contrary, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun, on the pretext of apologising for their misconduct, not only attempted to force their way into the house, but, failing in this object, sent for wine from the Horseshoe Tavern, in Drury Lane, under the influence of which they commenced parading up and down before Mrs. Bracegirdle's residence with drawn swords in their hands, to the great terror of its inmates.

The tragical part of the story has yet to be told. Hill, it appears, had, however mistakenly, attributed the rejection of his addresses by Mrs. Bracegirdle to his having a successful rival in the person of the handsome and admirable actor, William Mountfort, who was her fellow performer at Drury Lane, and her near neighbour in Norfolk Street. Accordingly, frustrated in his designs of obtaining possession of Mrs. Bracegirdle's person, and probably disordered by the wine he had drunk, Hill made no secret of his determination of wreaking his revenge on Mountfort. With proper consideration, Mrs. Bracegirdle despatched a servant to Mountfort's house, to warn him of the danger ; but unfortunately he was not at home at the time,

neither did his wife know in what quarter he was likely to be found.

Lord Mohun and Captain Hill, it appears, had not long paraded Howard Street, when Mountfort, who had just heard of the attack on Mrs. Bracegirdle, was seen turning the corner of Norfolk Street. Addressing himself in a friendly manner to Lord Mohun, who is said to have tenderly embraced him, he expressed his regret that his lordship should have been induced to assist such a "pitiful fellow" as Hill, or language to that effect, in so infamous an outrage. For these words Hill struck him a violent blow on the head with his left hand, which was speedily followed by his running him through the body with the sword which he held in his right hand. Mountfort died of his wounds the next day, exculpating Lord Mohun of having offered him any violence, but declaring with his latest breath that he was struck and stabbed by Hill before he had time to draw his sword and put himself in an attitude of defence. "The scene of this sad tragedy," writes Mr. Peter Cunningham, "was that part of Howard Street lying between Norfolk Street and Surrey Street." Hill contrived to evade justice by flight. Lord Mohun was tried by his peers, but from want of sufficient evidence was acquitted. It is needless to remind the reader that a few years afterward he fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in Hyde Park. The house in which

the unfortunate Mountfort lived and died was on the east side of Norfolk Street, two doors from the southwest corner of Howard Street. He was only in his thirty-fourth year when he died.

Congreve, the poet, lived at one period in Howard Street, whence he removed to Surrey Street, where his solitude was often cheered by the society of four of the most beautiful women of their day,—Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough. To the last, though afflicted with gout and blindness, he appears to have affected the character for gallantry and successful intrigue which he had successfully achieved in his more youthful days. The charming verses addressed to him by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are well known :

“ And when the long hours of the public are past,  
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last ;  
May every fond pleasure that moment endear,  
Be banished afar both discretion and fear ;  
Forgetting, or scorning, the airs of the crowd,  
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud ;  
Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,  
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.”

It was probably in Surrey Street that Congreve received his well-known visit from Voltaire, when the latter conceived so much disgust at Congreve's expressing his preference for the reputation of a man of fashion rather than that of a man of let-

ters. "If you had been so unfortunate," said Voltaire, "as to have been a mere gentleman, I should never have taken the trouble of coming to see you." Congreve breathed his last in Surrey Street on the 19th of January, 1729.

At one of the corner houses of Surrey Street lived and died Edward Pierce, eminent as a sculptor in the reign of Charles the Second. Of his works, however, little is now known but that he carved the four dragons on the monument, and a rich vase at Hampton Court. He lies buried in the neighbouring chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy. George Sale, the eminent Oriental scholar, and translator of the Koran, also died in Surrey Street, in 1736.

Parallel with Surrey Street is Strand Lane, spoken of by Stow as "a lane or way down to the landing-place on the banks of Thames." In the *Spectator* there is an interesting notice of the landing here of boats laden with apricots and melons, for the supply of Covent Garden. At No. 5 Strand Lane may be seen one of the most interesting relics of antiquity existing in London, — a Roman bath, about thirteen feet long and six broad, as perfect almost as when, two thousand years ago, the Roman bathed in its clear and refreshing waters. It still retains its pavement of Roman brick, and even a portion of the flight of steps leading into it still remains. The pure water with which it is constantly fed is said to flow

from the neighbouring spring, or holy well, from which Holywell Street derives its name.

Opposite Strand Lane is Newcastle Street, in which — “at the corner house over against Strand Bridge” — lived, in the reign of Charles the Second, the astrologer, William Lilly.

Close by is the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, built between the years 1714 and 1717, by James Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin’s Church in the Fields. The old church, which was pulled down by the Protector Somerset to make room for his new palace, stood on the south side of the Strand, on the site of the east end of the present Somerset House. The modern church has had its detractors as well as its admirers; its chief defects being its profuse and confused ornaments, and the steeple being too lofty for the size of the building. The façade and tower have much merit. The interior of the church is striking, and the pulpit beautifully carved.

On the occasion of the proclamation of peace in 1802, a serious accident occurred at this church. As the heralds were passing by, a person on its roof happening to press heavily against one of the large stone urns with which it was ornamented, the latter suddenly gave way and was precipitated among the dense mass of spectators below, of whom three were taken up dead, and several were seriously injured. So great was the force of the fall, that the urn buried itself more than a foot

deep in the ground. The person who was the cause of the accident providentially escaped with his life by being able to preserve his equilibrium ; yet such was the effect which the incident produced on his nervous system, that he immediately fell down in a swoon, from which it was some time before he recovered.

Near St. Mary's Church, apparently between the end of Drury Lane and the east end of Somerset House, stood anciently a stone cross, "whereof," writes Stow, "I read that in the year 1294, and divers other times, the justices itinerant sat without London." On the site of the present church rose anciently the famous May-pole.

"Amidst the area wide, they took their stand,  
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand ;  
But now, as Anne and piety ordain,  
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

— *Dunciad*.

In 1644, the Parliament having decreed that "all and singular May-poles be taken down," the May-pole in the Strand shared the fate of its brethren, but, at the Restoration of Charles the Second, was reërected in the midst of a vast concourse of delighted people. Streamers waved, drums beat, and trumpets sounded ; while the morris-dancers, "finely decked with purple scarfs, in their half skirts," danced round and round it with their ancient music of tabor and pipe. "At the Strand,

near Drury Lane," writes Aubrey, "was set up the most prodigious one for height that was ever seen. They were fain, I remember, to have the assistance of the seaman's art to elevate it. That which remains (being broken with a high wind, I think about 1672) is but two parts of three of the whole height from the ground, besides what is in the earth." The May-pole in the Strand is said to have been reërected at the expense of John Clarges, blacksmith, the father of the notorious Anne Clarges, the mistress and afterward the wife of George Monk, the great Duke of Albemarle. It was taken down in 1717, when it was presented by the parish to Sir Isaac Newton, who caused it to be erected in Wanstead Park, where it was converted to the honourable purpose of supporting the largest telescope then known.

The open space in which the May-pole stood is said to have been the first stand for hackney-coaches established in London. To the Earl of Strafford, Mr. Garrard writes, in 1634: "I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Baily: he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney-coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of



the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same places and perform their journeys at the same rate ; so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the waterside. Everybody is much pleased with it ; for whereas, before, coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

In 1677 a mysterious duel was fought under the May-pole in the Strand, in which one of the combatants, a Mr. Robert Percival, second son of Sir John Percival, baronet, was killed. His contemporaries describe him as a youth of extraordinary abilities, but addicted to excesses which led him to his violent end. By the time he was twenty years of age he is said to have fought no fewer than nineteen duels. His body was discovered under the May-pole with a deep wound under its left breast, his drawn sword lying bloody beside him. The name of his antagonist was never ascertained. Near his body, indeed, was found a hat with a bunch of flowers in it, which was supposed to belong to the celebrated Beau Fielding, but there was no evidence to bring it home to him. A little before his tragical end, Percival is said to have been visited by his own spectre, — "bloody and ghastly," — which so affected him that he fell into a swoon. "Upon his recovery," writes Granger,

“he went immediately to Sir Robert Southwell, his uncle, to whom he related the particulars of this ghostly appearance, which were recorded word for word, by the late Lord Egmont, as he received them from the mouth of Sir Robert, who communicated them to him a little before his death.”

In the Strand, opposite to Somerset House, on the 25th of December, 1712, died in great distress, occasioned by a career of indolence, intemperance, and a love of pleasure, Dr. William King, the friend of Swift, and the author of several satirical and humorous poems which are not yet forgotten. At the bar of the Somerset Coffee-house, at the east corner of the entrance to King's College, the letters of Junius were occasionally left.

“Over against” Catherine Street, at the sign of the Shakespeare's Head, Jacob Tonson at one period carried on his business as a bookseller. It was afterward successively occupied by Millar and Cadell, two of the most eminent publishers of the last century.

On the north side of the Strand, between Wellington Street and Burleigh Street, stood old Exeter 'Change, famous in our time for its exhibition of wild beasts, but described in the last century as containing “two walks below stairs, and as many above; with shops on each side for sempsters, milliners, hosiers, etc., the builders judging it would come in great request.” It was in Exeter 'Change that the remains of Gay, the poet,

rested in the interim between his death at the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, in Burlington Gardens, and their interment in Westminster Abbey. "His body," we are told, "was brought by the company of upholders from the Duke of Queensberry's to Exeter 'Change in the Strand, whence, after lying in very decent state, it was drawn in a hearse trimmed with plumes of black and white feathers, attended with three mourning-coaches and six horses, to Westminster Abbey, at eight o'clock in the evening." The pall-bearers were the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Cornbury, the Honourable Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Pope. Exeter 'Change was built in the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second on the site of part of the residence of the great Lord Burleigh, and was taken down in 1829, to make room for modern improvements.

Nearly opposite Exeter Hall are Beaufort Buildings, so called from having been built on the site of Worcester House, the residence of the Dukes of Beaufort. At the corner house lived Lillie, the perfumer, commemorated in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. In Beaufort Buildings also lived at one period the illustrious novelist, Henry Fielding, and here, in 1685, Aaron Hill, the poet and dramatic writer, was born.

On the south side of the Strand are Salisbury Street and Cecil Street, running parallel with each other, erected on the site of Cecil House, built by

Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury. In Cecil Street, and afterward in Salisbury Street, lived the mountebank and astrologer, John Partridge. After his death we find an advertisement setting forth that "Doctor Partridge's night-drops, night-pills, etc., and other medicines of his own preparing, continue to be sold as before by his widow, at the Blue Ball, in Salisbury Street, near the Strand." At the commencement of the present century Doctor Wollaston was residing at No. 18 Cecil Street.

To the west of Salisbury Street is Durham Street, occupying the site of the ancient London residence of the Bishops of Durham. Here, on the site of its stables, was erected, in 1608, the New Exchange, rendered classic ground by Dryden, Wycherley, and Etherege. Its opening took place with great ceremony in the presence of James the First and the royal family. It consisted of a large area both below and above, called the Upper and Lower Walk, in which were rows of shops or stalls, chiefly occupied by milliners and sempstresses. Like the Royal Exchange, it long continued to be the resort of the fashionable, the idle, and the gay. The Lower Walk, in the days of Charles the Second, was not only a fashionable promenade, but also a favourite place of assignation. At the New Exchange, Pepys mentions his purchasing sarcenet petticoats, with "black broad lace round the bottom and before," for his pretty wife; and here the *Spec-*

*tator* ridicules the young fop of the day who cannot buy a pair of gloves, but he is "straining for some ingenious ribaldry to say to the young woman who helps them on." In the reign of Queen Anne, when country gentlemen brought their wives and daughters to London, they were in the habit of taking lodgings for them in the immediate vicinity of the New Exchange, as being the centre of the world of fashion.

In the New Exchange a tragical affair occurred in 1654. A Mr. Gerard, having met with some affront in the public promenade from Don Pantaleon de Saa, a Knight of Malta, and brother to the Portuguese ambassador, resented it in such insulting terms that the Portuguese determined on a deadly revenge. Accordingly, the next day, he repaired to the Exchange with some hired bravoës, who, unfortunately mistaking another gentleman for Mr. Gerard, stabbed him to death while walking with his sister on one side of him and his mistress on the other. The assassins, including Don Pantaleon, were tried, found guilty, and executed. In the meantime, it had so happened that Mr. Gerard had been arrested for his share in a conspiracy to assassinate Oliver Cromwell and to seize on the Tower of London. He, too, was tried and found guilty ; and by a singular coincidence — or, as Lord Clarendon styles it, "a very exemplary piece of justice" — Gerard and Pantaleon suffered on the same scaffold. Gerard set his antagonist an

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example of intrepidity which the other was slow in following. "Don Pantaleon," writes Clarendon, "was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill as soon as Mr. Gerard was executed, where he lost his head with less grace than his antagonist had done."

A strange and romantic story in connection with the New Exchange is related both by Penant and Walpole. "Above stairs," writes the former, "sat, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under James the Second. A female, suspected to have been his duchess, after his death supported herself for a few days (till she was known and otherwise provided for) by the little trade of this place, and had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected. She sat in a white mask and a white dress, and was known by the name of the White Milliner." This was the beautiful coquette, Frances Jennings, whose frolics and whose charms are painted in such lively colours in the pages of De Grammont, and to whom both Charles the Second and his brother, the Duke of York, severally made dishonourable love. That the story of her being reduced to seek a precarious subsistence as a milliner in the New Exchange is not only apocryphal, but untrue, we firmly believe. The fact is an unquestionable one, that she enjoyed a small pension from the French court, as well as a jointure on some Irish property; and though we learn

from the letters of her brother-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough, that the latter was very irregularly paid, yet, under all the circumstances, and also with the claims which she had on the generosity of the exiled monarch, James the Second, it is scarcely possible to believe that one of such high connections was ever reduced to absolute want. Moreover, the Duke of Marlborough, notwithstanding his notorious penuriousness, would scarcely have allowed his sister-in-law to descend to so degraded a position. It has been said, indeed, that she lived upon bad terms with her sister, the haughty duchess, but the publication of the Duke of Marlborough's private letters has gone far to disprove the fact. At the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne the New Exchange had ceased to be the resort of the fashionable world, and in 1737 it was razed to the ground.

Opposite to Durham Street, formerly Durham Yard, adjoining No. 418 in the Strand, may be seen a small passage which bears the name of Exchange Court. It leads into an obscure area, in which is a public-house of venerable appearance, bearing the name of the "Old Thatched House." Till within a few years an inscription informed us that this was once the dairy of Nell Gwynn.

In Durham Yard, David Garrick, previously to his becoming an actor, was engaged in the wine trade with his brother Peter.

In Durham Yard resided Mother Beaulie, a notorious procuress in the days of Charles the Second. Her house is said to have been frequented by Maurice Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, when he came to England with Créqui, in 1677, to treat concerning the marriage of the Dauphin of France with the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of the Duke of York.

Doctor Johnson, in a letter dated 31st March, 1741, incidentally mentions that he had recently "removed to the 'Black Boy,' in the Strand, over against Durham Yard."

A great portion of the site of old Durham Palace is now occupied by the range of buildings known as the Adelphi, erected by two brothers — whence the word Adelphi, or ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙ — of the names of Robert and John Adam, from whom Robert Street, John Street, and Adam Street derive their names. In the centre house of Adelphi Terrace, overlooking the Thames (No. 5), lived and died David Garrick, whose death, in the words of Doctor Johnson, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." One of the most interesting of Hannah More's letters is that in which she describes her visit to her friend, Mrs. Garrick, immediately after the death of the great actor. "She was prepared for meeting me," writes Hannah More; "she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered, 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered



herself, and said with great composure, ‘The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and he has convinced me he will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body and grace to my heart!—neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both.’ She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God’s will. . . . I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday,” adds Hannah More, “where I found food for meditation, till the mind bursts with thinking. His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and besides, it is so quiet that he will never be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday.” During the time that preparations were making for the funeral, Mrs. Garrick remained at the house of a friend, but immediately after the ceremony she returned to the Adelphi. “On Wednesday night,” continues Hannah More, “we came to the Adelphi,—to this house. She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed in which he had died that day fortnight! She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the

next day how she went through it ; she told me, very well that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure."

It was not till upwards of two years after her husband's death that Mrs. Garrick again opened her house in the Adelphi to that intellectual circle with which the great actor had delighted to surround himself. Boswell, speaking of the 20th of April, 1781, observes : " Mrs. Garrick had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her. The company was Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her chaplain ; Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Burney, Doctor Johnson, and myself. We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi, where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him 'who gladdened life.' She looked well, talked of her husband with complacency ; and while she cast her eyes on his portrait which hung over the chimneypiece said, that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.' The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering." Boswell informs us, that after having quitted the house, Johnson and he remained a short time by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames. " I said to him, with some emotion," writes Boswell, "that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and

Garrick. 'Ay, sir,' said he, tenderly, 'and two such friends as cannot be supplied.' "

Garrick expired on the 20th of January, 1779, in the back room of the first floor. Forty-three years afterward, in October, 1822, his venerable widow, the once beautiful and celebrated Violette, quietly breathed her last, while seated in her arm-chair, in the front drawing-room of the same house.

In John Street, Adelphi, are the apartments of the Society of Arts, established on the 22d March, 1754. "The great room of the society," we are told, "was for several years the place where many persons chose to try, or to display, their oratorical abilities. Doctor Goldsmith, I remember, made an attempt at a speech, but was obliged to sit down in confusion. I once heard Doctor Johnson speak there, upon a subject relative to mechanics, with a propriety, perspicuity, and energy which excited general admiration." Here are to be seen the six famous pictures by James Barry, which alone render it well worthy of a visit. William Wilberforce, when a young man, lived in the Adelphi.

To the west of the Adelphi are York Buildings, deriving their name from the palace of the Archbishops of York, which anciently occupied their site. These buildings consist chiefly of George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street, so called from the last inhabitant of this princely palace, George Villiers, Duke of Buck-

ingham. As Pennant observes : " Even the particle 'of' is not forgotten, being preserved in Of-alley." At the end of Buckingham Street still stands the beautiful gateway or water-entrance to York House, the work of Inigo Jones.

The house in York Buildings occupied by Peter the Great, during his visit to London in 1698, is said to have been the one in the east corner of Buckingham Street, overlooking the Thames. It has been since rebuilt. William the Third, who was unremitting in his attentions to his illustrious visitor, more than once paid a social visit to the Czar at his apartments in York Buildings. During one of those interviews there occurred an incident which, in a more stately and polished court, would have been strangely subversive of courtly decorum. " The king," writes the second Lord Dartmouth, " made the Czar a visit, in which an odd incident happened. The Czar had a favourite monkey, which sat upon the back of his chair. As soon as the king was sat down, the monkey jumped upon him in some wrath, which discomposed the whole ceremonial, and most part of the time was afterward spent in apologies for the monkey's misbehaviour."

It was not improbably in the crowded thoroughfare of the Strand that the following still more amusing adventure occurred to the Czar. He was one day, we are told, walking in one of the streets of London, with the Marquis of Carmar-

then, who had been selected to be his cicerone, when a porter, bearing a heavy weight upon his back, pushed against him with so much violence as to overturn him in the kennel. In the highest degree irritated, the Czar, immediately that he recovered his legs, made a rush at the offender, with the intention of striking him. Lord Carmarthen, however, apprehending that in a pugilistic encounter the porter would, in all probability, have the advantage, interfered with so much promptitude as to prevent further hostilities. Turning angrily to the porter, "Do you know," said the marquis, "that this is the Czar?" The man's countenance lighted up with an impudent grin: "Czar!" he said, "we are all Czars here."

The large building at the southwest corner of Buckingham Street was once the residence of Samuel Pepys, who took up his abode here in 1684. This house has since been inhabited by Etty, the Royal Academician, and Stanfield, the landscape-painter.

In the latter part of the reign of Charles the Second, Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, —

"The best good man, with the worst-natured muse," —

resided in Buckingham Street, and in this street, near the waterside, a still more celebrated man, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was residing in 1708. John Henderson, the actor, died in Buckingham Street in 1785.

In Villiers Street the virtuous and high-minded John Evelyn was at one period a resident. "On the 17th of November, 1683," he writes, "I took a house in Villiers Street, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concerns to despatch, and for the education of my daughters." Sir Richard Steele was residing in the street in 1721.

Close to Villiers Street, on the site of the great Charing Cross Railway Station, stood till recently Hungerford Market, so called from the once neighbouring town mansion of the Hungerfords of Fairleigh, in Somersetshire. Running parallel with Villiers Street, is Craven Street, at No. 7 in which street the great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, lived during the most momentous period of his residence in England, and here was visited and consulted by the great Lord Chatham. It has only recently been rebuilt. At No. 27, James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," breathed his last on the 24th December, 1839. The following pleasing trifle, composed by him during his residence in this street, is perhaps familiar to most of our readers :

"In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,  
And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base ;  
Fly, Honesty, fly ! seek some safer retreat,  
For there's craft in the river and craft in the street."

This epigram drew from Sir George Rose the following retort, said to have been written extempore at a dinner-party :

“Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,  
From attorneys and barges?—’od rot ’em!  
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,  
And the barges are just at the bottom.”

In Craven Street the Rev. James Hackman was lodging at the time when he shot Miss Ray under the piazza of Covent Garden.

The house adjoining Northumberland House, on the Strand side, was long the official residence of the secretary of state for the time being. Here resided Sir Harry Vane the elder, at the period when he held that appointment under Charles the First, and here lived Sir Edward Nicholas, when secretary of state to Charles the Second.

In Hartshorn Lane, now Northumberland Street, the parents of Ben Jonson were residing at the time when the future dramatist attended “a private school” in the church of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields. “Though I cannot,” writes Fuller, “with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child, he lived in Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband.” At the south end of Northumberland Street, near the Thames, stood the residence of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, whose position as an opulent timber merchant led to his appointment to the magistracy and to his untimely fate.

## CHAPTER III.

### RESIDENCES OF THE OLD NOBILITY IN THE STRAND.

Northumberland House — Story of Its Founder — Hungerford House — York House — Its Magnificence when Possessed by the Duke of Buckingham — Durham House — Salisbury and Worcester Houses — Savoy Palace — Its History — Savoy Chapel — D'Oyley's Warehouse — Arundel House — Essex House — History of the Earls of Essex.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE stands on the site of a chapel, or hospital, founded in the reign of Richard the Third by William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, by whom it was dedicated to St. Mary Rouncivall, and constituted by him an appanage to the priory of Roncesvalles, in Navarre. It was suppressed by Henry the Fifth among the alien priories, but was afterward restored by Edward the Fourth. Shortly after the dissolution of the monastic houses, the ground on which it stood was granted by Edward the Sixth to Sir Thomas Cawarden.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the property passed into the hands of the notorious Henry



Howard, Earl of Northampton, — second son of the gifted and ill-fated Earl of Surrey, — who, about the year 1605, erected a mansion on the spot, after the designs, it is said, of Bernard Jansen and Gerard Christmas, two well-known architects in the reign of James the First. It seems not improbable, however, that the earl had himself a share in designing the edifice, inasmuch as Lloyd informs us that he was the principal architect of his country mansion, Audley End.

The story of the founder of Northumberland House is a somewhat singular one. He himself used to relate that, when a mere infant, it was predicted to his father by an Italian astrologer, that in middle life his son would be so reduced as to be in want of a meal, but that in old age his wealth would be abundant. At the time that the prediction was made there certainly appeared but little likelihood that a scion of the powerful house of Howard would ever be in want ; but nevertheless the prediction was fulfilled. In consequence of the attainder and execution of his grandfather, the Duke of Norfolk, his family became so impoverished that, to use the words of the earl's biographer, he was often fain "to dine with Duke Humphrey." It was observed of him by one of his adulators, that "he was the most learned amongst the noble, and the most noble amongst the learned ;" yet every other contemporary account of him describes him as having been a dan-

gerous and insidious man, constantly on the watch to make dupes of his fellow creatures, and versed in all the arts of "cunning flatteries" and intrigue. It seems not improbable, indeed, that in Northumberland House were hatched those dark designs which led to the divorce of his abandoned niece, the Countess of Essex, from her youthful lord, and to the subsequent frightful murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. That Northampton, notwithstanding he had attained to his seventieth year, was deeply and darkly implicated in these infamous intrigues, there can be little doubt; indeed, Sir Jervis Elways, in his dying moments on the scaffold, passionately charged him with having "drawn him into the villainy which brought him to that shameful end." The earl's death took place at Northampton House, as Northumberland House was then styled, on the 15th of June, 1614, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Almost in his last moments he addressed a remarkable letter to his companion in crime, the Earl of Somerset, in which not only do we find no reference to the fearful crime in which they were believed to have been joint actors, but the letter is altogether that of a kind and thoughtful person. After having preferred a few requests for certain faithful followers whom he was about to leave unprovided for, he writes: "Assurance from your lordship, that you will effect those final requests, shall send my spirit out of this transitory tabernacle with

as much comfort and content as the bird flies to the mountain." And he concludes, "Farewell, noble lord ; and the last farewell in the last letter that ever I look to write to any man. I presume confidently on your favour in these poor suits, and will be, both living and dying, your affectionate friend and servant, H. Northampton."

On the death of the Earl of Northampton, Northumberland House passed into the possession of his nephew, Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, whose profligate political intrigues in the reign of James the First are but too well known. From this period it continued to be the London residence of the Earls of Suffolk till the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Theophilus, the second earl, with Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, when it passed, as a part of the portion of the bride, into the hands of the Percys, and thenceforward became known as Northumberland House.

Evelyn, in his "Diary," mentions a visit which he paid to Northumberland House in June, 1658. Under its roof, too, it was that, two years afterward, General Monk carried on those famous intrigues which led to the restoration of the house of Stuart.

Horace Walpole, in his delightful letters, has bequeathed us more than one interesting account of visits paid by him to Northumberland House. Hence, for instance, he describes himself sallying

forth with a merry party to visit the haunts of the famous ghost in Cock Lane; while on another occasion he gives us a graphic description of an unlucky dinner at which he happened to be guest at this princely mansion, in April, 1765. "Now for my disaster," he writes to the Earl of Hertford. "You will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland House, and went a little after four. There I found the countess, Lady Betty Mekinsy, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater, who was never out of Scotland before, a tall lad of fifteen, her son; Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley. At five arrived Mr. Mitchell, who said the lords had begun to read the Poor Bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterward. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen. No such thing. Six o'clock came; seven o'clock came; our coaches came — well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and the play, Mrs. Cornely's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented — in vain. The clock struck eight. My lady at last said she would go and order dinner, but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers, but instead of substantials,

there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks, and uniforms! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen those embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the lords; so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay arrived. Would you believe it?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again! Stay, I have not done. Just as the second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mekinsy came in, and the whole began a third time! Then the second course and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes! When the clock struck eleven we were asked to return to the drawing-room and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed. My dear lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption; no, it exceeded our day at Lord Archer's!"

Northumberland House consisted originally of only three sides of a quadrangle; it not having been until about the middle of the seventeenth century that Algernon, the tenth earl, erected the south, or river front. Of the original edifice but little now remains.

Close to Northumberland House stood Hungerford House, which, as we have already mentioned, was the residence of the Hungerfords of Fairleigh Castle, in Somersetshire. Its last occupant was Sir Edward Hungerford, created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles the Second, in whose lifetime it was taken down and converted into tenements and a market. Over the old market was a large apartment called "the French Church," which was afterward used as the parish schoolroom of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Perhaps the most interesting of the magnificent mansions in the Strand was York House, originally the inn or London residence of the Bishops of Norwich, and thence known as Norwich House. From the see of Norwich it passed by exchange into the hands of the monks of St. Bennet Holme, in Norfolk, and in 1535 became the property of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the husband of Mary, daughter of Henry the Seventh and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France. After the death of Henry, the second and last duke, Suffolk Place, as it was then styled, passed into the hands of the Crown, and in the reign of Queen Mary was granted to the Archbishops of York, who, from the time that Henry the Eighth had deprived them of their palace at Whitehall, had possessed no fixed residence in London.

For many years we find York House the residence of the keepers of the Great Seal, to whom

it was probably leased by the Archbishops of York. Here Sir Nicholas Bacon resided, during the time he was lord keeper, and here, in 1597, he died. Here also Lord Chancellor Egerton breathed his last, in 1616-17. Here the great Lord Bacon first saw the light; and here, on his succeeding Egerton as lord chancellor, he again took up his abode in the home of his boyhood. Subsequently, when the Duke of Lennox would have persuaded him to part with York House, he replied, "For this you will pardon me. York House is the house where my father died, and where I first breathed; and there will I yield my last breath, if so please God and the king." Lord Bacon's manner of living at York House, more especially while acting as regent of the kingdom during the progress of James the First into Scotland, appears to have been splendid in the extreme. "The aviary in York House," writes Aubrey, "was built by his lordship, and cost £300. Every meal according to the season of the year, he had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which he said did refresh his spirits and memory. When he was at his house at Gorhambury, St. Albans seemed as if the court had been there, so nobly did he live. His servants had liveries with his crest; his watermen were more employed by gentlemen than even the king's." Immediately before his disgrace, Lord Bacon celebrated at York House the anniversary of his sixtieth

year, an event which Ben Jonson commemorated in the following verses :

“Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!  
How comes it all things so about thee smile?  
The fire, the wine, the men? and in the midst  
Thou stands't, as if some mystery thou didst!  
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day  
For whose returns, and many, all these pray;  
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year  
Since Bacon, and thy lord, was born, and here;  
Son to the grave, wise keeper of the seal,  
Fame and foundation of the English weal.  
What then his father was, that since is he —  
Now with a little more to the degree —  
England's high chancellor, the destined heir  
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,  
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,  
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool —  
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,  
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own,  
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing  
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.”

In connection with Lord Bacon's residence at York House, the following anecdote is related by Aubrey: “His lordship being in York House garden, looking on fishers as they were throwing their net, asked them what they would take for their draught. They answered so much. His lordship would offer them no more, but so much. They drew up their net, and in it were only two or three little fishes. His lordship then told them it had been better for them to have taken



his offer. They replied, they thought to have had a better draught ; but said his lordship, ‘ Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill supper.’ ”

It was in York House, in May, 1621, that Lord Bacon — by this time a disgraced courtier and cringing penitent — delivered up the Great Seal to the committee of peers who had been sent to demand it from him. “ It was the king’s favour,” he said, “ that gave me this ; and it is through my own fault that he has taken it away.” When the instrument was subsequently delivered to James the First, he muttered some words denoting the difficulty he expected to find in selecting a successor. “ As to my lawyers,” he said, “ they are all knaves.”

In 1624, James the First, having obtained York House in exchange for certain lands, conferred it on his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, to whom it had previously been leased by Matthew, Archbishop of York. Under the duke’s auspices, and with his exquisite taste, York House became perhaps the most magnificent private mansion in Europe. The internal decorations are described as gorgeous in the extreme, while his collection of pictures was unrivalled except by that of his royal master, Charles the First. As regards the famous entertainments given by Buckingham, in York House, it would be difficult to do justice either to the refined taste or the unparalleled splendour by which they were characterised.

“They combined,” writes the late Mr. D’Israeli, “all the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier.” Marshal de Bassompierre, in his account of his embassy to England in 1626, has left us more than one interesting notice of York House and its extraordinary magnificence. Having visited every court in Europe,—his taste in furniture and decoration being considered faultless, and, moreover, having nearly ruined himself in fitting up his famous mansion at Chaillot, —it would have been difficult to find a more competent or a more fastidious judge in matters of taste and splendour. On the 8th of October, the day after his arrival in London, he writes: “The Ambassador Contarini of Venice came to visit me, and toward night I went to see the Duke of Buckingham at his residence, called York House, which is extremely fine, and more richly fitted up than any other I saw.” Again, on Sunday, the 15th of November, he writes: “The Danish ambassador came to visit me, after which I went to the king at Whitehall, who placed me in his barge, and took me to the duke’s at York House, who gave him the most magnificent entertainment I ever saw in my life. The king supped at one table with the queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet [attendants in fancy costume] at each course, with sundry representa-

tions, changes of scenery, tables, and music. The duke waited on the king at table; the Earl of Carlisle on the queen; and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the king and we were led into another room, where the assembly was; and one entered it by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the duke danced. Afterward we set to and danced country-dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments,<sup>1</sup> where there were five different collations."

This, there seems little doubt, was the identical entertainment, a description of which the late Mr. D'Israeli extracted from the Sloane MSS. and published in his "Curiosities of Literature." "Last Sunday at night, the duke's Grace entertained their Majesties and the French ambassador at York House with great feasting and show, where

<sup>1</sup> The ground on which this palace stood, shelves down from the Strand, where the great entrance was, to the river. The principal floor and state rooms were probably on the level with the entrance on the Strand side, but must have been a story above the ground on the river side; and this story was probably the vaulted apartments which Bassompierre mentions. It seems odd that he should think the vaulting a peculiarity worth mentioning, as the ground floors of the Tuileries and the Louvre, in which he passed most of his life, were vaulted; but vaulted domestic apartments were probably then, as now, extremely rare; and the singular and magnificent effect produced by vaulted rooms, furnished for the purposes of common life, must have struck a person of Bassompierre's taste.

all things came down in clouds ; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so like to the life that the queen's Majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds." On the following morning, the 16th, Bassompierre writes : "The king, who had slept at York House, sent for me to hear the queen's music. Afterward he ordered a ball, after which there was a play, and he retired with the queen, his wife, to Whitehall."

After Buckingham's assassination by Felton, in August, 1628, his body was brought in the first instance from Portsmouth to York House, where it lay in state in those gorgeous apartments which had been the scene of his domestic happiness and splendid hospitality. Hither, too, was conveyed the body of his posthumous son, the young and gallant Lord Francis Villiers, who, having hurried from the University of Cambridge to join the standard of the Earl of Holland, in 1648, was killed, at the early age of eighteen, in an encounter with the troops of the Parliament, about two miles from Kingston-on-Thames. Having had his horse killed under him, he made his way to an oak-tree near the highway, where, placing his back against

the tree, and disdaining, or, as it has been asserted, refusing quarter, he defended himself with surprising gallantry, "till," writes his biographer and contemporary, Fairfax, "with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak-tree is his monument, and has the first two letters of his name, F. V., cut in it to this day." "A few days before his death," adds Fairfax, "he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him a list of his debts, and so charged his estate with them, that the Parliament, who seized on the estate, paid his debts." The contemporaries of Lord Francis Villiers describe him as preëminently handsome, even more strikingly so than his elder brother. We have met with more than one single folio sheet, printed at the period, in which, in indifferent verse, is lamented the untimely death of the "beautiful Francis Villiers."

In consequence of the second and witty Duke of Buckingham having on two different occasions appeared in arms against the Commonwealth, he was deprived of his vast estates, a considerable portion of which — producing, according to Heath, a rent amounting to £4,000 a year — fell to the share of the parliamentary general, Lord Fairfax. Eager to regain possession of a portion, if not the whole, of his birthright, the young duke, then proscribed and in exile, conceived the project of marrying the only daughter of Lord Fairfax, and accordingly he had the boldness to pay a secret

visit to England, where he not only contrived to elude the spies of Cromwell, but to obtain an introduction to the young lady. With regard to the Puritan general, his consent to the match was found much less difficult to effect than might at first be imagined. Inheriting many of the prejudices of the aristocracy, of which he was by birth a member, he was the more likely to be prepossessed in Buckingham's favour, inasmuch as they were commonly descended by the female line from the house of Rutland. Every chamber, we are told, in York House, now the property of Fairfax, was "adorned with the arms of the Villiers and Mannes families, lions and peacocks." Moreover, Fairfax may very likely have calculated on the probability of a restoration of the monarchy, in which case it would be of the highest importance to secure the protection of a powerful son-in-law. As to the young lady, she was unable, we are told, to resist the duke's charms, "being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw." Needless, perhaps, it is to remark that their marriage in due time took place, when Buckingham once more became, if not the possessor of, at least the heir to, York House.

In November, 1655, Evelyn mentions his paying a visit to York House and its once beautiful gardens, which he found "much ruined through neglect," although the magnificent taste of the princely Buckingham was still discernible in its

neglected chambers and desolate saloons. Pepys also mentions a visit which he paid to York House, on the 6th June, 1663. "That," he writes, "which pleased me best, was the remains of the noble soul of the late Duke of Buckingham appearing in his house in every place, in the door-cases and the windows." York House was at this period occupied by the Russian ambassador. In 1662 we find the body of the pious and upright Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, lying in state at York House. The bishop had been tutor to Charles the Second, who visited him in his last moments, and on his knees requested and received the blessing of the dying prelate.

After the Restoration of Charles the Second, York House was doubtless frequently the scene of the frolics, wild projects, and orgies of the second and witty duke, —

"Who, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking."

The regular London residence, however, of the Duke of Buckingham, appears to have been Walingford House, Whitehall, where he first saw the light, and where we find him residing as late as 1683.

To the east of York House stood Durham House, on the site of the buildings now known

as the Adelphi. According to some authorities it was built in the reign of Edward the First, by Anthony de Beck, Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusalem; according to others, by Thomas Hatfelde, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward the Third. It long continued to be the London residence of the bishops of that see.

Many interesting events are associated with Durham House. Here Henry the Fifth, when Prince of Wales, more than once passed a night; and from hence, in 1505, Catherine of Aragon dates her letters. Here Anne Boleyn, while still a maid of honour to Queen Catherine, was established by Henry the Eighth with her father, the Earl of Wiltshire; and here Archbishop Cranmer, previously to his elevation to the primacy, was domesticated with the Boleyns, when, according to Strype, "a great friendship was contracted between him and that noble family, especially the chief members of it, the countess, the Lady Anne, and the earl himself." To the earl, Cranmer writes, from Hampton Court, in June, 1530: "The king's Grace, my lady, his wife, and my Lady Anne, are in good health; the king and my Lady Anne rode yesterday to Windsor, and to-night they are looked for again here." With a third wife of Henry the Eighth Durham House is also connected. Here, for instance, in 1540, after a magnificent tournament held at Westminster, we find the challengers entertaining Henry the Eighth



and Anne of Cleves with a sumptuous banquet. In the reign of Edward the Sixth we find it the temporary residence of the king's uncle, the turbulent Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudley, Lord High Admiral of England, who, with the view of coining sufficient money to carry on his ambitious projects, established here the Royal Mint, under the direction of his agent, Sir William Sharrington. From having been the residence of the lord admiral, Durham House passed into the hands of a man no less turbulent and ambitious, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Here it was, in May, 1553, that he solemnised, with great magnificence, the nuptials of his beautiful and accomplished niece, Lady Jane Grey, with his son, Lord Guildford Dudley ; and hence, when Edward the Sixth was approaching his end, he proceeded to his sick-chamber at Greenwich, where, by his plausible arguments, he prevailed upon him to exclude his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the succession in favour of the Lady Jane.

Hither, too, the Lady Jane was conducted from the enjoyment of her books and her flowers at Sion House, near Brentford, to be tempted by the splendid offer of a crown. Here she remained for two days, when she was escorted to the royal palace of the Tower, where she was received with all the ceremony and the homage usually paid to the sovereign of the realm. Lastly, when Northumberland deemed it necessary to appeal to arms,

it was from Durham House that he issued forth at the head of six thousand armed troops, in hopes of bringing his adversaries to an engagement. His cause, however, it is needless to say, was a hopeless one. The council having declared against him, and his followers having gradually deserted him, after a fruitless attempt to save his life by flight he was arrested at Cambridge by the Earl of Arundel, and on the 21st of August, 1553, perished by the hands of the executioner on Tower Hill.

It should be mentioned that in the reign of Henry the Eighth Durham House was conveyed to the Crown by Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, in exchange for other houses in London ; and that in the following reign Edward the Sixth conferred it on his youngest sister, afterward Queen Elizabeth. Shortly after her accession, Elizabeth granted it to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose residence it was in the days of his greatness. "I well remember his study," writes Aubrey, "which was in a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect which is as pleasant perhaps as any in the world." In 1603, Durham House was restored by James the First to the bishop of that see ; but five years afterward it was taken down in order to make room for the New Exchange and other buildings.

Close to Durham House stood Salisbury House, the stately mansion of the Earls of Salisbury, with

its gardens extending to the Thames. It was built by Robert Cecil, the first earl, whose genius as a statesman was only inferior to that of his father, Lord Burleigh. As the earl delighted in magnificence and display, probably both Elizabeth and James the First were frequently his guests at Salisbury House; at all events, the former, indeed, was present at the housewarming, on the 6th of December, 1602. The old mansion, which was subsequently divided into Great Salisbury House and Little Salisbury House, was pulled down in 1695, when Cecil Street and Salisbury Street were erected on its site. In 1660, Hobbes, of Malmesbury, was residing with his friend and patron, William, third Earl of Devonshire, in Little Salisbury House.

Adjoining Salisbury House stood Worcester House, anciently the London residence of the Bishops of Carlisle, and afterward successively of the Russells, Earls of Bedford, and of the Somersetts, Marquises of Worcester. On the elevation of that family to the dukedom of Beaufort, it changed its name to Beaufort House. During the time that the great Lord Clarendon was erecting his stately mansion in Piccadilly, we find him temporarily residing in Worcester House; for the use of which mansion he paid the Marquis of Worcester the then enormous rent of £500 a year. Under its roof, on the night of the 3d of September, 1660, Lord Clarendon had the satis-

faction of seeing his daughter, Anne Hyde, then on the eve of becoming a mother, united in marriage to James, Duke of York, the heir to the throne. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the duke's chaplain, Lord Ossory giving her away.

Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, — in a letter to Mr. Pepys, dated in May, 1701, — records a curious instance of what is called in Scotland "second sight," having occurred at Worcester House. "One day," he writes, — "I know by some remarkable circumstances it was toward the middle of February, 1661-62, — the old Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife, 'What is the matter that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why dost thou not speak?' 'She is a handsome lady, indeed,' said the gentleman, 'but I see her in blood!' Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him, and all the company going out of the room, we parted; and I believe none of us thought more of the matter. I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and

looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the smallpox. She was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say if ever she had it she should die of it. Upon the ninth day after the smallpox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopped ; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence, at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she died, almost weltering in her blood."

Anthony Wood, in his "Life of Himself," mentions his having been present at "a most noble banquet" given at Worcester House on the 26th of August, 1669, on the occasion of James, Duke of Ormond, being installed Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Here also the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the 3d of September, 1674.

Worcester House was burnt down about the end of the seventeenth century, shortly after which Beaufort Buildings rose on its site.

On the site of Exeter Street and Burleigh Street stood Exeter, or Cecil House, a spacious brick mansion with a square turret at each corner. In the reign of Edward the Sixth it was the residence of Sir Thomas Palmer, Knight ; "but of later time," writes Stow, "it hath been far more beautifully increased by the late Sir William Cecil, Baron of Burleigh." Within its walls that great man

breathed his last. Here Queen Elizabeth occasionally visited him, and, knowing how afflicted he was by the gout, always insisted on his remaining seated. It was on one of these occasions that Lord Burleigh playfully apologised to her for the badness of his legs, which compelled him to receive her in a sitting posture. "My lord," was Elizabeth's reply, "we make use of you, not for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head." On another occasion of her paying him a visit at his mansion in the Strand, his chamberlain, as he ushered her in, pointed out to her the lowness of the threshold, and intimated to her Majesty the necessity of bending her head. "For your master's sake," she replied, "I will stoop, though I would not for the King of Spain." After the death of the great lord treasurer, Burleigh House descended to his son, Thomas, first Earl of Exeter, from whom it obtained the name of Exeter House. The philosopher, Anthony Astley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury, author of the "Characteristics," was born in Exeter House, in February, 1671; in which year Anthony Wood mentions his dining with the eminent statesman, Sir Leoline Jenkins, at his apartments in Exeter House. Here Evelyn was for a short time confined by the Parliament.

Nearly opposite to Worcester House stood the magnificent palace of the Savoy, said to have been built about the year 1245, by a distinguished

foreigner, Peter de Savoy, on whom Henry the Third conferred the honour of Richmond, and other lands. He was uncle to Eleanor of Provence, Henry's queen, and brother of Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury. "In the 30th Henry III.," writes Dugdale, "the king granted to Peter de Savoy the inheritance of those houses in the street called the Strand, in the suburbs of London, and adjoining the river of Thames, formerly belonging to Brian de Lisle; paying yearly to the king's exchequer three barbed arrows for all services." Previously to his death, Peter de Savoy bestowed his mansion in the Strand on the religious fraternity of Mountjoy, from whom it was purchased by Queen Eleanor for the use of her younger son, Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster. In 1292 we find this nobleman obtaining a license from the Crown to make a castle of his house in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, called the Savoy. From this period we discover no particular notice of the Savoy till 1328, when Henry, third Earl of Lancaster, laid out no less a sum than 52,000 marks in enlarging and beautifying it, so that, we are told, no mansion in the realm was to be compared with it in stateliness and beauty. After having been the residence of successive Earls of Lancaster, the Savoy became the property of their great heiress, Lady Blanche Plantagenet, who conveyed it to her husband, the celebrated John of

Gaunt, created by his father, King Edward the Third, Duke of Lancaster.

It was during the lifetime of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, father-in-law of John of Gaunt, that the Savoy was the prison of the unfortunate John, King of France, after he was taken prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, at the battle of Poitiers, in 1356. Here, on the 8th of April, 1364, the royal exile breathed his last, and hence his body was removed to St. Denis, the ancient burial-place of the Kings of France.

When, on the 12th of June, 1381, the rebels under Wat Tyler entered London, one of the first places which fell a sacrifice to their fury was the palace of the Duke of Lancaster in the Savoy. Pillage was not their object, and consequently, in order to prove their disinterestedness, they not only issued a proclamation denouncing death against such of their comrades who should appropriate any article to their own use, but they actually threw into the flames one of their companions who had been detected in purloining a valuable piece of plate. As regarded the duke's wine they were less scrupulous. Thirty-two of these misguided men having found their way into one of the cellars, they drank there to such an excess as to forget that the flames were raging above and around them, when suddenly a great part of the building fell with a tremendous crash, completely surrounding them with stones and



rubbish. Although for seven days their piercing shrieks and calls for assistance were distinctly heard, "none," we are told, "came to help them out till they were dead."

From this period the palace of the Savoy remained a heap of ruins till the reign of Henry the Seventh, when, in 1505, that monarch commenced rebuilding it as an hospital for the reception of a hundred distressed objects ; at the same time dedicating it to St. John the Baptist. Dying before the completion of his pious design, it was carried out by his son and successor, Henry the Eighth, who formed it into a corporate body, consisting of a master, five secular chaplains, and four regulars. Subsequently, in consequence of its having become the resort of disreputable characters, it was suppressed for a time, but was reëstablished in the reign of Queen Mary ; "the ladies of the court and maidens of honour," writes Stow, "storing the same anew with beds, bedding, and other furniture in a very ample manner."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find a portion of the Savoy occupied by George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, remarkable no less as a scholar and a naval commander, than for his expensive passion for tournaments and the race-course. The earl, who sat as one of the commissioners at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and who commanded a ship against the Spanish Armada, was an especial favourite with Elizabeth,

who employed him to reduce her beloved Essex to obedience, and frequently appointed him her champion in the court tournaments. It was on one of these occasions that she is said to have presented him with one of her gloves, which he afterward wore, set with jewels, in his beaver, regarding it, we are told, with more pride than the Garter which encircled his knee. According to his daughter, Anne, Countess of Dorset and Pembroke, "He died in the duchy house, called the Savoy, 30th October, 1605, aged forty-seven years, two months and twenty-two days, being born at Brougham Castle, 8th August, 1558."

Queen Elizabeth, when taking the air, is said to have been frequently annoyed by the rogues and vagabonds who had obtained a settlement in the Savoy. Accordingly, in 1587, we find the Recorder of London sending a large body of constables to search its precincts, the result being the arrest of six sturdy fellows, who had contrived to get themselves numbered among "the needy, lame, and sick," and who, after having been soundly whipped, were sent back to the Savoy, to report to their associates how severe had been the punishment they had received. The Savoy, we must remember, possessed at this period the privileges of sanctuary; indeed, as late as the month of July, 1696, we find the following curious passage in the *Post-man*: "On Tuesday a person going into the Savoy to demand a debt due from a person who had taken

sanctuary there, the inhabitants seized him, and, after some consultation, agreed, according to their usual custom, to dip him in tar and roll him in feathers, after which they carried him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him fast to the May-pole, but several constables and others coming in, dispersed the rabble, and rescued the person from their abuses."

In 1661, the commissioners for the revision of the Liturgy held their meetings in the Savoy, whence their deliberations obtained the name of the "Savoy Conference." Five years afterward we find a portion of the building set apart as a hospital for the sick and wounded during the naval war with the Dutch; and again, during the last century, it was indifferently used as a barrack, a military infirmary, and a prison for the confinement of deserters and other offenders. The last remains of the old palace and hospital of the Savoy were, with the exception of the chapel, swept away in 1811, in order to make room for the approaches to Waterloo Bridge.

The chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy, before the fire which, in 1864, destroyed its richly decorated roof and interior, contained several ancient tombs, and the remains of a beautiful altar-piece. Its most conspicuous monument, and one of no slight merit, was that of the wife of Sir Robert Douglas, who, as her inscription informed us, died in November, 1612. The effigy of the lady, however, was

completely thrown into the shade by that of the knight, her husband, who was represented reclining on his right arm, with his left hand on his sword, while the artist had been content to introduce his lady, in a large hood, in a kneeling posture behind him. Doubtless the most interesting monument in the Savoy Chapel was that to the memory of Anne Killigrew, whose piety, accomplishments, and early death have been more than once adverted to in these pages. Although a maid of honour at so profligate a court as that of Charles the Second, she retained to the last her native purity and freshness of feeling; devoting every hour which she could snatch from her duties to her mistress, the Duchess of York, to the observance of her religious duties and to literary pursuits. Her father, Dr. Henry Killigrew, was the last person who held the appointment of Master of the Savoy.

In the Savoy was buried Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who has been styled the Chaucer of Scotland. He died in London in 1522, of the plague. Here also lie interred George Wither, the poet, who died in 1667; Lewis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, who commanded the royal forces at the battle of Sedgemoor; Dr. Archibald Cameron, who was executed at Tyburn, in June, 1753, for his share in the Rebellion of 1745; and Richard Lander, the African traveller, who died in 1834.

As late as the year 1621 the Savoy Chapel witnessed the unusual scene of a frail, noble, and beautiful woman performing penance within its walls. This lady was Frances, daughter of the eminent lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, and niece of the great Lord Burleigh. At an early age she had become the wife of John Villiers, first Viscount Purbeck, elder brother of the great favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, from whom she eloped in 1621 with Sir Robert Howard. Three years after all intercourse with her husband had ceased, she was privately delivered of a son, who was shown to have been baptised at Cripple-gate by the name of Robert Wright. Such clear and indisputable evidence of adultery led to her being prosecuted, with her paramour, Sir Robert Howard. Of her guilt there could be no question, and accordingly the High Commission Court, by which she was tried, sentenced her to do penance in the Savoy Church in the Strand. The subsequent story of Lady Purbeck may be related in a few words. Deserted by her husband, and probably by her lover, she found an asylum in the house of her mother, and subsequently died in the military quarters of Charles the First at Oxford, in 1645. The story of her descendants is more curious. As Lord Purbeck had never obtained, or sued for a divorce from his wife, at his death Robert Wright assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Dan-

vers, the regicide, brother to Henry, Earl of Danby; became a violent republican; publicly expressed his aversion to the name and family of Villiers; and, in 1675, concluded his eccentric career in France, to which country he had flown to avoid his creditors. His son Robert, on the other hand, was a royalist and an aristocrat, and consequently he not only assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck, but laid claim in the House of Lords to the earldom of Buckingham, which title, in the event of the failure of the male issue of the great duke, had been secured by patent to the descendants of the first Lord Purbeck. The appeal, however, on the ground of his father's presumed illegitimacy, was negatived. He married Margaret, daughter of Ulick de Burgh, Earl of St. Albans, by whom he had a son, John, who also assumed the title of Viscount Purbeck, and who renewed the claims of his family, though without effect, to the earldom of Buckingham. He married a woman with whom he had cohabited, and by her had two daughters, who, following the bad example set them by their mother, descended to the lowest stage of profligacy. One of them died at a very advanced age in an obscure lodging in London in 1786. One of the last male representatives of this spurious branch of the Villiers family was the Rev. George Villiers of Chargrove, in Oxfordshire, who renewed the claim to the earldom, but also with the same want of success. The race is now extinct.

Between the Savoy and Somerset House, close to the approach to the present Waterloo Bridge, stood Wimbledon House, a stately mansion built by the gallant soldier, Sir Edward Cecil, third son of Thomas, first Earl of Exeter, and grandson of the great Lord Burleigh. This house was entirely burnt down in 1628. It was a curious coincidence that the accident should have occurred on the day after Lord Wimbledon's house at Wimbledon, in Surrey, had been accidentally blown up by gunpowder.

On the site of Wimbledon House stood, till the present century, the famous D'Oyley's warehouse, said to have been established in the reign of James the Second by a French refugee, who, having been forced to seek an asylum in England in consequence of the revocation of the Treaty of Nantes, established himself as a weaver in Spitalfields. In the *Spectator* there is more than one notice of D'Oyley's warehouse. "If D'Oyley," according to one of the papers, "had not by ingenious inventions enabled us to dress our wives and daughters in cheap stuffs, we should not have had the means to have carried on the war." Again (No. 319), in a letter signed Will. Sprightly: "A few months after, I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain in D'Oyley; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camlet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There

are always two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me, stroke for stroke." In Vanbrugh's play, "The Provoked Wife," Lady Fanciful, pointing to Lady Brute and Belinda, observes : "I fear those D'Oyley stuffs are not worn for the want of better clothes." In the middle of the last century it was the fashion for smart gentlemen belonging to the Inns of Court to breakfast at the neighbouring coffee-house in caps and loose morning-dresses procured at D'Oyley's warehouse. The name has been preserved to our own time by the napkins used at dessert, which were doubtless originally sold at D'Oyley's warehouse.

Passing by Somerset House for the present, we find ourselves at the corner of Arundel Street, the site of the princely mansion and beautiful garden of the Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk.

"Behold that narrow street which steep descends,  
Whose building to the slimy shore extends ;  
Here Arundel's famed structure reared its frame ;  
The street alone retains the empty name.  
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warmed  
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charmed,  
Now hangs the Bellman's song, and pasted here  
The coloured prints of Overton appear ;  
Where statues breathed — the works of Phidias' hands —  
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands."

— *Gay's Trivia.*

Arundel House was originally known as Bath's Inn, from having been the London residence of



the Bishops of Bath and Wells. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, his uncle, the celebrated Lord Seymour of Sudley, contrived to obtain possession of it, and, as Stow informs us, he "new builded the house." It was at this period known as Seymour Place. Here Lord Seymour hatched his ambitious and treasonable intrigues, and here also he carried on his strange and indecent dalliance with the young princess, afterward Queen Elizabeth, whom he had contrived to place under his own guardianship at Seymour Place, and whose hand it was his object to obtain.

After the execution of Lord Seymour his palace in the Strand reverted to the Crown, who disposed of it to Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, from whom it obtained the name of Arundel House. Here it was that Thomas, the twentieth earl, deposited his famous collection of antiquities which he had brought from Italy, now so well known as the Arundel Marbles. It was of this nobleman that Hay, Earl of Carlisle, observed, "Here comes the Earl of Arundel in his plain stuff and trunk-hose and his beard in his teeth, that looks more like a nobleman than any of us." It was a saying of Lord Arundel that, unless a person had some taste for the arts, he would never make an honest man. The famous Arundel collection of marbles was sold and dispersed shortly before the demolition of Arundel House

in 1678; a portion of them, however, is still preserved at Oxford.

It was in Arundel House that the Countess of Nottingham — whose name is so unenviably associated with the tragical fate of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex — breathed her last, on the 25th of February, 1603. Here the Duc de Sully was for some time lodged, on the occasion of his embassy to England in the reign of James the First; and here, too, the Royal Society at one time held their meetings.

Between Essex Street and Temple Bar stood Essex House, originally called Exeter House, from having been the mansion of the Bishops of Exeter till the reign of Henry the Sixth. Subsequently it became the residence of William, Lord Paget, from whose successors it passed into the hands of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, when it was styled Norfolk House. The next possessor was Elizabeth's unprincipled favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who bequeathed it to his illegitimate son, Sir Robert Dudley, from whom it was purchased by Queen Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Stow informs us that it was successively styled Exeter House, Paget House, Leicester House, and Essex House.

Spenser, the poet, not only appears to have been an honoured guest at Essex House during the lifetime of Leicester, but, in his "Protha-

lamion," published in 1596, celebrates it as having been the residence of the two princely favourites of Elizabeth, — Leicester and Essex :

" Next whereunto there stands a stately place,  
Where oft I gayned gifts and goodly grace  
Of that good lord, which therein wont to dwell;  
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case.  
But, ah ! here fits not well  
Old woes, but joys, to tell  
Against the bridal day, which is not long :  
Sweet Thames ! run softly till I end my song.

" Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,  
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,  
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,  
And Hercules' two Pillars, standing near,  
Did make to quake and fear ;  
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry !  
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,  
Joy have thou of thy noble victory."

Essex House is intimately associated with the treasonable designs and untimely fate of the headstrong Essex. On the circumstances which induced him to embark in his daring projects against the government of Queen Elizabeth, it is unnecessary for us to dwell at length. Believing his royal mistress to be irremediably incensed against him ; disappointed in his hopes of reëstablishing his former influence either at the council-table or over Elizabeth's affections ; intoxicated, moreover, by his popularity among all classes of people ; he

came to the rash determination of endeavouring to regain his lost ascendancy by force of arms. Boasting that he had already in his service no fewer than one hundred and twenty barons, knights, and gentlemen, he invited to Essex House every description of discontented persons; persecuted Roman Catholic priests and proscribed puritanical preachers, disbanded soldiers and sailors who had formerly served under his banner; in fact every needy adventurer who had little to lose and everything to gain by a convulsion in the state. Elizabeth, in the meantime, had contented herself with doubling the guards at Whitehall, and taking a few other timely precautions, while at the same time she sent Robert Sackville, son of the Earl of Dorset, to Essex House, ostensibly on the pretext of paying Essex a friendly visit, but in reality to ascertain the extent of his preparations, and the amount of danger to be apprehended from the threatened insurrection. Her next step was to cite Essex to appear before the Privy Council. Instead, however, of obeying the summons, he convened a meeting of his friends and retainers at Essex House, to whom he communicated his determination of marching instantly into the city, and as it was sermon time at Paul's Cross, when a large number of persons might be expected to be assembled there, to place himself at once at the head of the citizens and lead them to the palace gates. His proposal having

been listened to with acclamations, the conspirators were on the point of sallying forth, when it was announced that the Lord Keeper Egerton, the Lord Chief Justice Popham, the Earl of Worcester, and Sir William Knollys, were at the gates demanding admission in the queen's name. They were admitted, but it was cautiously, through a small wicket; no one but the lord keeper's purse-bearer being allowed to accompany them. On being ushered into the presence of the conspirators, the lord chief justice boldly inquired of Essex the motive of such extraordinary preparations, at the same time exhorting the conspirators, on their allegiance, to lay down their arms and trust to the queen's mercy. His words, however, were drowned in an uproar of disapprobation. "You are abused, my lord," cried many voices to Essex; "they betray you—you are only losing time." Others demanded that the commissioners should be killed on the spot, and some that they should be detained as hostages. Essex took the latter hint, and having locked the door upon them, drew his sword, and placing himself at the head of two hundred devoted adherents, sallied forth into the street. To the citizens he cried aloud, as he passed them, "For the queen! for the queen! a plot is laid for my life." On reaching Paul's Cross he found, to his great disappointment, that the government had taken the precautionary measure of dispersing the con-

gregation, and accordingly no choice was left to him but to retrace his steps to Essex House. In the meantime, by the exertions of Bancroft, Bishop of London, a large body of the more loyal citizens had been collected at Cheapside, where, protected by barricades which had been hastily thrown up, they appear to have very nearly succeeded in cutting off the retreat of Essex and his followers. Tracy, a young gentleman much loved by Essex, was killed; the earl's stepfather, Sir Christopher Blunt, was severely wounded and taken prisoner; Essex himself was twice shot through the hat. At length, having retreated down Friday Street, Essex and his few remaining companions made their way to Queenhithe, where they took boat for the Strand. At first Essex had expressed his determination of defending himself to the last in Essex House, which was to a certain degree fortified; but having been speedily surrounded on all sides by a large force of armed men, — and, moreover, artillery having been placed on the tower of St. Clement's Church, by which Essex House was completely commanded, — he had no choice but to surrender. He was carried by water to the Tower, whence, ten days afterward (on the 10th of February, 1601), he was conducted to his trial in Westminster Hall. By his side stood his associate in rebellion and fellow prisoner, the Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare dedicated his "Venus and Adonis."

On the 25th, Essex was executed, as has been already related, on a scaffold erected in the open space in front of the Tower chapel.

In Essex House was born the celebrated parliamentary general, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the only son of his ill-fated father, at the date of whose untimely end he was a schoolboy at Eton. It was in Essex House, on the 5th of January, 1606, when only in his fifteenth year, that he was married to the abandoned Frances Howard, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, a bride of thirteen. After the ceremony it was thought expedient to separate the youthful pair till they should arrive at riper years; and accordingly the young earl was sent on his travels, while the bride remained at court with her mother, a lady whose indifferent morals rendered her a most improper person for such a charge. After an absence of nearly four years, Essex returned to England, full of natural eagerness to claim his young and lovely bride. Lovely indeed she was, but so far was she from sharing his impatience that, in his absence, she had fixed her affections on the young Earl of Somerset, the unworthy favourite of James the First. Essex, moreover, rough in his manners and inelegant in his person, was little adapted to soften the heart of a self-willed and high-spirited girl; and accordingly, though she consented, when he claimed her as his bride, to accompany him to Essex House, he soon found himself treated with such evident

dislike and disdain, that he was induced to appeal to her father, by whom she was compelled to quit Essex House for the retirement of the country. Here, however, her antipathy and contempt were no less offensively displayed than they had been in London ; till at length, Essex, completely wearied out, fell in with her views, and consented to offer no obstacle to her procuring a divorce. The sequel of this dark tale of infamy ; the extraordinary circumstances under which the divorce was obtained ; the marriage of Lady Essex with her lover ; their common share in the fearful murder of Sir Thomas Overbury ; and lastly, their trial, condemnation, and subsequent estrangement and detestation of each other, are matters but too well known to require repetition.

The greater portion of Essex House was pulled down at the close of the seventeenth century, shortly after which the present Essex Street and Devereux Court were erected on its site. Some remnants of it, however, would seem to be still in existence. On the 13th of September, 1861, for instance, Mr. John J. Cole writes to the Rev. G. Granville from 24 Essex Street : "This house is built upon part of the substructure of Essex House. The two lower stories have the old thick walls. The garden is where the old terrace once was ; twenty feet and more above the adjoining Temple Garden. Under it is a long, lofty vault, and in it are two old vines. I do not pretend that



they are as old as Elizabeth's time ; but I have a fond hope that their ancestors' leaves gave grateful trellis shade, as one of them does now. Their roots are somewhere, no doubt ; the old mortar in the vaulting must be very good to give such fruit. Now my family is so romantic as to believe that Shakespeare must have many a time walked up and down our bit of terrace ; have sat at the end with my Lord Essex and Lord Southampton, admiring the moonlight on the river, or jesting with 'Night' Templars over the parapet wall ; must have drunk some sack in the cellar, and taken water at 'the stairs.' It is even believed that hardly at Stratford is there anything so little altered, and so near to Shakespeare's footsteps as our paved garden."

In Essex House, on the 14th of September, 1646, the second earl breathed his last. Another eminent inhabitant of Essex House was the celebrated courtier and statesman, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who is said to have died here, not without strong suspicions of having been poisoned. Here also Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, was lodged during his visit to England, previously to his marriage with Elizabeth, the charming daughter of James the First.

The steps leading to the Thames, which the great favourite of Elizabeth descended on his way to the dungeon and the block, still retain their original name of Essex Stairs.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SOMERSET HOUSE.

Lord Protector Somerset — Materials Used by Him to Build the House — Henry, Lord Hunsdon, and Queen Elizabeth — Somerset House Set Apart for the Queens of Charles the First and Second, and of James the Second — Their Mode of Life There — Somerset Stairs — Causes of the Demolition of the Old Building — Curiosities Discovered at Its Demolition — Builder of the Present Somerset House — Expense of Building.

ON the site of the present Somerset House in the Strand stood Somerset Place and its princely gardens, the residence of the great Protector, Duke of Somerset. To the marriage of his sister with Henry the Eighth, this celebrated man was indebted for his magnificent fortunes. Within little more than ten years he rose from being plain Edward Seymour to be Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of England; to be the brother-in-law of one monarch, and the uncle of another. In 1536, on the occasion of his sister's marriage with Henry, he was created Viscount Beauchamp, and the following year, Earl of Hertford. Four years afterward he received the Order of the Garter, and was appointed lord chamberlain for life; be-

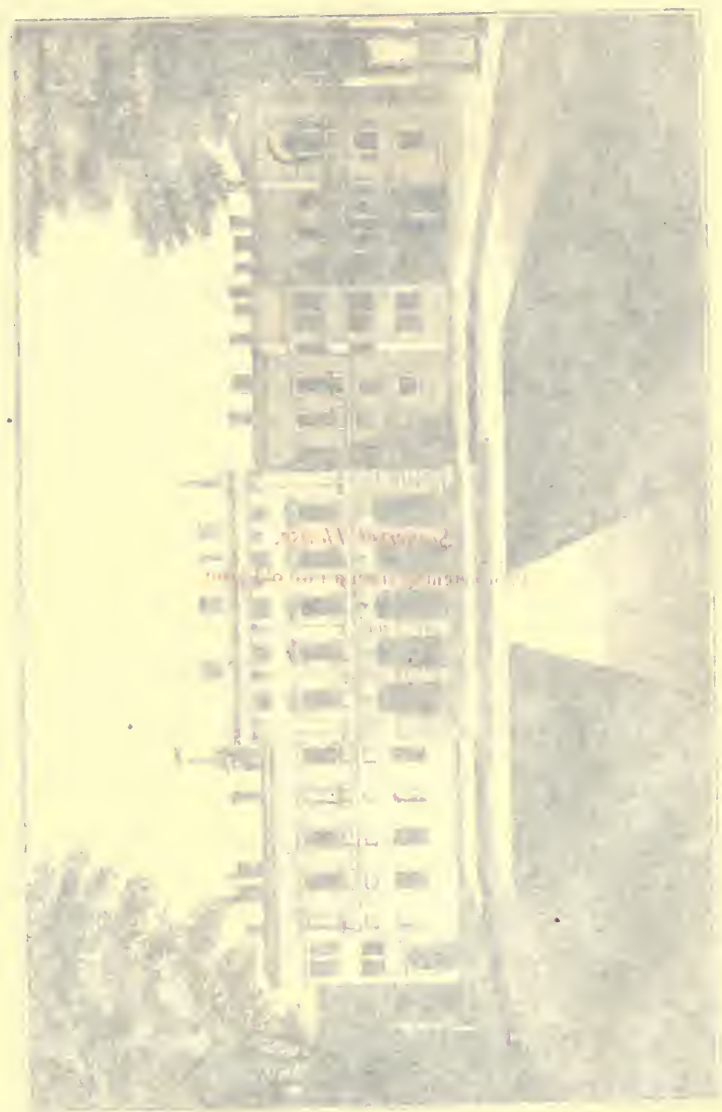


PLATE IV

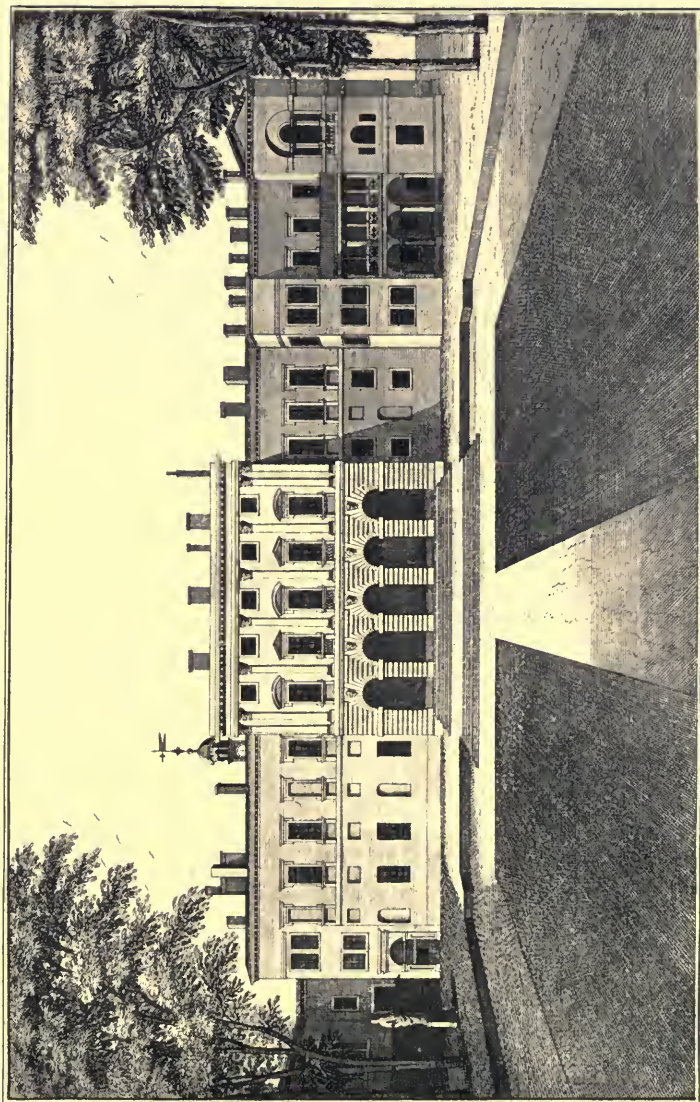
SOMERSET HOUSE

View of Somerset House from the river, showing the central block and the wings, with the garden in the foreground.

*Somerset House.*

Photo-etching from a rare old print.

... Somerset House in  
... and its princely  
... the great interior, Duke  
... To the marriage of my sister with  
... the English, this ceremony was an  
... Somerset House, where the  
... when  
... and  
... In  
... with  
... and  
... Four years  
... the Garden  
... life; as





sides which, on the accession of his nephew, Edward the Sixth, he was advanced to the dukedom of Somerset, and appointed governor of the young king, lord treasurer, earl marshal, and protector of the realm. These latter honours and appointments were conferred upon him between the 1st and 17th of February, 1547.

The reckless cost and unscrupulous means resorted to by the Protector, in the erection of his magnificent palace in the Strand, are well known. In order to save the expense of hewing quarries and conveying stone from a long distance, the tower and part of the church of St. John of Jerusalem, the charnel-house and north cloister of St. Paul's Cathedral, the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, as well as the episcopal residences of the Bishops of Worcester, Llandaff, and Chester, severally in the Strand, were razed to the ground, and the materials appropriated to the Protector's splendid but sacrilegious purpose. The architecture of the new edifice was a mixed Gothic and Grecian, a style which had been introduced into England in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The architect is said to have been John of Padua, an Italian, who in the preceding reign had held the appointment of "deviser of his Majesty's buildings." The edifice, which extended no less than six hundred feet from east to west, by five hundred from north to south, was commenced in April, 1548; four years after which time the Protector laid down his life

on the block. Whether he ever resided under its roof appears to be uncertain.

By the attainder of the Protector, his palace came into the possession of the Crown. During the reign of Edward the Sixth, it appears to have been the occasional residence of his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who, on her accession to the throne, permitted her first cousin, Henry, Lord Hunsdon, to reside in it, and here she was not unfrequently his guest.

Here, on the 23d July, 1596, Lord Hunsdon breathed his last ; the refusal of his royal mistress to raise him to the earldom of Wiltshire having, it is said, had such an effect on his spirits as to hasten his end. Elizabeth subsequently relented, but when it was too late. "When he lay on his death-bed," writes Fuller, "the queen gave him a gracious visit ; causing a patent for the said earldom to be drawn, his robes to be made, and both laid on his bed. But this lord—who could not dissemble, neither well nor sick—replied, 'Madam, seeing you counted me not worthy of this honour while I was living, I count myself unworthy of it now I am dying.'"

For several succeeding generations Somerset House was the allotted residence of the queens of England. Here James the First, who greatly preferred the society of his favourites to that of his wife, permitted his consort, Anne of Denmark, to hold her court ; and here she gave those famous



masques and entertainments which, we are told, "made the nights more splendid than the days." Her court, according to Arthur Wilson, was "a continued Mascarado, where she and her ladies, like so many sea-nymphs or Nereids, appeared in various dresses, to the ravishment of the beholders." Apparently these costly entertainments were conducted with but little attention to morality or decorum ; the Countess of Dorset informing us, in her "Memoirs," that "the ladies about the court had gotten such ill names, that it was grown a scandalous place, and the queen herself much fallen from her former greatness and reputation she had in the world." Beyton's censure is even far stronger. "The masks and plays," he says, "were used only as incentives for lust ; wherefore the courtiers invited the citizens' wives to those shows. There is not a chamber or lobby, if it could speak, but would verify this."

Somerset House is said to have been considerably enlarged and beautified by Anne of Denmark, in compliment to whom James the First desired that it should henceforward be styled Denmark House. Hither, on the 9th of March, 1619, her body was conveyed by night from Hampton Court, where she died ; and here, in the apartments which had recently been the scene of her frivolity and splendour, it lay in state till the 13th of May, when it was interred in Westminster Abbey. Here also subsequently lay in state, between the 23d of

April and the 17th of May, 1625, the remains of King James.

On the marriage of Charles the First with Henrietta Maria, Somerset House was set apart as her jointure house; and here, moreover, she was allowed that free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion which gave so much offence to her husband's Protestant subjects. The fact is a startling one, that, in Henrietta's French retinue, consisting of no less than 440 persons, there were as many as twenty-nine priests, marshalled by a wrong-headed young bishop, under the age of thirty. The insolent manner in which these persons interfered in the domestic affairs of Charles, the discords which they daily fomented between their royal master and mistress, as well as their frivolous complaints of ill-usage and discomfort, at length occasioned such positive unhappiness to Charles that he came to the determination of sending them, at all hazards, out of the kingdom. Accordingly, having in the first instance given private instructions for their removal from Whitehall to Somerset House, whence carriages were ordered to be in readiness to convey them to the seacoast, he took upon himself the painful task of communicating to Henrietta the necessity of her parting with her favourites. On his entering her apartments, he beheld, we are told, to his great indignation, a number of Henrietta's light-hearted domestics irreverently dancing and curvetting in

her presence. Taking her by the hand, he led her into a private chamber, where he locked himself up with her alone. That which passed between them on the occasion was known only to themselves. Certain, however, it is, that the queen's violence exceeded all bounds; that she actually tore her hair from her head; and that, in the violence of her rage, she cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass windows. Charles, the same evening, presented himself before the assembled foreigners at Somerset House, to whom he explained the cogent reasons which compelled him to insist upon their departure from his court, at the same time intimating to them that his treasurer had received orders to remunerate every one of them for their year's service. These announcements were met with suppressed murmurs and discontented looks. A Madame St. George — a handsome and flippant Frenchwoman, who had rendered herself peculiarly obnoxious to Charles by interfering between him and the queen — took upon herself to act the part of spokeswoman on the occasion, but the king turned a deaf ear to her remonstrances and peremptorily refused to alter his decision.

Notwithstanding the apparent firmness of Charles and his great anxiety on the subject, we find the French still domesticated at Somerset House after the lapse of more than a month from the time of their removal from Whitehall. Excuse, on their

part, followed excuse, and delay succeeded to delay, till at length the king's patience was so entirely exhausted that he issued positive orders to the Duke of Buckingham to drive them away, if necessary, "like so many wild beasts, until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them." This mandate had the desired effect, and accordingly, early in the month of August, 1626, they took their unwilling departure from Somerset House. It required four days and nearly forty carriages to transport them to Dover, in their progress to which town they seem to have everywhere encountered the derision of the populace. As Madame St. George was stepping into the boat, a bystander took an aim at her strange head-dress with a stone. An English gentleman, who was escorting her, instantly quitted her side, and running his sword through the offender's body, killed him on the spot.

The disgraceful penances which were imposed on Henrietta by her priests are well known. On one particular occasion, she is said to have been made to walk on a dirty morning from Somerset House to Tyburn, her father confessor riding in his coach by her side. The queen built a small chapel at Somerset House, after a design by Inigo Jones, in which, under the high altar, was interred the eminent painter, Horatio Gentileschi, to whom we are indebted for one of the most beautiful pictures in the Louvre, the Annunciation. In the

cellars of the present building, beneath the great square, may be seen five tombs of the Roman Catholic attendants of Henrietta Maria. We must not omit to notice that in Somerset House Inigo Jones breathed his last, in 1652.

At Somerset House, Henrietta occasionally entertained her husband and his court with those magnificent masques of which Ben Jonson was the author, and Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations. Here, in 1633, she brought out Fletcher's dramatic pastoral, "The Faithful Shepherdess," which had previously met with an unfavourable reception on the public stage. To the Earl of Strafford, Mr. Garrard writes, on the 9th of January: "On twelfth-night the queen feasted the king at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, 'The Faithful Shepherdess,' which the king's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your lordship, that on the dicing night the king carried away in James Palmer's hat £1,850. The queen was his half, and brought him that luck; she shared presently £900."

During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell the history of Somerset House presents but little interest. Here, however, in 1656, lay in state the body of the venerable Archbishop Usher, whose private virtues induced Oliver Cromwell to honour him with a public funeral in Westminster

Abbey, and here, also, from the 26th of September to the 23d of November, 1658, lay in state, in great magnificence, the remains of the Protector himself. Passing through a suite of rooms, hung with black, and lined with soldiers, the public were admitted into the apartment which contained the body of the Protector. The ceiling as well as the walls of this room was covered with black velvet; the latter being decorated with escutcheons. Innumerable tapers threw light upon the trappings of woe. Under a canopy of black, on a couch covered with crimson velvet, lay a waxen image of the deceased in robes of purple and crimson velvet ornamented with ermine and lace of gold. To the side of the effigy was affixed a splendid sword; in one hand was a sceptre, and in the other a globe. On a high stool, covered with gold tissue, lay an imperial crown, and near it a suit of complete armour. At the feet of the figure was placed the crest of the deceased. The whole of this gorgeous pageant was surrounded by railings hung with crimson velvet, which costly material also carpeted the ground. At each corner of the rails stood upright pillars, on the summits of which were lions and dragons, holding streamers in their paws. On each side of the couch were banners emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the Protector and other devices, while around it were numerous attendants uncovered.

In the reign of Charles the Second the remains

of the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, lay in state for several weeks in Somerset House, previously to their interment in Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster.

On the 2d of November, 1660, after the Restoration of her son, Charles the Second, Henrietta Maria, having been absent from England for nineteen years, again took up her abode at Somerset House, which had been allotted for her residence. On reëntering it she is said to have made the remarkable observation, that "had she known the temper of the English people some years past as well as she did then, she had never been compelled to quit it." Under her auspices the old building was beautified with a taste and magnificence which called forth the poetical encomiums both of Cowley and Waller.

According to Pepys, the court of the queen-mother at Somerset House far exceeded in dignity and pomp that of Charles the Second at Whitehall. "To the queen's chapel," he writes, on the 24th of February, 1663-64, "where I stayed and saw their mass, till a man came and bade me go out or kneel down ; and so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House, and there into the chapel, where Monsieur d'Espagne, a Frenchman, used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crowded than the queen's chapel at St. James's, which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden at Somerset House, and up and down the new

buildings, which in every respect will be mighty magnificent and costly."

Again, in January the following year, we find Pepys paying a visit to Somerset House, on which occasion he had the good fortune to be shown into the queen-mother's private chamber and closet, which he says were "most beautiful places for furniture and pictures." Thence, he tells us, "I went down the great stone stairs to the garden, and tried the brave echo upon the stairs, which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another; they all three shall sound in concert together, a good while most pleasantly." The first time that Pepys was in the presence of the new queen, Catherine of Braganza, was at the court of the queen-mother at Somerset House.

"Meeting," he writes, "Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he took me into Somerset House, and there carried me into the queen-mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own queen sitting on her left hand, whom I did never see before; and though she be not a very charming, she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine; and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the king's son,<sup>1</sup> a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the

<sup>1</sup> Afterward Duke of Monmouth.



queens both are mighty kind to him." Charles subsequently entered the apartment in high spirits; exciting a good deal of merriment among the courtiers by insisting to the queen-mother that his wife was *enceinte*, and playfully accusing Catherine of having admitted the fact. Some good-natured badinage followed, to which she at length retorted in plain English, "You lie." As these were the first words she had been heard to utter in that language, the king's mirth was increased, and he endeavoured to make her repeat in English, "Confess and be hanged."

After the death of his mother, Charles granted Somerset House as a residence to his neglected queen. Here she was residing during the perilous excitement of the Popish Plot; and especially in the month of October, 1678, when the dreadful fate of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was ascribed to two of the attendants at her chapel at Somerset House. Immediately after the death of Charles the Second, Catherine retired from Whitehall to Somerset House, where, in an apartment lighted with tapers and covered with black even to the foot-stool, she received the addresses of condolence on the occasion of her recent bereavement. From this period till her return to Portugal, in 1692, she resided almost entirely either at Somerset House or at her villa at Hammersmith. She was fond of music, and in London had regular concerts, though in other respects she lived in great privacy.

From the days of Catherine of Braganza, Somerset House continued to be the nominal jointure house of successive queens, and occasionally the residence of foreign ambassadors, till the latter end of the last century. As in the case of the palaces of Hampton Court and Kensington, a portion of the apartments of Somerset House was lent to persons of birth and influence ; thus occasioning the old apartments of the Protector Somerset to be now and then enlivened by some gay ball or masquerade. For instance, we may mention a well-known entertainment given here in 1749, at which George the Second and Augusta, Princess of Wales, were present, on which occasion a considerable sensation was created by the beautiful but abandoned maid of honour, Elizabeth Chudleigh, afterward Duchess of Kingston, appearing in an almost primitive state as Iphigenia. "Pretty Mrs. Pitt," writes Mrs. Montagu to her sister, on the 8th of May, 1749, "looked as if she came from heaven, but was only on her road thither in the habit of a *chanoinesse*. Many ladies looked handsome, and many rich : there was as great a quantity of diamonds as the town could produce. Mrs. Chandler was a starry night. The Duchess of Portland had no jewels. Lord Sandwich made a fine hussar. I stayed till five o'clock in the morning at the masquerade, and am not tired. I have never been quite well since ; but I had better luck than Miss Conway, who was killed by a draught

of lemonade she drank there.”<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole, also, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated 3d May, 1749, describes this splendid entertainment. “The king,” he writes, “was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup, as they were drinking tea. The duke [of Cumberland] had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in ‘Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.’ The Duchess of Richmond was a lady mayoress in the time of James the First, and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth’s porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington. They were admirable masks. Lady Rochfort, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs. Pitt were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the duke in ‘Don Quixote,’ and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammont.”

<sup>1</sup> Her death was celebrated in the following doggerel lines:

“Poor Jenny Conway,  
She drank lemonade  
At a masquerade,  
So now she’s dead and gone away.”

With Somerset Stairs is connected a trifling incident which occurred to Edmund Waller, the poet. "He was but a tender, weak body," writes Aubrey, "but was always very temperate. — made him damnably drunk at Somerset House, where at the water-stairs he fell down, and had a cruel fall: 'twas pity to use such a sweet swan so inhumanly." Saville paid him the high compliment of saying "that nobody should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller." The old stairs at Somerset House were the work of Inigo Jones.

The last housekeeper of old Somerset House was Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, once a novelist of no inconsiderable repute, and the friend of Doctor Johnson. When the old palace was pulled down she lost her apartments, and in the latter part of her life was reduced to great distress.

The circumstances which led to the destruction and rebuilding of Somerset House may be related in a few words. There being a necessity for providing some additional offices for the services of the state, on the 10th of April, 1775, it was recommended by the Crown in a message to Parliament that Buckingham House should be purchased and made over as a jointure house to Queen Charlotte, and that Somerset House, which had previously been settled upon her, should be appropriated to such purposes as should be found "most useful to the public." The act was soon

passed, and almost immediately the demolition of the old buildings commenced.

At this time the portion of the palace which had been erected by Inigo Jones in the reign of Charles the First had for some time been used for the meetings of the Royal Academy, and for other purposes. The greater part, however, of the original palace of the Protector had remained unoccupied and unaltered ; many of the ornaments, if not the furniture, of the reign of Edward the Sixth still existed ; and, accordingly, when these desolate apartments were visited by Sir William Chambers, and other persons appointed to take a survey of them, they presented a sight which, either to an antiquary or a philosopher, must have been singularly interesting. At the extremity of the apartments which had been occupied by Henrietta Maria, and subsequently by Catherine of Braganza, two large folding doors opened into the ancient portion of the structure, into which, it would seem, for nearly a century a human foot had scarcely ever intruded. Wandering through gloomy and uninhabitable apartments, passing from room to room and from corridor to corridor, the intruders witnessed a strange and melancholy spectacle of departed splendour ; a scene of mouldering walls and broken casements, of crumbling roofs and decayed furniture. The first apartment which they entered had apparently been the bedchamber of royalty. The floor was of oak, and the ceiling

stuccoed. It was also panelled with oak, and ornamented with gilt mouldings. Some of the sconces still remained attached to the walls of the apartment, and from the ceiling there still hung a chain with which a chandelier had once been connected.

In another of the apartments a chandelier was still hanging, and in a third were velvet curtains which had once been crimson and fringed with gold. Their colour had faded to a tawdry olive, while only a few spangles and shreds of gold afforded evidence of their former costliness. In the audience-chamber the silken hangings still hung in tatters from the walls. Not the least interesting were two apartments which had long since been converted into storerooms for such trappings of royalty as the gradual modernisation of the rest of the structure had from time to time cast into disuse. Here was discovered a variety of articles, the production and the fashion of different reigns, if not of different ages. Mixed with broken couches and tattered hangings, with stools, screens, sconces, and fire-dogs, were discovered the vestiges of a throne, together with the span-gled velvet with which it had once been canopied. Altogether these deserted apartments presented a scene in which the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe would have delighted to revel, and in which the Muse of Doctor Johnson might have found fit food for meditating on the vanity of human wishes.

The last royal personage lodged in old Somerset House would seem to have been the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, when, in 1764, he arrived in England to marry the Princess Augusta, the eldest sister of George the Third.

The present Somerset House was built, after designs by Sir William Chambers, between the years 1775 and 1786.

## CHAPTER V.

### LAMBETH AND LAMBETH PALACE.

Manor of Lambeth — Lambeth Palace — Its Early History — Frequently Used as a Prison — Description of the Palace — Lollards' Tower — Historical Events Associated with the Palace — Archbishop Laud — Lambeth Parish Church — Persons Buried There — Anecdote of the Queen of James the Second — Cuper's Gardens.

THE ancient manor of Lambeth, independently of its celebrated episcopal palace, is replete with historical associations. Here, in 1041, died Hardicanute in the midst of the revelry of a banquet given in celebration of the nuptials of a Danish lord; and here it was, in 1066, on the death of Edward the Confessor, that Harold assumed the crown.

Immediately before the Norman Conquest we find the manor of Lambeth in the possession of the Confessor's sister, the Countess Goda, — wife to Walter, Earl of Mantes, and afterward to Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, — who conferred it on the see of Rochester. From the reign of William the Conqueror the manor continued to be held by that see till the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, in



whose reign a portion of it was exchanged by Gilbert de Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, for certain lands in the Isle of Grain. Ten years afterward, in 1197, the entire manor of Lambeth was made over by Bishop Glanville to Archbishop Hubert Walter, in exchange for the manor of Darent, in Kent. The bishop, however, reserved to himself and to his successors a plot of ground "to the east of the manor-place," on which he subsequently erected a mansion for the convenience of the Bishops of Rochester on the occasions of their attending Parliament. It was further stipulated by Bishop Glanville that the annual sum of five marks of silver should be paid to himself and to his successors for ever, as a compensation for the lodging, fire, wood, and forage which he and his predecessors in the see had hitherto enjoyed in right of possessing the manor. This tax is said to be still paid by the Archbishops of Canterbury to the see of Rochester.

Rochester Place, as the mansion built by Bishop Glanville was called, continued to be the London residence of the Bishops of Rochester till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when it came into the possession of that monarch, who exchanged it with Aldridge, Bishop of Carlisle, for certain lands in the Strand. From this period it became known as Carlisle House, and hence Carlisle Street, Lambeth, derives its name.

Whether previously to the close of the twelfth century — at which period the manor of Lambeth came into the possession of the Archbishops of Canterbury — they were possessed of a palace in this neighbourhood, is doubtful. Certain it is, however, that they occasionally resided here as early as the time of the Saxon kings, and, consequently, that they may then have had a fixed residence in some part of the manor is not impossible. The present palace is said to have been commenced about the year 1262; the task and expense of erecting it having been imposed by the Pope upon Archbishop Boniface, as a punishment for a disgraceful assault which he had made on the sub-prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

Between the years 1424 and 1435 considerable additions were made to the palace by Archbishop Chicheley, among which was the interesting Lollards' Tower, famous as having been the scene of the sufferings of the unfortunate followers of Wickliffe. The magnificent gateway of the palace was erected by Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 1490; and in 1610 the noble library was founded by Archbishop Bancroft.

During the civil troubles in the reign of Charles the First, Lambeth Palace was frequently made use of by the Parliament as a prison. Among the more eminent persons who were confined here were the brave and high-minded James, Earl of

Derby, who was beheaded for his loyalty to Charles the First, and Richard Lovelace, the poet. In 1648, Lambeth House, as it was then called, was exposed for sale by order of the usurping powers. The purchasers were one Matthew Hardy, or Hardinge, and Col. Thomas Scot, of whom the latter, having sat as one of the king's judges, was, after the Restoration, executed at Charing Cross. The sum for which the palace and manor were purchased was £7,037 *os.* 8*d.* The fine old hall, built by Archbishop Chicheley, was at once pulled down and the materials sold; the monuments in the chapel were either destroyed or mutilated, and the chapel itself was converted into a kind of banqueting-room. In this condition the venerable palace remained till the Restoration, when Archbishop Juxon, on his appointment to the see of Canterbury, restored it with great care and expense, besides rebuilding the hall according to its ancient model. Other improvements have since been made by successive primates, among which was the stately withdrawing-room built by Archbishop Cornwallis in 1769.

Passing under Cardinal Morton's gateway, close to it is the porter's lodge, adjoining which is a small room, with walls of great thickness, guarded by double doors. Within this apartment may be seen three strong iron rings affixed to the wall, affording unquestionable evidence of its having been anciently used as a prison. Here, it is said,

some of the devoted Lollards were confined on occasions when the tower which bears their name was full to overflowing.

On the right of the courtyard is the great hall rebuilt by Archbishop Juxon, who appears to have watched its progress toward completion with great interest. "If," are the words of his last will, "I happen to die before the hall at Lambeth be finished, my executors are to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave." The hall is ninety-three feet in length, thirty-eight in breadth, and upwards of fifty feet in height. The roof, which is of oak and chestnut elaborately carved, represents in several places the arms of Archbishop Juxon and of the see of Canterbury. Not less striking is the large north window, rich with ancient and beautiful specimens of painted glass, collected from different parts of the edifice. Here are repeated the arms of Juxon and of the see of Canterbury, and, conspicuous above the rest, the arms of Philip the Second of Spain, the husband of Queen Mary, said to have been painted by order of Cardinal Pole, in compliment to his royal mistress.

The great hall of Lambeth Palace is now converted into a library. The noble collection of books which it contains was on the point of being sold and dispersed during the Commonwealth, but by the exertions of the learned Selden was fortu-

nately preserved. It may be said to have been founded by Archbishop Bancroft in 1610, since which time successive primates have enriched it by numerous donations and bequests.

The guard chamber, designated in the steward's account in the reign of Henry the Sixth as the *camera armigerorum*, is a beautiful and interesting apartment. Here in former times were hung the armour and weapons kept for the defence of the palace, which weapons passed by purchase from one archbishop to another. In addition to a few portraits of earlier date, this apartment contains an unbroken series of likenesses of the primates of England from the time of Archbishop Warham's elevation to the archiepiscopal see, in 1504, to the present day. These portraits, moreover, possess an additional interest from the circumstance of their presenting to the eye, at one view, the different alterations which have taken place in ecclesiastical costume during the last three centuries and a half.

The guard chamber of Lambeth Palace opens into the gallery, another fine apartment, originally built by Cardinal Pole, which is also full of interesting portraits of different prelates and other eminent persons. Among the latter may be mentioned the fine picture of Luther and his wife, said to be the work of Holbein, and a portrait, richly painted and gilded, of Catherine Parr. Other apartments, such as the presence-chamber,

which was formerly hung with tapestry, the great dining-room, and the old drawing-room, — anciently styled *le velvet room*, from its having been hung with red purple velvet, — are also well worthy of a visit.

The chapel, which is supposed to have been part of the original edifice of Archbishop Boniface, measures seventy-two feet in length, twenty-five in breadth, and thirty in height. Its former richly stained lancet windows, the introduction of which was one of the crimes alleged against Archbishop Laud at his trial, were destroyed by the Puritans during the civil troubles. Its elaborately carved oak screen, however, bearing the arms of Laud, still remains. In front of the altar is the monument of the learned and venerable Archbishop Parker, whose remains, having been dug up by the Puritans and stripped of their leaden covering, were flung into a hole under a dunghill, but at the Restoration were reinterred in the chapel.

Unquestionably the most interesting spot in Lambeth Palace is the Lollards' Tower, erected by Archbishop Chicheley between the years 1424 and 1445. The principal apartment, the ceiling, walls, and flooring of which are boarded, is about thirteen feet in length, twelve in breadth, and eight in height. The door is of vast strength and thickness, while to the walls may be seen affixed eight iron rings, speaking silently but significantly of

many a tale of suffering and horror. Within these walls were probably immured the first two intrepid martyrs of the Reformation, — William Sautré, parish priest of St. Osithes, London, and John Badby, who severally suffered in the flames. "This being the first condemnation of the kind in England," writes Southey, "Archbishop Arundel was punctual in all its forms, that they might serve as an exact precedent in future." It may be mentioned that the name of Lollards is said to have been originally given in the Low Countries to the persecuted Franciscans and other enthusiasts, from their habit of singing hymns; the word *lollen*, or *lullen*, in one of the old German dialects signifying to sing, as a mother does when she lulls her babe.

It was at Lambeth, in the year 1100, that a famous council — composed of Norman barons and prelates, and presided over by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury — met to deliberate on the projected marriage between King Henry the First and Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the Third of Scotland, and niece of Edgar Atheling, heir of the Anglo-Saxon line. Educated under the care of her aunt Christina, in the nunnery of Rumsey, the princess, though she had never actually taken the vows, was known to have worn the veil, and accordingly it was in order to decide how far this circumstance might affect the validity of the marriage that the council assembled. Before this

august tribunal Matilda was brought and examined. "I must confess," she said, "that I have sometimes appeared veiled; but listen to the cause. In my first youth, when I was living under her care, my aunt, to save me, as she said, from the lust of the Normans, who attacked all females, was accustomed to throw a piece of black stuff over my head; and when I refused to cover myself with it, she treated me very roughly. In her presence I wore that covering, but as soon as she was out of sight I threw it on the ground, and trampled it under my feet in childish anger." Satisfied with this explanation, the council declared that the young princess was free to marry; but Henry had yet to encounter the fixed aversion of Matilda herself. Descended from the great Alfred, and closely related to the last of the Saxon kings, the young princess had imbibed the strongest prejudices against the Norman invaders of her country, and therefore naturally shrank from allying herself with one of their race. By degrees, however, the tears and entreaties of the Saxon ladies who had access to her produced their effect. Imploring her to bear in mind that her marriage with Henry, by uniting the Norman and Saxon races, would prevent the shedding of blood, and restore the ancient honour of England, they, by these and other arguments, wrought so successfully on her softer feelings that she consented to give her hand where she was unable to bestow her heart. It



was this act of self-sacrifice, combined with her princely charities, that rendered her the idol of the oppressed English, who loved her not the less for the Saxon blood which flowed in her veins, and who bestowed on her the affectionate title of "Good Queen Maude."


It was at Lambeth Palace, in 1377, that Wickliffe made his famous defence, or explanation of his tenets, before the Archbishop of Canterbury and the assembly of prelates, before whose tribunal he had been cited to appear. His eloquence, probably, would have availed him little, had he not been supported by the highest authority in the land, as well as by the masses of the people, who surrounded the palace, and prevented the synod proceeding to judgment.

In Lambeth Palace the venerable Bishop Latimer was for some time a prisoner; and here, in May, 1533, Archbishop Cranmer conferred his pastoral benediction on the marriage of Henry the Eighth with Anne Boleyn; a marriage which, only three years afterward, he was induced to declare null and void. On this second occasion, the unfortunate Anne, though under sentence of death, was compelled to appear before the archbishop's court, in order to answer certain questions bearing on the validity of her marriage with Henry, and especially her precontract with Lord Percy. She was conveyed, it appears, privately by water from the Tower to Lambeth.

At Lambeth Palace, in 1534, sat another famous council, composed of Archbishop Cranmer, the Lord Chancellor Audley, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell, afterward Earl of Essex, — before whom Sir Thomas More was cited, and enjoined to take the oath of supremacy to Henry the Eighth. The result of his refusal to do so was his committal to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, four days after which he was sent to the Tower.

During the time that the learned and accomplished Matthew Parker presided over the archiepiscopal see, Queen Elizabeth seems to have been a frequent visitor at Lambeth Palace. Elizabeth's repugnance to clergymen entering the marriage state is well known ; and, accordingly, if anything could have lowered the archbishop in her favour, it was the circumstance of his having a wife. On one occasion of her taking her departure from Lambeth Palace, after having warmly thanked the archbishop for his hospitable entertainment, she turned around to his wife : " And you," she said, " madam, I may not call you, and mistress I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you ; and yet I do thank you."

It was in Lambeth Palace, as Camden informs us in his "Annals," that Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was confined previously to his being carried to the Tower, and subsequently led to the block.



Parker's next successor but one in the see of Canterbury was Archbishop Whitgift, who seems to have been no less in favour with Elizabeth, and to have been not less frequently visited by her at Lambeth, than his predecessor had been. James the First also highly valued him for his learning and wisdom, and delighted in his society. On the Sunday before the archbishop died, just after having had an interview with the king at Whitehall, he was seized with the palsy in his right side, in which state he was carried back to Lambeth. Here, on the Tuesday following, he was visited by the king, who seems to have been much affected by the sight of the dying prelate. "I shall pray to God," he said, "for your Grace's life, and if it be granted, I shall look upon it as one of the greatest temporal blessings that could be given to this kingdom." The archbishop endeavoured to reply, but was able to give utterance only to a few indistinct words. He then made a sign for writing materials; his strength had also failed him, and the pen fell from his hand. On the following day, the 29th of February, 1604, he breathed his last.

Whitgift was succeeded by Archbishop Bancroft, on whose death, in 1610, the see was conferred on the amiable and learned Archbishop Abbot. His successor was the celebrated Archbishop Laud, with whose eventful history the old palace is intimately associated. Laud's elevation

from the see of London to that of Canterbury took place on the 4th of August, 1633 ; five weeks after which he writes to the Earl of Strafford : " I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there [at Lambeth] one year, for instead of the jolting I had over the stones between London House and Whitehall, which was almost daily, I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the court and star-chamber ; and, in truth, my lord, I speak seriously, I have had a heaviness hang upon me since I was appointed to this place, and I can give myself no account of it, unless it proceeded from an apprehension that there is more expected from me than the craziness of these times will give me leave to do."

Laud's biographer, Heylin, mentions a particular occasion of his attending the archbishop in the garden of Lambeth Palace, where he found him with his countenance full of care, holding in his hand a gross pasquinade on himself, which had just been seized by the agents of the government. In that paper, he told Heylin, he was charged with as mean a parentage "as if he had been raked out of a dunghill." He added, however, — and his countenance brightened up as he spoke, — that "though he had not the good fortune to have been born a gentleman, yet that his parents had been honest ; that they had lived in good circumstances ; had employed the poor ; and had left a good name behind them." Heylin reminded the

archbishop of the happy retort of Pope Pius, the Sixth, when his parents had been similarly impugned. "If the sun's beams," said that pontiff, "found their way through the rugged roof and broken walls of my father's cottage, they at least illumined every corner of the humble dwelling in which I was born." The comparison is said to have restored the archbishop to his wonted composure.

In Laud's very curious diary are the following interesting entries connected with his residence at Lambeth :

"Sept. 18, when I first went to Lambeth, my coach, horses, and men sunk to the bottom of the Thames in the ferry-boat, which was overladen ; but I praise God for it, I lost neither man nor horse."

"1637. *Thursday*. I married James, Duke of Lennox, to the Lady Mary Villiers, the daughter of the Lord Duke of Buckingham. The marriage was in my chapel at Lambeth ; the day very rainy ; the king present."

"1640. *May 9*. A paper posted upon the Old Exchange, animating 'prentices to sack my house upon the Monday following."

"*May 11, Monday night*. At midnight my house was beset with five hundred of these rascal-routers. I had notice, and strengthened the house as well as I could, and, God be thanked, I had no harm ; they continued there full two hours. Since,

I have fortified my house as well as I can, and hope all may be safe."

"*Oct. 27, Tuesday.* Simon and Jude's eve. I went into my upper study to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture taken by the life;<sup>1</sup> and in coming in, I found it fallen down upon the face, and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen."

"*Decr. 18, Friday.* I was accused by the House of Commons for high treason, without any particular charge laid against me, which they said should be prepared in convenient time. I was presently committed to the gentleman usher, but was permitted to go in his company to my house at Lambeth, for a book or two to read in, and such papers as pertained to my defence against the Scots. I stayed at Lambeth till the evening, to avoid the gaze of the people; I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The psalms of the day (Ps. xciii. and xciv.) and chap. i. of Isaiah gave me great comfort. God make me worthy of it, and fit to receive it! As I went to my barge, hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there, and prayed for my safety and return to my house. For which I bless God and them."

<sup>1</sup> Probably the fine picture of Laud by Vandyke, still preserved in Lambeth Palace.

“1642. *Aug. 19.* A party of soldiers to search for arms [in Lambeth Palace], and, under that pretence, broke open doors and committed other outrages. *Nov. 24.* The soldiers broke open the chapel-door, and offered violence to the organ, but were prevented by their captain. 1643. *May 1.* The chapel windows were defaced, and the steps torn up.”

Close to the archiepiscopal palace is the parish church of St. Mary Lambeth, erected in the reign of Edward the Fourth. Within its walls lie interred several of the Archbishops of Canterbury, among whom are Archbishops Bancroft, Tenison, Hutton, Secker, and Cornwallis. Here too were buried the deprived Roman Catholic bishops, Tunstall and Thirleby, who, in consequence of their refusing to renounce the old religion, were committed to the safe-keeping of Archbishop Parker in the neighbouring palace, where they severally died. To the honour of the Archbishop be it mentioned, that they not only met with every kindness at his hands, but that they were treated by him rather as honoured guests than as contumacious prisoners. “They had lodgings to themselves,” we are told, “with chambers for three men, and diet for them all in those lodgings, save only when they were called to the archbishop’s own table; fuel for their fire, and candle for their chambers; without any allowance for all this, either from the

queen or from themselves, saving, at their death, he had from them some part of their libraries that they had there." The polished and amiable Tunstall lived to enjoy the archbishop's hospitality only four months, whereas Thirleby continued to be his guest for ten years. On preparing the grave of Archbishop Cornwallis, in 1783, the body of Thirleby was accidentally discovered, habited as a pilgrim, with a slouched hat under the left arm. The body and the dress were severally in excellent preservation. The features were perfect; the limbs flexible; and the beard of great length and beautifully white.

With the exception of a tomb, now destroyed, and which represented an armed warrior, — erected to the memory of Robert Scot, a follower of Gustavus Adolphus, and the inventor of leathern artillery, — Lambeth Church has received few monuments of interest. Here, however, may be seen a marble slab to the memory of the celebrated antiquary, Elias Ashmole, who, as Anthony Wood informs us, died at his house in Little, or South Lambeth. Here also was buried the notorious astrologer, Simon Forman, now principally remembered for his share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. "His death," writes Lilly, in his curious *Life of Himself*, "happened as follows: the Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him that she had been



informed he could resolve, whether man or wife should die first. 'Whether shall I,' quoth she, 'bury you or no?' 'Oh, Trunco!' for so he called her, 'thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it.' 'Yea, but how long first?' 'I shall die,' said he, 'ere Thursday night.' Monday came; all was well. Tuesday came; he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended; he very well. He went down to the waterside, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle Dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying, 'An impost, an impost,' and so died; a most sad storm of wind immediately following." Forman was a resident in Lambeth, to the poor of which place, notwithstanding his knaveries, he is represented as having been extremely charitable. His "rarities and secret manuscripts of what quality soever" fell into the possession of his "scholar," Doctor Napper, of Linford, in Buckinghamshire, whose son presented them to Ashmole.

In one of the windows of Lambeth Church may be seen a curious painted figure of a pedlar with his dog. According to a popular tradition, a piece of land known as "The Pedlar's Acre" was bequeathed to the parish by the person here represented, on condition that his portrait and

that of his dog should be preserved for ever in one of the windows of Lambeth Church.

In Lambeth churchyard is an interesting monument to the memory of John Tradescant and his son, of whom the former may be fairly styled the father of natural history in this country. Both were great travellers; both were men of taste and genius; both were indefatigable in adding to the scientific and antiquarian stores of their country. The garden of the Tradescants at South Lambeth is said to have presented a rare and beautiful sight in the days of the first and second Charles; besides which, their collection of coins, medals, and other antiquities appears to have been scarcely less curious and valuable. Their collection of antiquities, as well as their house at Lambeth, fell into the possession of Elias Ashmole. The garden, with its rare plants, was allowed to fall into decay, but the antiquities were preserved by Ashmole with great care, and now form a part of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Pennant informs us that the house of the Tradescants was in existence in his time; adding that as late as 1749 there were still to be seen some trees in the neglected garden, which had evidently been introduced by the "illustrious founder." We must not omit to mention that Thomas Cooke, the translator of "Hesiod," and Edward Moore, the author of the "Gamester" and of the "Fables for the Female Sex," lie buried in Lambeth Church.

It was under the walls of Lambeth Church, on an inclement December night in 1688, that, as has been already mentioned, the young queen of James the Second, with her infant son in her arms, found shelter from the fury of the elements, till the arrival of the coach which was to convey her to Gravesend, on her way to France.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Dukes of Norfolk possessed a residence in Lambeth, of which Norfolk Row still points out the site. In South Lambeth stood Caroone House, a stately mansion erected by Sir Noel de Caron, ambassador from the Netherlands in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First. In 1666 the house, with its gardens and orchards, was conferred by Charles the Second on Lord Chancellor Clarendon. A part of the old mansion was standing at the commencement of the present century. In the neighbourhood may be seen a row of almshouses, which were founded by Sir Noel de Caron in 1622.

On the Lambeth side of the Thames, nearly opposite to Somerset House, stood Cuper's Gardens, a favourite place of resort of the gay and profligate from the end of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. The principal attractions of the gardens were their retired arbours, their shady walks, ornamented with statues and ancient marbles, and especially the fireworks.

Cuper's Gardens, which derived their name from one Boyder Cuper, who had been gardener to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, were suppressed as a place of public entertainment in 1753.

## CHAPTER VI.

### VAUXHALL AND RANELAGH.

Original Name of Vauxhall — In Possession of the Crown in Charles the First's Reign — Its Far-famed Gardens — Evelyn's Visit to Them — The *Spectator's* Account of Them — Nightingales at Vauxhall — Fielding and Goldsmith's Description of the Gardens — Ranelagh Gardens — Walpole's Letters on Their Opening — Description of the Place — Originally Frequented by the Nobility — Cause of Its Downfall.

VAUXHALL, or, as it was originally called, Fulke's Hall, is supposed to have derived its name from Fulke or Faulk de Breauté, a distinguished Norman warrior in the reign of King John, who obtained the manor of Lambeth by right of his marriage with a wealthy heiress, Margaret de Ripariis, or Redvers. The name was subsequently corrupted into Fauxeshall, or Fox-hall, and afterward into Vauxhall. It seems not improbable that the notorious Guy Faux was descended from the above-named marriage; there being no doubt that he was a resident in this parish, where, according to Pennant, "he lived in a large mansion called Faux Hall." It has even been supposed that he was lord of the manor.

In the reign of Charles the First we find the manor of Vauxhall in the possession of the Crown. Subsequently it was sold by the Parliament, and the proceeds set apart for the payment of the seamen's wages. The ancient manor-house, known in the seventeenth century as Copt Hall, stood on the banks of the Thames. In the reign of James the First it was in the possession of Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, under whose roof here, and in whose custody, it was that the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart passed a dreary imprisonment of twelve months. During the Protectorate Faux Hall was the residence of the well-known mechanical genius, Sir Samuel Morland. At Vauxhall it was that the once gay and gallant Duke of Monmouth, after his defeat at the battle of Sedgemoor, was met by the guard of soldiers which conducted him to the Tower. At his lodgings near Vauxhall, the pastoral poet, Ambrose Philips, breathed his last on the 18th of June, 1749.

But the best-known memories associated with Vauxhall are derived from its far-famed gardens, which for nearly a century and a half were the resort of all the wit, rank, gallantry, and fashion of the land, and the site of which has been rendered classic ground by the genius of Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, and Madame D'Arblay. The earliest notice which we find of Vauxhall Gardens as a place of public entertainment is in July, 1661, when Evelyn mentions his

paying a visit to the "New Spring Garden at Lambeth," which he describes as a "pretty contrived plantation." It obtained the name of the "New Spring Garden," in contradistinction to the old Spring Garden situated at the east end of St. James's Park. In Pepys's "Diary" occur the following interesting notices of Vauxhall, or, as it was then styled, Fox-hall.

"*20 June, 1665.* By water to Fox-hall, and there walked an hour alone, observing the several humours of the citizens that were this holyday pulling off cherries, and God knows what."

"*28 May, 1667.* By water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant; and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds; and here fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising."

"*30 May, 1668.* To Fox-hall, and there fell into the company of Harry Killigrew, a rogue newly come out of France, but still in disgrace at our court, and young Newport, and others, as very rogues as any in the town, who were ready to take hold of every woman that came by them. And so to supper in an arbour: but Lord! their mad talk did make my heart ache."

"*1 June, 1668.* Alone to Fox-hall, and walked

and saw young Newport, and two more rogues of the town, seize on two ladies, who walked with them an hour with their masks on (perhaps civil ladies); and there I left them."

"27 July, 1668. Over the water, with my wife and Deb and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked; and observe how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours where there are not men, and almost force the women; which troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water with much pleasure home."

Who does not remember the charming paper in the *Spectator*, dated the 20th of May, 1712 (No. 383), in which Addison describes his visit by water to the Spring Garden, as Vauxhall Gardens were still called, in company with Sir Roger de Coverley? "We were now arrived at Spring-garden," writes Addison, "which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah!



Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!’ He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage; and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bade him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight’s command with a peremptory look. As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who was at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets.”

This allusion to the nightingales at Vauxhall sounds strange to modern ears, but other evidence exists of their having sung here so late as the reign of Queen Anne. For instance, on the 17th of May, 1711, Swift writes to Stella: “I was

this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales, but they are almost past singing."

In 1732 we find Vauxhall Gardens under the management of Jonathan Tyers, to whom Fielding, in his exquisite novel, "*Amelia*," pays a high, and doubtless well-merited, compliment. "To delineate," he writes, "the particular beauties of these gardens would indeed require as much pains, and as much paper, too, as to rehearse all the good actions of their master, whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some other writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is indeed nothing else but true taste." It may be mentioned that one of the most charming scenes in "*Amelia*" takes place in Vauxhall Gardens, the heroine and her party having previously attended divine worship in St. James's Church, and thence proceeded to the gardens by water. Under the management of Tyers, who, in 1752, became the purchaser of the property, Vauxhall Gardens appear to have greatly improved in taste and splendour. An organ was placed in the orchestra, the chisel of Roubiliac was employed to execute a statue of Handel, and the pencil of Hogarth to embellish the boxes.

Before the days when steam-vessels rendered the navigation of the Thames dangerous for small

vessels, we scarcely find a notice of a pleasure-party visiting Vauxhall Gardens but they proceeded thither by water. Many of our readers, indeed, may perhaps remember the enjoyment they experienced in gliding along the Thames on a summer night, on their way to this once popular place of entertainment.

Eight years after the publication of "Amelia," we find a pleasing notice of a visit to Vauxhall Gardens introduced by Goldsmith into his "Citizen of the World." "The illuminations," writes the Chinese philosopher, "began before we arrived, but I must confess that upon entering the gardens I found every sense overpaid with more than expected pleasure; the lights everywhere glimmering through scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed, looking satisfaction, and the tables spread with various delicacies. All conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstasy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! this unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'" At this period, the principal object of attraction appears to have been the water-works, the commencement of which, at nine o'clock, was announced by the ringing of a bell,

when persons were to be seen hurrying toward the spot from all parts of the gardens.

Evelina's first and disagreeable visit to Vauxhall, as related in Madame D'Arblay's charming novel, is doubtless familiar to most of our readers. "As to the way we should go," writes Evelina, "some were for a boat, others for a coach, and Mr. Braughton himself was for walking; but the boat at length was decided upon. Indeed this was the only part of the expedition that was agreeable to me, for the Thames was delightfully pleasant. The garden is very pretty, but too formal. I should have been better pleased had it consisted less of straight walks, where

"'Grove nods at grove — each alley has its brother.'

"The trees, the numerous lights, and the company in the circle round the orchestra made a most brilliant and gay appearance, and had I been with a party less disagreeable to me, I should have thought it a place formed for animation and pleasure. There was a concert, in the course of which a hautbois concerto was so charmingly played that I could have thought myself upon enchanted ground, had I had spirits more gentle to associate with. The hautbois in the open air is heavenly. As we were walking about the orchestra I heard a bell ring; and in a moment Mr. Smith, flying up to me, caught my hand, and, with a motion too quick to be resisted, ran away

with me many yards before I had breath to ask his meaning, though I struggled as well as I could to get from him. At last, however, I insisted upon stopping. 'Stopping, madam!' cried he, 'why, we must run on or we shall lose the cascade!' And then again he hurried me away, mixing with a crowd of people, all running with so much velocity that I could not imagine what had raised such an alarm. We were soon followed by the rest of the party; and my surprise and ignorance proved a source of diversion to them all, which was not exhausted the whole evening. The scene of the cascade I thought extremely pretty, and the general effect striking and lively."

Having attempted to convey some notion of the glories of Vauxhall in the olden time, it may not be uninteresting to follow it up with a brief notice of Ranelagh, although the latter was situated in a very different locality. Ranelagh, associated, like Vauxhall, with so many scenes of past gaiety and splendour, was first opened on the 5th of April, 1742, when the public, for the first few weeks, were admitted to breakfast only. To Sir Horace Mann, Walpole writes on the 22d of that month: "I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little ale-houses: it is in rivalry of Vauxhall; and costs above £12,000. The building is not finished;

but they get great sums by people going to see it, and breakfasting in the house. There were yesterday no less than 380 persons, at 1s. 6d. apiece. You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cake and ale."

Again, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 26th of the following month: "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened, at Chelsea. The prince, princess, duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for 12d.<sup>1</sup> The building and disposition of the gardens cost £16,000. Twice a week there are to be ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water."

"When I first entered Ranelagh," said Doctor Johnson, "it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But as Xerxes wept when he viewed his im-

<sup>1</sup> In the *Daily Advertiser* for the 23d of April, 1743, tickets for admitting two persons to Ranelagh are advertised to be sold at the Old Slaughter's Coffee House for one shilling and three-pence each. Vauxhall tickets, admitting two persons, are advertised to be sold at the same place for one shilling each.

mense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterward, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think ; but that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone." "It is a charming place," writes Evelina to her guardian, "and the brilliancy of the lights, on my first entrance, made me almost think I was in some enchanted castle or fairy palace, for all looked like magic to me."

The principal building at Ranelagh consisted of a vast rotunda, with an orchestra in the centre and tiers of boxes all round, in which the company took refreshments while the music played. These boxes, which were each capable of holding eight persons, were lighted by bell-shaped lamps, and painted with droll devices. On the right of the orchestra was a box set apart for the royal family, which was called the Prince of Wales's box, and was ornamented in front with his arms and other designs. From the ceiling of the rotunda, which was richly painted and decorated, hung two circles of chandeliers, which, when lighted, are said to have produced a most brilliant effect. Below the principal apartment was a large circular area, around which the company were in the habit of promenading, apparently with no better means of amusing themselves than staring at each other. Bloomfield, the poet, writes :

“ To Ranelagh, once in my life,  
By good-natured force I was driven ;  
The nations had ceased their long strife,  
And Peace beamed her radiance from Heaven.  
What wonders were here to be found,  
That a clown might enjoy or disdain ?  
First, we traced the gay circle all round ;  
Ay — and then we went round it again.

“ A thousand feet rustled on mats —  
A carpet that once had been green ;  
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,  
With corners so fearfully keen.  
Fair maids, who at home in their haste  
Had left all clothing else but a train,  
Swept the floor clean as slowly they paced,  
Then — walked round and swept it again.”

The entertainments at Ranelagh on its being first opened appear to have been restricted to breakfasts, concerts, and oratorios, to which at a later period were added occasional balls and masquerades. At first there were amusements, but these having been discontinued, the doors henceforth were opened at six o'clock in the evening ; the performances commencing at eight, and concluding at ten o'clock.

Mrs. Carter, in one of her letters, speaks of Ranelagh as a place distinguished by all the pomp and splendour of a Roman amphitheatre, but “devoted to no better purpose than a twelve-penny entertainment of cold ham and chicken.” On the 1st of June, 1742, she writes : “In the



evening my Lord W—— carried us to Ranelagh. I do not know how I might have liked the place in a more giddy humour, but it did not strike me with any agreeable impression ; but, indeed, for the most part these tumultuary torchlight entertainments are very apt to put one in mind of the revel routs of Comus. I was best pleased with walking about the gardens. It was a delightful evening, and with two or three people I should have thought them quite charming, but these scenes to me lose much of their beauty and propriety in a noisy crowd. ‘Soft stillness, and the night, and the touches of sweet harmony,’ are naturally adapted to a kind of discourse vastly different from beaux and fine ladies.”

On the other hand, when Captain Mirvan, in “Evelina,” inveighs against Ranelagh as a dull place — “‘Ranelagh dull ! Ranelagh dull !’ is represented as echoing from mouth to mouth, while the ladies, as of one accord, regard the captain with looks of the most unequivocal contempt.” “My Lord Chesterfield,” writes Walpole, “is so fond of Ranelagh, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither.”

During the sixty years that Ranelagh was open to the public, it was the scene of more than one magnificent fête besides its ordinary routine of amusements. For instance, such was the grand Peace Jubilee celebrated here in April, 1749, at which George the Second, accompanied by the

Prince and Princess of Wales, and his second son, the Duke of Cumberland, was present. But perhaps the most splendid entertainment which ever took place here was on the occasion of a famous regatta, in June, 1775. The band, consisting of 240 musicians, and considered the finest ever heard in England, was led by the celebrated Giar-dini. The admission ticket was engraved by Bartolozzi. The latter is now extremely rare and consequently is highly valued by collectors. Soon after the regatta was over Ranelagh was splendidly illuminated, after which there was a concert, and then a magnificent supper and ball. The last entertainment of any note witnessed at Ranelagh was a magnificent ball given by the Knights of the Bath, at the time of their installation in 1803, soon after which period it opened for the last time to admit the public.

The vast amphitheatre of Ranelagh has long since been razed to the ground, and accordingly those who take an interest in local associations, and delight in identifying themselves with the gaiety and gallantry of a former age, will find in a pilgrimage to Ranelagh little to remind them of the past. Ranelagh Gardens stood nearly on the banks of the Thames, on the site of what had formerly been a villa of Lord Ranelagh, but which now forms part of the gardens apportioned to the venerable pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. A single avenue of trees, formerly illuminated by a

thousand lamps, and overcanopying the wit, the rank, and the beauty of the last century, now forms an almost solitary memento of the departed glories of Ranelagh. Attached to these trees, the author discovered one or two solitary iron fixtures, from which the variegated lamps were formerly suspended.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SOUTHWARK.

Borough of Southwark — The Mint — Queen's Bench Prison — Celebrated Persons Confined There — Marshalsea Court — Bankside — Clink Street — Paris Garden — Bear Garden — Globe Theatre — The Stews — Winchester House — Church of St. Mary Overy — Tabard Inn — Bermondsey Abbey — Battle Bridge Stairs — Rotherhithe.

THE borough of Southwark comprises the parishes of St. George, St. Thomas, St. Saviour, St. John Horsleydown and St. Olave. Being situated in a different county from London, it continued to be long independent of its jurisdiction ; nor was it till the reign of Edward the Sixth that it was formally annexed to the city, and placed under the jurisdiction of the lord mayor by the title of Bridge Ward Without. The name is said to be derived from the Saxon word *Southverke*, or south-work, probably from some fort, or military works, which anciently stood here.

The parish church of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, was erected by John Price between the years 1733 and 1736. It stands on the site of an earlier church, which must have been of great

antiquity, inasmuch as so early as the year 1122 we find Thomas of Arderne conferring it upon the monks of the neighbouring abbey of Bermondsey. In the churchyard, under the east window of the old edifice, was interred the infamous Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, who, after having been incarcerated for nearly ten years in the neighbouring prison of the Marshalsea, breathed his last within its walls. Such was the abhorrence with which his name was regarded by the populace that, in order to avoid a disturbance within its walls, it was thought necessary to bury him at midnight with the utmost secrecy.

In St. George's Church the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was married to his imperious mistress, Anne Clarges. Among the persons of any eminence who lie buried here are the indefatigable student, John Rushworth, author of the "Historical Collections;" Nahum Tate, the associate of Brady in the metrical version of the Psalms of David; and Edward Cocker, the famous arithmetician, who died in 1677.

Immediately opposite to St. George's Church stood Suffolk Place, the splendid mansion of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law and magnificent favourite of Henry the Eighth. After his death, in 1545, it became the property of King Henry, who established on its site a royal mint, whence the present Mint Street derives its name. The Mint long continued to be a place of sanctuary

for fraudulent and insolvent debtors, who, having formed a villainous colony within its precincts, not only set their creditors completely at defiance, but in other respects rendered the place so great a nuisance that in the reign of George the Second an act of Parliament was passed to annul its anomalous privileges. Gay, in his "Beggar's Opera," has rendered the Mint classical ground as the resort of his light-fingered *dramatis personæ* while Pope has sarcastically immortalised it as an asylum for decayed poets.

"No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time."

— *Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

And again, in the same inimitable poem :

"If want provoked, or madness made them print,  
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint."

It was in the Mint that the unfortunate poet, Nahum Tate, found refuge from his creditors, and here, on the 12th of August, 1715, in extreme poverty, he breathed his last. The name and site of Suffolk Place are still preserved in Suffolk Street and Suffolk Court.

Near the end of the Borough Road stands the Queen's Bench Prison, a place of great antiquity. Here it was that Henry, Prince of Wales, the future victor of Agincourt, was committed by the

lord chief justice, Sir William Gascoyne, for insulting, if not striking him, on the bench.

Among the several men of letters whom debt and distress or misconduct have from time to time conducted to the Queen's Bench Prison, may be mentioned Thomas Dekker, the poet, John Rushworth, the historian, and Christopher Smart, the poet. According to Oldys, Dekker was on one occasion imprisoned here for three years. Rushworth, as is well known, devoted a long life in enriching the literature of his country and in adding to its historical stores, by which means he missed many opportunities of amassing an ample fortune. Neglected by an ungrateful country, the venerable old man, in 1684, was arrested for debt and dragged to the King's Bench, within the rules of which, six years afterward, he died of a broken heart at the age of eighty-three.

The fate of Smart was a scarcely less melancholy one. With the proverbial improvidence of a poet, he was accustomed, it is said, to bring his friends home to dinner when his wife and family had not a meal to eat, and he himself had not a shilling in his pocket. Nevertheless, his inoffensive character, his sweetness of disposition, and engaging manners, led to his receiving much kindness from men whose friendship was of value. Garrick, for instance, on one occasion relieved him from his difficulties by allowing him a free benefit night at Drury Lane Theatre, while Johnson on

several occasions assisted him with contributions from his pen. When ill and recommended to take more exercise, his customary walk is said to have been to an ale-house, whence, according to Doctor Johnson, he was usually carried back. For some time he was confined as a lunatic. "I did not think," said Johnson, "that Smart ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it." Poor Smart, whose distresses continued to the last, died within the rules of the Queen's Bench Prison on the 12th of May, 1771.

In the preceding century we find Richard Baxter, the eminent non-conformist divine, confined in the Queen's Bench Prison, whither he was committed in 1685, by a warrant from the infamous Judge Jeffreys, on account of certain passages in his "Commentary on the New Testament," which were supposed to reflect upon episcopacy. His trial took place at Guildhall on the 18th of May following, on which occasion Jeffreys conducted himself with even more than his usual brutal insolence. Refusing to listen to the prisoner's counsel, and interrupting the prisoner himself in the course of his defence, "Richard, Richard," he exclaimed, "dost thou think we will hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old



knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, every one as full of sedition, I might say of treason, as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy. Thou pretendest to be a preacher of the gospel of peace, and thou hast one foot in the grave ; 'tis time for thee to begin to think what account thou intendest to give. But leave thee to thyself, and I see thou wilt go on as thou hast begun ; but, by the grace of God, I will look after thee. I know thou hast a mighty party, and I see a great many of the brotherhood in corners, waiting to see what will become of their mighty Don, but, by the grace of Almighty God, I'll crush you all." Having been found guilty, the venerable divine was sentenced to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, to pay a fine of five hundred marks, and to be imprisoned till it should be paid. He was accordingly reconducted to the King's Bench Prison, where he remained till the 24th of November, 1686, when the kind interference of Lord Powys obtained his release.

Within the walls of the Queen's Bench, Chatterton bewailed his misfortunes ; Haydon painted his well-known performance, the "Mock Election ;" William Combe wrote his "Adventures of Doctor Syntax ;" and William Hone completed his "Every-day Book."

Within a short distance from the Queen's Bench

Prison was held the Marshalsea Court, originally established under the jurisdiction of the Earl Marshal of England, for the trial of the servants of the king's household. It had also cognisance over all offences committed within the precincts of the royal palace. At a later period the Marshalsea was set apart as a prison for debtors and defaulters, as well as for persons convicted of piracy and other offences committed on the high seas. The court of Marshalsea existed in Southwark at least as early as the reign of Edward the Third, and was finally abolished as the "Palace Court," in December, 1849.

In the Marshalsea Prison, as has been already mentioned, the infamous Bishop Bonner was for nearly ten years a prisoner. Its great strength, it was hoped, would secure him from being torn to pieces by the people. "He was deprived and secured," writes Fuller, "in his castle; I mean the Marshalsea in Southwark; for as that prison kept him from doing hurt to others, it kept others from doing hurt to him. Being so universally odious, he had been stoned in the streets if at liberty." "Bonner," writes Southey, "was committed to the Marshalsea, where he had the use of the garden and orchards, and lived as he liked, without other privation than that of liberty; for though he was allowed to go abroad, he dared not, because of the hatred of the people. He never betrayed the slightest shame or compunction for

the cruelties which he had committed, but maintained to the last the same coarse and insolent temper; indeed, it was rumoured and believed that he looked for no life but the present, and therefore had no hope or fear beyond it." Bishop Bonner expired in the Marshalsea on the 5th of September, 1569.

In 1613, George Wither, the poet, was committed to the Marshalsea on account of his celebrated satires, "Abuses Stript and Whipt;" and within its walls, two years afterward, he composed his charming poem, "The Shepherd's Hunting."

On the banks of the Thames, extending from Blackfriars Bridge beyond Southwark Bridge, runs that interesting locality, Bankside. Here Beaumont and Fletcher lived and composed together under the same roof, and on Bankside Philip Massinger breathed his last. "There was," writes Aubrey, "a wonderful consimilarity of fancy between him [Beaumont] and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. I think they were both of Queen's College in Cambridge. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse. Both bachelors lay together; had one wench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same cloaths and cloak, etc., between them." "I myself," are Oldwit's words, in Shadwell's "Bury Fair," "simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the

Apollo. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan. Well, I shall never forget him ; I have supped with him at his house on the Bankside ; he loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world."

Close to the Clink Prison, whence the present Clink Street derives its name, also resided Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn the one the famous stage-manager, and the other the celebrated actor, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. Henslowe, who had originally carried on the trade of a dyer on Bankside, subsequently became owner of the Rose Theatre, as well as part-proprietor of Paris Garden, both of them in the immediate vicinity.

Even as late as the close of the reign of Elizabeth, Southwark was still little more than a mere village. The present High Street, indeed, — extending in a southerly direction from London Bridge, — was partially built, and there was also a continuous range of building on the banks of the river, — the present Clink Street and Bankside, — but to the west, as far as Lambeth, all was open country.

Let us not omit to mention that Oliver Goldsmith for some time carried on business, and earned a scanty livelihood, as a medical practitioner in Bankside.

Paris Garden Stairs, close to the east side of Blackfriars Bridge, still points out the site of the once celebrated place of amusement, Paris Garden.

In addition to bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and other entertainments, Paris Garden had also its regular theatre, in which, in 1582, in consequence of the scaffolding on which the spectators sat suddenly giving way, a great many persons were either killed or injured. As Sunday was the day on which Paris Garden was most frequented by the citizens, this accident was looked upon by many persons as a judgment from heaven.

In the reign of James the First, Paris Garden was leased by Henslowe and Alleyn, during whose management it was, and to their great loss, that dramatic performances on the Sabbath were first prohibited.

Not far from Paris Garden stood the Falcon Inn, the daily resort, it is said, of Shakespeare, and of his dramatic associates, which till within the last few years continued to be a tavern of considerable importance. Falcon Stairs and Falcon Dock still point out its site. Beyond it, to the southeast, were situated the Pike Ponds which supplied our early sovereigns with fresh-water fish, the name being still retained in Pike Gardens.

Farther on stood, side by side, two large circular buildings, the one set apart for "bowll-baytyng," and the other for "beare-baytyng." The site of the latter is pointed out by Bear Gardens and Bear Garden Stairs. "Herein," writes Stow, "be kept bears, bulls, and other

beasts to be baited ; as also mastiffs in several kennels, nourished to bait them. These bears, and other beasts, are there kept in plots of ground scaffolded about for the beholders to stand safe." On one occasion we find Queen Elizabeth issuing directions for the French ambassadors to be conducted to Southwark, for the purpose of witnessing these cruel but then fashionable sports. Pepys, too, in his "Diary," mentions more than one visit which he paid to the Bear Garden between the years 1666 and 1669. As late as the year 1675, we find the Spanish ambassador was treated at the royal expense with an exhibition of bear-baiting at Southwark.

To the east of the Bear Garden stood the Rose Theatre, the site of which is pointed out by Rose Alley. Globe Alley, near Maiden Lane, also marks the vicinity of the still more famous Globe Theatre. In the year 1603, we find James the First granting a patent to William Shakespeare and others to act plays, "as well within their now usual home called the Globe within our county of Surrey, as elsewhere."

On St. Peter's Day, 1613, the Globe Theatre was accidentally burnt to the ground. According to Winwood, the disaster was occasioned by the roof becoming ignited during the firing of some ordnance at the representation of Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Eighth." The rebuilding of the Globe the following year, in "a far fairer man-

ner than before," is commemorated by Taylor, the water-poet :

"As gold is better that's in fire tried,  
So is the Bankside Globe, that late was burn'd;  
For where before it had a thatched hide,  
Now to a stately theatre 'tis turn'd."

This famous theatre was finally demolished on the 15th of April, 1644.

Another playhouse in this classical neighbourhood was the Swan, the most westerly of the playhouses on the Bankside. After flourishing for a short time, it was converted into an exhibition for fencers. It was suppressed at the commencement of the civil wars, and was shortly afterward demolished.

Not far from Bankside were the "Stews," a colony of licensed houses of very indifferent repute, which, so late as the reign of Henry the Eighth, were permitted to exist here under the supervision and control of the Bishops of Winchester.

"*Gloucester*. Thou that giv'st w——s indulgences to sin,  
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,  
If thou proceed to this thy insolence."

—*King Henry VI.*, Part I. Act 1, Sc. 3.

In the reign of Richard the Second these houses were rented by the celebrated Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, to certain Flemish women, or Frows, who were allowed to

occupy them under certain regulations and restrictions. For instance, on no account were they to be opened on Sundays, nor on any consideration were married women to be admitted. "I have heard ancient men," writes Stow, "of good credit report that these single women were forbidden the rites of the church so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from Christian burial if they were not reconciled before their death; and therefore there was a plot of ground, called 'Single Women's Churchyard,' appointed for them, far from the parish church." Each house had its particular sign painted in front of it, such as the Boar's Head; the Cross Keys; the Gun; the Castle; the Crane; the Bell; the Swan; and the somewhat inappropriate name of the Cardinal's Hat.<sup>1</sup> Originally, it would seem, eighteen in number, in the reign of Henry the Seventh they were reduced to twelve, and in the latter part of that of Henry the Eighth were entirely suppressed by proclamation and "sound of trumpet."

Between Bankside and the south end of London Bridge stood the magnificent mansion and gardens of the Bishops of Winchester, the name of which is still preserved in Winchester Street. The original palace is said to have been built by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, in 1107, from which period, till nearly five centuries and a half

<sup>1</sup> There was formerly a Cardinal's Hat Alley in Southwark.



afterward, it continued to be the London residence of the bishops of that see. Here, in the reign of Queen Mary, when the star of the inhuman Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was in the ascendant, several unfortunate Protestants were committed prisoners ; here Sir Edward Dyer, the poet and friend of Sir Philip Sydney, lived and died, and, lastly, here the eccentric Sir Kenelm Digby, while a prisoner during the Commonwealth, wrote his "Critical Remarks" on Browne's "*Religio Medici*." Not long after the death of Charles the First, Winchester House was sold by Parliament for the sum of £4,380, but at the Restoration it reverted to the see of Winchester. It had ceased, however, to be the episcopal residence since the death of Bishop Andrews in 1626, and accordingly, the Bishops of Winchester having fixed their London residence elsewhere, it was converted into warehouses and other uses of trade. In 1814 nearly the whole of the remains of the ancient mansion was destroyed by fire.

On the south side of Winchester House stood anciently Rochester House, the London residence of the Bishops of Rochester. Stow, in whose time it was in ruins, was unable to discover the date of its erection.

Let us now stroll into the neighbouring church of St. Mary Overy, sometimes called St. Saviour's, one of the most interesting religious edifices in London. According to some writers it derives

its name from St. Mary over the Rhé, the Saxon name for a river; according to others, from St. Mary at the Ferry, there having been a ferry over the Thames at this spot previously to the erection of London Bridge.

Here stood the priory of St. Mary Overy, said to have been originally a convent for nuns, founded long previously to the Norman Conquest by a maiden named Mary, the owner of the ferry to which we have just referred. But, whatever may have been its origin, there can be no doubt that the priory was refounded in 1106, by two Norman knights, named William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy, when Aldogus, or Aldgod, became its first prior.

In the year 1207 the priory and church of St. Mary Overy were almost entirely destroyed by fire. They were rebuilt, however, within the next quarter of a century; at which time Peter de la Roche, or De Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, added a spacious chapel, which he dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. The next considerable benefactor to St. Mary Overy was John Gower, the poet, who, about the year 1398, beautified and repaired the church at a considerable expense, and also founded within its walls a chantry for the well-being of his soul. In 1539, at the suppression of the religious houses, the ancient priory was dissolved, and the church shortly afterward made parochial.

In size and appearance the church of St. Mary Overy resembles a cathedral much more than a parish church. Its former magnificent nave has unfortunately been replaced by a modern structure of indifferent merit; but we have still left to us its ancient altar-screen, with its profusion of exquisitely sculptured decorations, and especially its famous lady-chapel, with its graceful and slender pillars, and its exquisitely groined roof.

The church of St. Mary Overy alike contains the remains of many of the illustrious dead, and boasts many interesting historical associations. Here, in 1397, Gower was married by William of Wykham, Bishop of Winchester, to his fair bride, Alice Groundolph. Both of them lie buried beneath its walls. The monument of the father of English verse is still a conspicuous object, but the small tomb, which Leland informs us once marked the resting-place of his wife, has long since disappeared. Here also, in 1406, took place the magnificent nuptials of Edmund Holland, last Earl of Kent, Lord Admiral of England, with Lucy, daughter of the Duke of Milan. Henry the Fourth gave away the bride, and afterward led her to her place at a princely banquet in Winchester House. Her happiness lasted but a short time. About a year after his nuptials, the earl, while besieging the castle of Briak in Brittany, was struck on the head by an arrow shot from a cross-bow, from the effects of which

he died on the 15th of September, 1407. His widow, by her last will, bequeathed to the priory of St. Mary Overy the sum of 6,000 crowns, to be expended in masses for her own soul and for that of her departed lord.

A few years afterward there took place beneath the roof of St. Mary Overy a marriage of even greater magnificence, of which the sequel was quite as melancholy. The bride, young and beautiful, was the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of John, Earl of Somerset, granddaughter of John of Gaunt, and niece both to Cardinal Beaufort, at this time Bishop of Winchester, and to Edmund, Earl of Kent, whose nuptials in St. Mary's Church we have just recorded. The bridegroom was James the First of Scotland, the pride and theme of Scottish verse, who for so many years had been detained a prisoner of state in the Round Tower at Windsor. The story of their romantic attachment is familiar to every lover of romance. Looking down, one fresh May morning, from the grand old keep at Windsor, on the fair garden below, he beheld, to use his own beautiful expression, the Lady Jane —

“Walking under the tower  
Full secretly new coming her to plain  
The fairest and the freshest youngé flower  
That ever I saw methought.”

Having obtained his release from prison, James, with the consent of the Scottish nation, claimed

the hand of Lady Jane, to whom, on the 2d of February, 1424, he was united at the altar of St. Mary Overy. The ceremony was probably performed by the bride's uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, by whom the marriage guests were afterward entertained with a magnificent banquet at Winchester House. On the sequel of the romantic tale of the Lady Jane and the minstrel King of Scotland, and on the tragical fate of the latter, it is only necessary to say a few words. On the night of the 24th of February, 1437, James was quietly enjoying the society of his queen and the ladies of her court, when the advancing footsteps of armed men were suddenly heard. It was to little purpose that the ladies, in hopes of securing the door, placed themselves in front of it, or that one noble-minded girl, Katherine Douglas, thrust her arm through the staple, and there retained it till it was broken by the violence of the assassins. In vain the queen threw herself between her husband and his ruthless assailants and passionately pleaded for mercy. At length, after she had been twice wounded in her heroic endeavours to shield him from the daggers of his assassins, she was forced from the apartment, when the accomplished king was speedily despatched with many wounds.

It was in the church of St. Mary Overy, in the reign of Queen Mary, that the commission appointed for the trial of heretics held their dreaded sittings. Among the most illustrious persons who

pleaded their cause before this merciless tribunal, were the indomitable Bishop Hooper and John Rogers, both of whom subsequently suffered martyrdom in the flames, the former at Gloucester, and the latter at Smithfield.

The most striking monument in the church of St. Mary Overy is that of John Gower, the poet. His effigy, which represents him in a recumbent attitude arrayed in a long garment, rests beneath a rich Gothic shrine or arch. Originally it stood in the north aisle of the nave, where his remains were by his own desire deposited ; but in the year 1832, after having undergone a complete repair at the expense of the Duke of Sutherland, of whose family the illustrious poet is said to have been a cadet, it was removed to the south transept.

In the choir is another interesting and still more ancient monument, that of a Knight Templar, supposed, though apparently without much reason, to be that of one of the two Norman knights, William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncey. In Our Lady's Chapel is a tomb of black and white marble, to the memory of the amiable Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester ; while in other parts of the church may be traced some curious monuments and quaint inscriptions.

In the churchyard of St. Mary Overy lie the remains of the great dramatic poet, Philip Massinger, who, as we have already mentioned, died in Bankside. Although in apparent health when

he retired to bed, in the morning he was found dead. "His body," writes Anthony Wood, "being accompanied by comedians, was buried in the middle of the churchyard belonging to St. Saviour's Church there, commonly called the Bull-head Churchyard, — for there are in all four churchyards belonging to that church, — on the 18th of March." Not only does no monument appear to have been raised over his remains, but as Campbell, the poet, observes, "even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble circumstances of his life." It runs: "1689. March 18, Philip Messenger, stranger;" meaning that he was a non-parishioner.

In the church of St. Mary Overy was buried another great dramatic writer, John Fletcher. "In this church," writes Aubrey, "was interred, without any memorial, that eminent dramatic poet, Mr. John Fletcher, son to Fletcher, Bishop of London, who died of the plague the 19th<sup>1</sup> of August, 1625.

<sup>1</sup> This is an error apparently of the 19th for the 29th. A person dying of the plague was almost invariably interred on the same day on which he died; and that Fletcher died on the 29th is shown by no fewer than three different entries in the books of St. Mary Overy as having taken place on the 29th; viz:

1. "1625, August 29, Mr. John Fletcher, a man, in the church."

2. "1625, August 29, John Fletcher, a poet, in the church. gr. and cl. 2s."

3. And the monthly accounts: "1625, August 29, John Fletcher, gentleman, in the church, 20s."

When I searched the register of this parish, in 1670, for his *obit*, for the use of Mr. Anthony à Wood, the parish clerk, aged about eighty, told me that he was his tailor, and that Mr. Fletcher, staying for a suit of clothes before he retired into the country, death stopped his journey and laid him low here." If we are to place any faith in the testimony of the following lines, written by an almost contemporary poet, Massinger and Fletcher mingle their dust together in the same grave :

"In the same grave Fletcher was buried here,  
Lies the stage-poet, Philip Massinger,  
Plays they did write together, were great friends,  
And now one grave includes them at their ends;  
So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath  
Here (in their fames) they lie in spight of death."

— *Sir Aston's Cokayne's Poems, London, 1658.*

We have shown, however, that Fletcher was buried within the walls of the church, and Massinger in the adjoining churchyard.

In the register of burials of St. Mary Overy, for the year 1607, is the following interesting entry : "Edmund Shakespeare, player, in the church." Edmund Shakespeare was the younger brother of the immortal dramatist.

Sir Edward Dyer, the poet, and Philip Henslowe, whose name figures so conspicuously in the annals of the stage, were severally buried in the chancel of St. Mary's Church.



Close to St. Saviour's Church, at the foot of London Bridge, stood Montague, or Monteagle Close, so called, it is said, from having been the site of the residence of William Parker, Baron Monteagle, to whom was addressed the celebrated letter which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder conspiracy.

Over the gateway of an ancient and dilapidated hostelry, on the east side of High Street, Southwark, was to be seen, till within little more than the last thirty years, the following inscription: "This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and the nine and twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." This, then, was the identical and famous Tabard Inn, where the jovial troop of pilgrims assembled at the social board, as recorded in the undying verse of Chaucer, and from whose galleried and picturesque courtyard they sallied forth to perform their devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, when it —

" Befel that, in that season, on a day  
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,  
Ready to wende on my pilgrimage  
To Canterbury with devout courage,  
At night was come into that hostelry  
Well nine and twenty in a company  
Of sundry folk, by aventure yfall  
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,  
That toward Canterbury wolden ride;  
The chambers and the stables weren wide."

The Tabard, or, as it was afterward barbarously designated, the Talbot, has only within a few years been demolished. Till then, as we gazed on its slanting roof, its antique gallery, and venerable and almost ruinous aspect, what a host of associations what a gallery of picturesque portraits presented themselves to our mind's eye ! Smiling as they passed on the merry host of the Tabard, Harry Baily, who bids God speed them on their way, there might be imagined issuing forth from the old gateway, the gentle prioress with her pretty oath and sweet looks ; the knight gracefully managing his prancing steed ; the squire with his curled locks and handsome and ingenuous face ; the wife of Bath with her joyous laugh and merry clatter ; the hooded monk on his ambling palfry ; the forester in his green tunic and his "peacock arrows bright and keen ;" the "wanton and merry" friar with his jovial face and leering eye ; the vicar with his calm and benign look ; the pardoner with his lanky hair and thin voice, and his wallet full of pardons, indulgences, and holy relics just imported from Rome ; the miller with his brawny shoulders ; the "slender choleric" steward with his long rusty sword hanging by his side ; and lastly, the thoughtful and sententious clerk of Oxenford, deep in Aristotle and philosophy. "I see," writes Dryden, "all the pilgrims in the 'Canterbury Tales,' their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly

as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark."

The Tabard stood nearly opposite to the town-hall of the borough of Southwark, within a short distance from St. George's Church. Stow, speaking of the "many fair inns" which existed in his time in Southwark, observes: "Amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders: a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad, in the wars; but then (to wit, in the wars) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depicted upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and called their coats of arms in service." "This was the hostelry," writes Speght, in 1598, "where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and with Harry Baily, their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury; and whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased, for the receipt of many guests." To the hour of its destruction an apartment in the Tabard, evidently of great antiquity, bore the name of "the Pilgrims'

Room." The date of its change of title from the Tabard to the Talbot would seem to be 1676. "The ignorant landlord, or tenant," writes Aubrey, "instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot or dog."

To the southeast of London Bridge lies the populous district of Bermondsey. Here in ancient times the Norman Kings of England had a suburban palace; at least, in 1154, hither we find Henry the Second conducting his queen, Eleanora of Aquitaine, shortly after their coronation; and here, in February the following year, she gave birth to her second son. When Pennant wrote his "London," there was a court at Bermondsey, containing a house of very great antiquity, called "King John's Court," which may possibly have had some relation to the ancient palace of his father, Henry the Second. Here stood the once famous Bermondsey Abbey, dedicated to St. Saviour, founded in 1082 by Aylwin Childe, a citizen of London, for monks of the Cluniac order. Within its walls the beautiful Catherine of Valois, widow of Henry the Fifth, sought an asylum from the cares and turmoils of the world, and here she breathed her last. Here, too, a still more beautiful princess, Elizabeth Woodville, widow of the gallant and amorous Edward the Fourth, and mother of Edward the Fifth and Richard, Duke of York, suffered a melancholy captivity of six years; and here, in 1492, she breathed her last.

In the church of the old abbey were interred the remains of many persons of note; among these may be recorded Mary, sister of Maude, queen of Henry the First, and Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, who was murdered at Calais in 1397.

In 1539 Bermondsey Abbey was formally surrendered to Henry the Eighth by its last abbot, Robert de Wharton, who was remunerated by a pension of £333 6s. 8d., and subsequently advanced to the bishopric of St. Asaph. The monks, less fortunate, were thrown on the wide world with small pensions varying from £5 6s. 8d. to £10. The abbey and manor were conferred by Henry on Sir Robert Southwell, master of the rolls, by whom they were sold to Sir Thomas Pope, who, having pulled down the church and the greater portion of the monastic buildings, erected a stately mansion on their site. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find Thomas Rātcliff, Earl of Sussex, the celebrated rival of the Earl of Leicester in the queen's favour, residing in this house. Here too, according to Stow, in 1583 he breathed his last.

Among the dingy courts and streets which now cover the site of Bermondsey Abbey, the antiquary may still discover some slight but interesting remains of the old monastic edifice, such as a portion of the garden wall of the monastery in the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalen, and a fragment of the

eastern gateway in Grange Walk. The site also of the shady retreats enjoyed by the old monks is still pointed out by the names of the now crowded thoroughfares, known as Grange Walk, Grange Road, and Long Walk. In Bermondsey Square, too, the site of the great courtyard of the abbey, were not many years back to be seen some ancient trees, under which not improbably the old monks sauntered and meditated.

The parish church of St. Mary, Bermondsey, stands on the site of a church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, whose foundation dated as far back as the days of the Saxons. The present plain and uninteresting edifice was erected in 1680.

Nearly on the site of the present Tooley Street stood the inn or mansion of the Abbot of Battle in Sussex. From this house Battle Bridge Stairs derive their name ; as Maze Street and Maze-pond Street also owe their names to a pond and maze, or labyrinth, formerly in the abbot's garden. It may be mentioned that in the days when Southwark was a rural district, the neighbourhood of Bermondsey would seem to have been highly popular with the dignitaries of the church. Near St. Olave's Church, for instance, stood the mansion of the Abbot of Lewes ; while on the site of St. Leger, corrupted into Sellenger, Wharf, was the inn of the Abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury, subsequently the residence of Sir Anthony

St. Leger, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

The last place we have to mention before bringing our notices of old London to a close, is Rotherhithe, occasionally corrupted into Redriff. When, in 1016, Canute the Dane sailed up the Thames, and found his further progress arrested by the narrow arches and fortifications of London Bridge, it was at Rotherhithe that he commenced that famous canal which enabled him, by taking a circuitous route, to moor his ships under the walls of the city. Here, too, it was that Edward the Black Prince fitted out a fleet for the invasion of France; and lastly, it was to Rotherhithe that the youthful king, Richard the Second, proceeded by water to hold a conference with Wat Tyler and his rebel followers.

The parish church of St. Mary, Rotherhithe, was erected in 1714. In the churchyard is a monument to the memory of Prince Lee Boo, son of Abba Thulle Rupach, King of Goo-roo-raa, one of the Pelew Islands in the Pacific. The *Antelope*, East Indiaman, having been wrecked off the island of Goo-roo-raa, on the night of the 9th August, 1783, King Abba Thulle not only treated the crew with the utmost tenderness, but conferred on them the island of Oroolong, where they contrived to build a small vessel, which carried them to China. At their departure, Captain Wilson, who commanded the *Antelope*, carried with

him, with the king's permission, his second son, Prince Lee Boo, a very interesting and promising youth. He never again beheld the lofty palms of his native island. A few months after his arrival in England he was attacked by a disorder of which he died at the house of Captain Wilson in Paradise Row, on the 29th of December, 1784. The monument to his memory in Rotherhithe churchyard was erected by the East India Company, in gratitude for the humanity and kindness with which their servants had been treated by his father.

THE END.



THE LAST WAR OF THE ROSES  
AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Cardinal* BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*  
*The Earl of Richmond, afterward King* HENRY *the Seventh.*

THOMAS, *Lord* STANLEY, *afterward Earl of Derby.*

MASTER HENRY, *afterward Lord Clifford.*

*Sir* REGINALD BRAY.

*Sir* SIMON DIGBY.

*Sir* ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

MARTIN TRAFFORD.

HUGH BARTRAM.

*Father* FRANCIS.

HUBERT.

MARK GIZELEY, *Castellain of Skipton Castle.*

*The Princess* ELIZABETH *of York.*

MARGARET, *Countess of Richmond.*

ANNE ST. JOHN.

RUTH BARTRAM.

ALICE BARTRAM.

*Heralds, Guards, Scribes, Courtiers, Attendants, etc.*

# THE LAST WAR OF THE ROSES.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Threlkeld, at the foot of the mountain of Saddleback. A garden in front of a cottage.  
HUGH BARTRAM and RUTH BARTRAM seated.*

*Hugh.* How fair the sun sets on yon craggy height !

Thus ever, ere he sinks to rest, he throws  
A parting smile upon the shepherd's roof.

*Ruth.* Twelve years, twelve happy years, we  
have dwelt here, Hugh.

*Hugh.* And twice twelve years thy fond and  
faithful heart,

Still fresh, old wife, as when I wooed thee first,  
Has linked itself to mine. Yon honeysuckle  
Twines not more closely round its bridal elm,  
Than once thou clung'st to me up life's rough road,  
Nor cling'st less firmly now 'tis rough no more.

I would, dear Ruth ! that our remaining years  
May glide as calmly as the last away.

*Ruth.* Thy words sound sadly.

*Hugh.* I was thinking, dame,  
Of Master Henry and our pretty Alice.

*Ruth.* And what of them, that thou should'st  
look so grave ?

*Hugh.* I fear she loves him.

*Ruth.* Well, I fear she does ;  
But love will never kill her ; she's as light  
Of spirit as of step.

*Hugh.* 'Twas natural —  
Brought up together from their infancy —  
That love should grow between them. But dost  
think

There has been courtship 'twixt him and the maid ?

*Ruth.* Well ! Master Trafford thinks so.

*Hugh.* Master Trafford !  
Who's Master Trafford that, where'er he skulks,  
His sayings should be laws ? I never loved  
That Master Trafford.

*Ruth.* Yet her Grace both loves  
And trusts him ; and he's Master Henry's friend.

*Hugh.* He says he is ! — For me, I hate such  
wolves  
Prowling about my sheep-walks. But now, tell  
me ! —

For when the sport is love, I have ever found  
Women the keenest trackers — dost thyself  
Believe that Master Henry loves our girl ?

*Ruth.* How can I reason otherwise? Of late  
He has grown sad and wan, — strays forth  
alone —

Neglects his food — sighs oft and heavily : —  
Nay, more! he wears some love-pledge next his  
heart,

Which ever, when he thinks he's unobserved,  
He'll fix his eyes on till their lids grow moist.  
This should be love, or very near akin to it ;  
And whom but Alice has he seen to love ?  
Besides, Hugh, Master Trafford —

*Hugh.* Bah! a truce  
With Master Trafford ; — and now mark me, dame !  
The master will not wed her. True it is,  
His heart is warm and generous ; but he's  
proud, —  
Too proud to mate him with the shepherd's child.

*Ruth.* Proud? Master Henry proud? — believe  
it not.

*Hugh.* The poor, when poverty's their only  
crime,  
Are always proud. Men oftener pride themselves  
On gifts they have not than on gifts they have ;  
Thus is he prouder of his lost estate  
Than if he swayed his father's heritage,  
And lorded it o'er Skipton's princely towers.  
Dame! I've a dreadful thought. — Could I believe  
He'd tamper with the virtue of our child, —  
Nay, — dare approach her with unholy wish,  
I'd —

*Ruth.* What? — betray him to his enemies? —  
My own, my noble foster-child? Nay, Hugh!  
Thou could'st not harbour such a ruthless thought.

*Hugh.* Dame! thou art right; yet, if a father's  
wrath

E'er nerved a father's arm, — young, lusty, brave,  
And noble though he be, and I infirm  
And old, — I'd lay the spoiler at my feet,  
Nor waste one pang though he arose no more.

*Ruth.* Nay, Hugh, thou wrong'st him! since  
the fearful day

My lord was slain at Towton, he has been  
Our joy, our hope, our comfort. If he loves  
Our child, 'tis with a love as chaste as ours;  
Believe me, Hugh, it is.

*Hugh.* Believe me, dame!

Unequal love is seldom holy love,  
And therefore seldom augurs happiness.  
Well, well! I will absolve him from this wrong;  
But coronets are not for us, old dame,  
And therefore that she wed an honest man  
Is all Hugh Bartram wishes for his child.

*Ruth.* See, Hugh, who comes!

*Hugh.* Talk of the foul one, dame!

*Enter* MARTIN TRAFFORD *and* HUBERT.

*Traf.* Heaven guard ye both, my worthy  
friends! — but where  
Can Master Henry be? I half suspect  
Your pretty Alice makes a willing slave

Of my old playmate. Never lovelier eve  
Sped youth and beauty to their trysting-place.  
Well! ye've a friend's best wishes that their loves  
Prove pure and constant as your own.

*Hugh.* *[Aside.]* I fear  
Thou art an oil-tongued hypocrite, and yet  
Men say thou'rt honest. *[Aloud.]* Much we thank  
thee, sir!

Although unweeting of our cause for joy.  
But, see! here comes your friend.

*Enter CLIFFORD and ALICE BARTRAM.*

*Traf.* Well, Master Henry!  
How fares it with thee and blithe Mistress Alice?  
'Love's a sweet pastime, if the wooing's honest  
That plants such roses on a maiden's cheek.

*Alice.* Honest! — I marvel much what honesty  
And thou can have in common. As for wooing,  
Were it my sorrow to be wooed by thee,  
Methinks the roses which thou carpest at  
Would fade more fast than if the canker nipped  
them.

*Ruth.* Hush! Alice, thou forgettest the respect  
That's due to Master Trafford.

*Hugh.* *[Aside.]* Nay, for me,  
I like the spirit of the girl.

*Traf.* Well, well! —  
I will retract, fair mistress mine! and own  
'Twas not the wooing, but the mountain breeze,  
That lent such blooming colour to thy cheeks.

*Alice.* The mountain breeze is sometimes bitter,  
sir !

But ne'er so cutting as a slanderer's tongue. .

*Clif.* Nay, Alice ! rate him not ; he means no  
harm.

*Alice.* [*To* TRAFFORD.] Well ! if I'm free of  
speech, I'm frank of heart ;  
Wherefore for quiet's sake I'll pardon thee,  
So here's my hand.

*Traf.* And a most fair one.

*Alice.* Silence !

I hold thy praise still cheaper than thy taunts.

*Clif.* Hush, Alice ! and now tell us, Martin  
Trafford ! —

What news from Skipton, and how fares her Grace !

*Traf.* Her Grace is well in health, but sorely  
chafed

In spirit.

*Clif.* No mishap, I trust, has crossed her.

*Traf.* Mishap, forsooth ? — What ! — know ye  
not, her son,

My Lord of Richmond, has set foot in Wales,  
And leads a rebel army 'gainst the king ?

*Clif.* [*Aside.*] Can it be so ? — Then Heaven at  
last has heard

The prayer I have breathed since childhood.

[*Aside to* TRAFFORD.] Mark me, Trafford !  
This night I must to Skipton, and from thence  
Speed to Earl Richmond's camp. I fain would  
bear



A part in this great struggle. Hint it not  
To Bartram nor his wife ; — I fear 'twould grieve  
them.

*Traf.* And Mistress Alice too ?

*Clif.* Is this a time  
For idle jesting ? — Shame upon thee, Trafford !  
[*To BARTRAM.*] Father ! thou heard'st what Master Trafford said ?

*Hugh.* I did ; and fain I would be young again  
To strike a blow for Lancaster.

*Clif.* Now, Trafford !  
Tell us where lie the rival armaments ;  
What barons, knights, and gallant gentlemen,  
Have spread their banners at young Richmond's  
call ?

*Traf.* The king is on his march from Nottingham,  
Eager to battle with the earl, whose force,  
Half-armed, ill-disciplined, is feebly matched  
Against the veteran legions of the Crown.

*Clif.* But of our English chivalry have none  
Proclaimed themselves the friends of Lancaster ?

*Traf.* Yes ! — the earl's uncle, Jasper, Earl of  
Pembroke,  
And John de Vere, the stout old Earl of Oxford,  
Embarked with him at Harfleur ; and, since then,  
Sir Gilbert Talbot and his beardless ward,  
Earl Shrewsbury, have led to the Red Rose  
The vassals of their house.

*Clif.* And are these all ?

*Traf.* Not quite. Sir William Brandon, Sir  
John Savage,  
Sir Walter Hungerford, Sir Thomas Bouchier,  
Have also armed for Lancaster.

*Clif.* I fear,  
Suspense weighs heavy on her Grace.

*Traf.* Alas!  
It wrings her heart to see her lord array  
Her vassals, to support the man she loathes  
Against the son she dotes on.

*Clif.* Then thou thinkest  
Lord Stanley will be steadfast for the king?

*Traf.* So high in royal favour — canst thou  
doubt it?

*Clif.* Yet to do battle in a tyrant's cause,  
'Gainst his own wife and stepson, seems an act  
A noble mind should shrink from.

[*To RUTH.*] Dearest mother! —  
For mother thou hast ever been to me, —  
I fain would speak apart with thee.

[*Takes her aside.*

*Traf.* [*Aside to HUBERT.*] Now, Hubert! —  
Now is the time or never.

*Hub.* Master Trafford,  
I dare not do this deed.

*Traf.* Thou dar'st not, Hubert? —  
Lives there the man who dares to say — he dare  
not?

I tell thee! — that I saw them lip to lip,  
With such delight in their enamoured eyes,

The sight had changed thy nature to a fiend's.  
Thou art not a coward, Hubert ?

*Hub.* No, by heaven ! —  
Wrong shall be met by wrong ; — I'll do thy bidding.

*Traf.* Quick then, brave Hubert, quick !  
[HUBERT enters the cottage unperceived.]

*Clif.* [To RUTH.] Nay, urge me not !  
I must at once to Skipton.

*Ruth.* Much I fear  
Thou hankerest for these wicked wars. Dear son,  
I pray thee, — go not, — leave us not !

*Clif.* Thou knowest  
How much I owe the Lady Margaret ;  
And therefore, in her hour of need, 'twere meet  
I offer my poor service to her Grace.  
Thou would'st not love me did I otherwise.

*Ruth.* Yes, go ! — it is thy duty ; yet I feel  
A sinking of the heart as if some ill  
Boded our happy home.

*Clif.* Nay, weep not, mother !  
And thou, too, Alice, dry those foolish tears.  
I'll not be long a truant. And now leave me  
Awhile with Master Trafford ; I'll within  
Anon, and wish you all a kind farewell.

[*Exeunt* HUGH, RUTH, and ALICE.  
Trafford ! what mean these banterings which imply  
I look on Alice with a trifler's love ?

*Traf.* I did but hint what others plainly  
speak.

*Clif.* Why utter what thou knowest to be false?  
Lives there not one, pure, noble, beautiful,  
As dear to me as life — almost as heaven?  
Thou know'st there is; then why this ribaldry?

*Traf.* Did man ne'er court two maidens at one  
time?

'Tis clear that Alice loves thee, and thou'rt not  
The first man who has wooed a high-born maid,  
Yet chased a lowlier one for pastime's sake.  
Why! when the country dulls, 'tis ever thus  
Your courtier whiles his idle hours away.

*Clif.* Shame on thee, Martin Trafford! Can'st  
thou think

I'd plant dishonour on the hearths of those  
Who have loved and sheltered me from infancy?  
I owe thee much, yet wilt thou cancel all  
If e'er again thou dost impute to me  
Such base and cruel wrong. For shame, I say!

*Traf.* Bethink thee! I accused thee not. I did  
But glance at the ill courses of the world,  
And pleased I am that, like myself, thou scorn'st  
them.

I did not merit this rebuff from thee.

We'll meet again at Skipton, when I trust

Thou'lt do thy friend more justice. [Exit.

*Clif.* I was wrong;

But why did he so gall me? I must now

To bid a tenderer and more sad farewell. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A grove near Threlkeld.*TRAFFORD *solus.*

*Traf.* He loves the Lady Anne! — but loves her  
not

With the wild passion which her peerless charms  
Have kindled in my own tempestuous heart.  
Loves her? By all the saints, could I but claim  
The privilege to kiss away one tear  
From the long lashes of her violet eyes,  
Or raise one blush upon her delicate cheek,  
I would not change it for the diadem  
That ere to-morrow may be won or lost!  
He loves her! And she loved him till that hour  
I fed her credulous ears with the belief  
That she was slighted for a meaner flame,  
This village May-queen, Alice. 'Twas a lie —  
A damned lie — but love's itself a lie;  
At least I have ever found it so. Confound him!  
He has crossed my path as man ne'er crossed it yet;  
But I have crushed him. Would that I could glean  
This secret of his birth! 'Tis evident  
There's death in the divulgement; and he dies  
If living he thus thwarts me. But here comes  
The knave who should resolve this mystery.

*Enter* HUBERT.

Hast brought the papers, Hubert? — By thy look  
I see thou hast; — quick, quick! and give me them.

*Hub.* Nay, Master Trafford! something whispers me

I am doing wrong, — perchance a deadly wrong.

*Traf.* Wrong? 'tis no theft, man. — Why! in half an hour

Thou shalt replace the papers whence they came,  
And no one be the wiser.

*Hub.* Save my conscience,  
Which were the worst accuser.

*Traf.* Nonsense, man!  
Hand me the papers and I'll give thee gold —  
Gold thrice the weight thy brawny arms can bear,  
Then treble it again.

*Hub.* I need not wealth;  
I would not sell my soul for mines of gold.

*Traf.* Then! to revenge thee on the pitiful wretch

Who has so wronged thee, — has so wronged us both,

Give me the papers, and, I swear to thee,  
This night he shall depart from hence, — for weeks, —

For months, — nay, p'rhaps for ever. Thou alone  
With Alice, she will soon forget his wiles.

Hugh Bartram smiles upon thy suit, — thou'rt young, —

Of winning presence, — hast the means to wed with, —

Alice is Bartram's heir. Besides, bethink thee!  
How sweet 'twill be, around the blazing hearth,

To sit with Alice and her prattling babes !

But if —

*Hub.* Nay, Master Trafford ! tempt me not.

*Traf.* But if, I say ! thou pausest, ponder well ! —

She's virtuous now, but will she long be chaste  
If tried and tempted further ? Think of this !  
Picture her, Hubert, as the castaway  
Of Master Henry's love ! — a tainted thing  
For scorn to point its finger at ! — then tell me !  
Wilt leave so fair a floweret to be crushed  
When thou hast power to save her ?

[HUBERT *hesitates*.

Come, quick, quick !

Give me the papers !

*Hub.* [*Giving them.*] Take them ! If there's wrong,

The devil and thou art guilty, and not I.

*Traf.* [*Reading.*] What have we here ? — mysterious references

To one of noble birth — from peril snatched  
In infancy, and nursed 'midst glen and fell, —  
Allusions to ancestral virtue, valour, —  
To lands escheated, — titles forfeited ;  
Yet, curse it ! not a name nor particle  
Of clue to solve the riddle. Ha ! what's this ?  
A signet ? — I should know this cognisan  
A dragon peering from a castle wall,  
The same that's fashioned upon every porch  
And battlement of Skipton. Can it be

This rustic upstart is indeed the whelp  
Of that grim lord who fell on Towton field,  
The black-faced Clifford? — Yes! it must be he.  
Great Edward searched for him and found him  
not;

King Richard tracked him, but he clutched him  
not.

But I have tracked him, Hubert! I shall clutch  
him.

Why, man! thou dost not smile, — thou look'st  
distraught!

Know then! this secret, carried to the court,  
Were worth an earldom, and will make his life  
As worthless as his title-deeds. But hark! —  
Whose voice was that?

*Ruth.* [*Within.*] Oh, Alice! we are robbed,  
Most foully robbed.

*Hub.* Robbed, said she, Master Trafford?  
And I the thief, — Heaven help me!

*Traf.* Hush! good Hubert;  
I see it all! — Ere he departs from hence  
This shepherd-lordling would possess himself  
Of these same writings. [*Conceals them.*

They'll be safe with me;  
Me they'll suspect not; but if found on thee,  
Good Hubert! they might hang thee for a thief,  
For which I should be sorry. Come, quick, quick!  
Let us away!

*Hub.* Fool! fool that I have been!  
[*Exeunt.*



*Enter CLIFFORD and RUTH BARTRAM.*

*Clif.* Nay! fret not, mother! Should Earl  
Richmond hurl

King Richard from his ill-got throne, my loss  
Will matter little, since my name and birth  
Are clearly proved already.

*Ruth.* Should he fail,  
What then?

*Clif.* I can but seek a foreign shore  
Where tyrant's rage can reach me not, but where  
There will be none to love the shepherd-lord  
As thou hast loved him, mother. But dost see?  
Trafford but now is leading forth his horse.  
Who knows but his quick fancy may suggest  
Some means to track the plunderer? Come,  
come!

Thou tak'st this grief too heavily to heart.  
Follow me, mother! — Ho! there, Martin Trafford.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Derwentwater Lake. St. Herbert's Isle in the  
distance. Moonlight.*

CLIFFORD *solus.*

*Clif.* How beautiful ye are! ye countless  
stars!  
Ye marvel of all ages and all climes!  
Though from my shepherd-life no lore I'd learned

But what I have read in your illumined tome,  
 Not worthless has my serfdom been. But, lo !  
 The holy father at my signalling  
 Launches his shallop from St. Herbert's Isle,  
 His oars responding to the vesper hymn.

*Monks' voices are heard chanting.*

Ave Maria !  
 Dei Matrem Te laudamus ;  
 Sis in nobis Te oramus ;  
 Et in Te nos maneamus ;  
 Ave Maria !

Ave Maria !  
 Tu somnum das cubanti ;  
 Das conjugem amanti ;  
 Matremque das infanti ;  
 Ave Maria ;

Ave Maria !  
 In horâ hâc soporum ;  
 Memor esto Tu servorum ;  
 Miserere Tu dolorum ;  
 Ave Maria !

*In the meantime, Father FRANCIS rows from the  
 island and lands.*

*F. Fran.* Welcome, my son ! thrice welcome !  
 May the peace  
 Of Heaven rest with thee ! Old age, dear boy,

Breeds sickly fancies, and our passing-bell  
Tolls oftener than its wont was. But thou, too,  
Art changed, — what ails thee? Since the day I  
shrived

Thy dying sire at Towton ; — since the hour  
I snatched thee from thy frantic mother's arms,  
And to the friendly mist and the wild fell  
Bore thee, frail trembler, from that hell-hound,  
man,

Thou hast told me all thy sorrows. Can it be,  
The Lady Anne still frowns upon thy suit ?

*Clif.* Father, alas ! she does. Had Heaven  
thought fit

That I should woo her with the power and pomp  
With which my sires rode wooing, I had deemed  
It was my lands, and not myself, she loved.  
But when she loved me, for she loved me once,  
'Twas to the seeming peasant that she gave  
Tears for my vows and blushes for my sighs.  
Yet now ! — when I address her as her peer,  
She shuns me, — scorns me.

*F. Fran.* Hast thou questioned her  
Touching her maiden waywardness ?

*Clif.* I have :

Proudly, I own, for I had cause for pride,  
Since too much love had been my only crime.

*F. Fran.* What then ?

*Clif.* With more of scorn than I had deemed  
Could ruffle such angelic gentleness,  
She bade me probe the bane in mine own heart,

Nor dare intrude the worthless theme again.  
But graver cause it is that leads me hither.  
Thou may'st remember, father! the sad hour,  
When, yielding to a mother's tears, I vowed  
That, save thy blessing and consent should cheer  
The orphan on his way, I ne'er would quit  
These peaceful valleys for the perilous world.

*F. Fran.* Thou didst : what then ?

*Clif.* Father! the hour has come.  
Thou must release me from that pledge.

*F. Fran.* Whence springs  
This wild resolve? Thou dost not, — canst not  
mean

To leave me, Henry? I am near my end,  
And fondly hoped, at Heaven's appointed time,  
To lay my head upon thy breast and die,  
As died thy father upon mine. Nay, nay!  
Thou wilt not leave me? I have none to love  
On this side heaven but thee, dear boy.

*Clif.* Alas!

Father, it must be so.

*F. Fran.* Nay! fly not hence  
Where peace and virtue dwell. The world has  
naught

To give thee in exchange for innocence.  
Cross with me rather to my lonely isle,  
And, with the balmy morn and the blithe lark,  
Thou shalt away to Skiddaw's healthy side,  
Starting the blackcock on his glorious flight  
Down the fair glens which are his heritage.

*Clif.* Nay, father, urge me not! Young  
Lancaster

Is marching 'gainst the foulest, bloodiest king  
Who ever stole a sceptre. Then, shall I —  
The last descendant of a line whose chiefs  
From sire to son have died a warrior's death —  
Forsake the cause for which my fathers fell?  
My grandsire at St. Albans bit the dust:  
My sire lies low on Towton's gory field:  
Thinkst thou they'd rest in quiet if their heir  
Skulked 'neath a shepherd's roof, nor dealt one  
blow

In cause of God, his birthright, and his king?

*F. Fran.* Yet! think what perils compass thee  
around!

Think of thy mother's tears and of the love  
I have ever borne thee!

*Clif.* Can a mother's tears  
Wash out a son's dishonour? As for peril,  
I risk no more than Pembroke, Shrewsbury, Ox-  
ford,  
And other nobles in Earl Richmond's ranks.

*F. Fran.* No more than they? — Bethink thee  
of the blood

Thy sire poured forth at Wakefield! Deemest  
thou

That Gloucester could forgive the son of him  
Who slew his father, York, and that fair boy,  
Young, gentle, pleading Rutland? Oh, my son!  
Bethink thee of the ruthless men who hold

Thy lands and lordships ! the fell king himself  
Swaying thy barony of Westmoreland,  
And Skipton's stately towers. Should he chance  
To track the first-born of the black-faced Clifford,  
The vilest weed that rots on yon bright lake  
Might weigh against thy life and heritage.

*Clif.* What if false friend or paltry pilferer  
Had filched the vouchers of my birth, and blabbed  
My tale to all the world ?

*F. Fran.* Ev'n then, my son,  
Bethink thee ! — When thy sires went forth to  
fight,

They led the flower of Craven to the field !  
From Staincliffe, Addingham, and Litton Dale,  
From Linton, Horton Fells, and Pendle Hill,  
From Longstroth, Penigent, and Wharledale,  
Poured forth the loving vassals of thy house !<sup>1</sup>  
But, thou ! — untutored in the wiles of war ;  
Unpractised in the use of sword and lance ;  
Of what avail will be thy single arm ?

*Clif.* Nay, father ! thou thyself a soldier once,  
And, as men say, a doughty one, hast oft  
Explained to me the battle-fields whereon  
Thou foughtest by my dreaded father's side ;  
Shown me the use of column, line, and square,  
Of trenches, palisades, and counterscarps.  
I am young — I am strong of limb — I am stout  
of heart —

I am used to toil — I sleep on beds as hard

<sup>1</sup> See note at the end of the drama.

As the stone vaults in which my sires recline ;  
And, for my skill in weapons, sword and lance,  
Much Master Trafford taught me in the days  
We spent together by her Grace's will.

*F. Fran.* Yes ! she foresaw and reared thee for  
this hour.

I yield, my son ! Yet, hear me, ere we part !  
Go forth ! but wear the breastplate of the soul !  
Equip thee from the armoury of Heaven !  
Let faith and piety thy henchmen be,  
And chastity thy handmaid ! In the camp  
Blush not to own thy God ! The soldier's trade  
Is in itself an honourable one,  
Wer't not that scoffers, gamesters, rufflers, fops,  
Would make it otherwise. Regard the world  
And the world's pleasures as thy deadliest foes !  
Be slow to anger ! lend thine ear to all ;  
Thy confidence to few ! Speak ill of none !  
Respect the faith of others ; guard thy own !  
Seek rather to be loved than to be feared !  
And now go forth and conquer ! All I have —  
The pray'rs and blessings of a weak old man  
Who served thy father, and who loves his son,  
I freely, fondly give thee. [*Embraces him.*] Fare  
thee well !

*Clif.* Farewell, my best, my earliest friend ! —  
Farewell ! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*The Princess* ELIZABETH, MARGARET, *Countess of* RICHMOND, ANNE ST. JOHN, *and female* Attendants.

*Count.* This long suspense grows terrible.

*Anne.* Dear aunt !

So saint-like as thou art, so strong in faith,  
So perfected by penance — sore indeed  
Must be the grief that racks thee so.

*Count.* Sweet Anne !

Go to my lord, who loves thy seraph face,  
And tell him his poor beadswoman entreats  
Five minutes of his time. *[Exit ANNE.*

*[To the Attendants.]* Fair maidens, leave me !  
Should my lord deign to visit me, 'twere meet  
I should confer with him alone. *[Exeunt Attendants.*

And thou,

Dear princess, go and pray for us ! Black clouds  
Are brooding o'er thy kingly house and mine,  
And Heaven alone can succour us.

*P. Eliz.* 'Tis hard

To see thee thus distraught.

*Count.* Yet harder still

To find myself a suppliant to this lord,  
Whom, when we wedded, I so fondly hoped  
To fashion to my will, and by his means



Rebuild the fortunes of my house ! But, low !  
Here comes my jailor and my lord. Farewell !

*P. Eliz.* Farewell ! Nay, kiss me, mother mine !  
and see

Thou bear'st thee bravely with thy lord.

[*Exit P. ELIZABETH.*

*Count.*

Sweet Christ !

Should Margaret of Lancaster, this day,  
Incensed by her hereditary wrongs,  
Outstep the meekness thy example taught,  
Forgive her for her sorrows' sake ! Alas !  
My haughty humour, it may be, has lost  
My noble boy a diadem.

*Enter Lord STANLEY.*

*Stan.*

Methinks

Thy message, Margaret, was a lowly one.

*Count.* My lord ! I am thy prisoner and thy  
wife ;

The last a name, yet both realities,  
And therefore claiming due respect from me.

*Stan.* Nay, Margaret ! not my prisoner, but the  
king's.

*Count.* The king's ! Thou mean'st that robber  
of men's lands

And lives, thou call'st thy sovereign. But enough  
Of sneers and angry tauntings ! Good my lord !  
Two rival hosts are in the field : the peer  
Quakes for his head, the peasant for his home ;  
Yet I, the representative of kings,

And heroes statelier than a race of kings,  
I, — with life, lands, and freedom, all at stake,  
Am left as weetless as the meanest hind  
Of all that passes in the court and camp.  
Ev'n while I speak, my lost, my only one,  
May bleed untended on the battle-field,  
Or else be pent in the dark dungeon-vaults  
Of the fierce king thou servest.

*Stan.* Calm thyself !

When the last tidings left the rebel camp,  
Thy son, Earl Richmond, was unscathed and free.

*Count.* Then there is hope for him, — for  
Lancaster !

Oh ! tell me all thou canst ! Thy liege himself,  
Black though he be, would grant me the poor boon ;  
For I am powerless now to work him harm,  
And my soul's agony is hard to bear.

*Stan.* Last night, Earl Richmond lay encamped  
without

The walls of Lichfield, whereunto the king  
Was marching with twelve thousand men-at-arms  
To give him battle. Scarcely thirty leagues  
May now divide them.

*Count.* Ah ! so near ? My lord !

What numbers lead'st thou to the rendezvous ?

*Stan.* By the last roll from Atherstone, five  
thousand.

*Count.* And these, when joined to the usurper's  
host,

Thou deem'st will render him invincible ?

*Stan.* Armed with such kingly puissance, few  
can doubt it.

*Count.* Yet victory sides not always with the  
strong.

There is a God, to whom revenge belongs,  
Who battles for the cause of innocence.

*Stan.* Thou saidst the same when princely  
Buckingham

Upraised the standard of revolt. That day,  
Bright swords leapt flashing round their chief :  
brave men

Cheered for St. George and Lancaster. And yet  
The elements, without the aid of man,  
Wrecked hopes as high as thine. The mountain-  
rains,

Concentred in an avalanche of floods,  
And leagued with the ungovernable winds,  
Wrenched the tall pine-tree from its giddy height,  
And, freighted by the homestead and the herd,  
Roared down from wild Plinlimmon to the plain,  
Driving the Severn foaming to the sea.

Then Panic took the lead of that pale host :  
Then fled those sacred battalions to their homes ;  
And that proud head that might have graced a  
crown,

Whose lordly bearing mocked the painter's skill,  
Now festers upon Salisbury's battlements.

*Count.* Invoking vengeance on his murderers.  
But, oh, my lord ! the priceless hours speed on.  
I will not deem that in thy secret heart

Thou favourest this foul, disloyal king,  
The murderer of those sleeping innocents,  
Whom, as thyself hast told me, thou hast seen  
Climbing, and prattling on King Edward's knees,  
While their soft sire would press thy hands in  
his,  
And, with his infants' weakness in his eyes,  
Adjure thee, when the vault should close o'er  
him,  
To shield his orphans with a soldier's might,  
And prove the father of the fatherless.  
And thou didst promise what great Edward craved :  
Was it not so, Lord Stanley ?

*Stan.* Urge me not !

Thy tears may grieve, but cannot alter me.

*Count.* Yet, ere too late, bethink thee ! — The  
fair name

Bequeathed thee by thy forefathers, — the oath  
Thou swor'st to thy dead master, — the state's  
weal, —

The weal of unborn millions, — Heaven itself, —  
Cite thee to sweep a tyrant from the earth,  
Or share the doom that waits him. Oh, remember !  
Poor Edmund Tudor was thy friend : he died  
Holding thy hand, and murmuring thy name :  
His orphan is thy stepson ; wilt thou send  
His darling to the headsman ? — Shall he die ? —  
Die in his prime ? — my beautiful, my own ?  
No, no, my lord ! Behold ! upon my knees  
Thus fling I pride and anger to the winds,

And claim thy mercy, pity. [*Kneels.*] Pause, oh,  
pause !

Pause, ere thou leagu'st thee with this murderous  
king !

Pause, ere thou perillest thy soul's repose,  
Here and hereafter !

*Stan.* Prythee, urge me not !

I act but in accordance with the oath  
We swore to him at Westminster : ay, we ! —  
The day we knelt at the Confessor's shrine ;  
That day when Margaret of Lancaster  
Stooped from her pride of ancestry to grace  
The coronation of the man she loathed,  
Nay ! bore Anne Neville's ermine in the show.

*Count.* Ah ! — dar'st thou taunt me with that  
hour of shame ? [*Rising.*]

And have I wept, prayed, knelt to thee in vain ?  
Now ! by the spirit of great John of Gaunt,  
I would not brook this insolence from kings ! —  
When leav'st thou Skipton for the camp ?

*Stan.* Ev'n now  
My vassals wait for me at Atherstone.

*Count.* This is sheer subterfuge : I ask of thee  
When go'st thou forth to combat 'gainst my child ?

*Stan.* To-night !

*Count.* Then I shall live to see the day  
When the chaste banner of thy race will flaunt  
Beside the ravished standard of St. George !

*Stan.* Margaret, thou wrong'st me ! As I live,  
thou wrong'st me !

*Count.* Shame on thee, Lord of Lathom! By  
thine acts,  
Not by thy words, I judge thee.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* Good my lord!  
A breathless herald from the king entreats  
Immediate audience.

*Stan.* Bid him wait! anon  
He shall have speech with me. [*Exit Attendant.*  
Proud Margaret!

I wield not woman's weapons, taunts and sneers;  
Nor would I bandy bitter speech with thee.  
I fence with times when secrecy is strength  
And silence empire. To my God alone  
I answer for my acts. Enough of this!  
Much peril compasses a soldier's life,  
Wherefore, as this farewell may be our last,  
I fain would part in Christian peace with thee,  
Forgiving and forgiven: shall it be so?

*Count.* Far rather would I we had never met!  
Go! traitor to thy God and to thy king!  
If I award thee not a mother's curse,  
'Tis that I'm mute at the behest of One  
Thou hast renounced, I fear, since infancy.

*Stan.* Whom speak'st thou of?

*Count.* That Holy Power who yet  
Will vindicate the right.

*Stan.* Thou know'st me not;  
May'st never know me, Margaret. If we've erred  
From want of mutual charity, I ask,

Was I the only sinner? Was it well  
To treat me as thy dupe? the which thou didst  
Till, to thy sore discomfiture, thou found'st  
That England's suzerainty was mine to give  
Or take from him who wields it? Was it well  
To hold thyself so high above thy lord  
His meanest serfs looked down on him? And yet  
I do forgive thee, as I have pardoned all  
In this my hour of peril. Well I know  
How holy are thy ways; and yet at times  
Thy pride doth so o'ertop thy piety,  
'Twould match the fault by which the angels fell.  
If griefs like thine have failed to humble thee,  
'Tis not from prelates nor lords cardinal  
Thou'lt learn how beautiful is lowliness.  
I should but anger thee by further speech;  
Therefore, — for ever it may be, — farewell!

[*Exit Lord STANLEY.*]

*Count.* Farewell? — oh, monstrous mockery!  
yet, farewell!

God of my fathers! am I wed to one  
Who goes to battle for a murderer? [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*The Princess ELIZABETH and ANNE ST. JOHN.*

*Anne.* A heavy head-gear is a monarch's crown.

*P. Eliz.* Yet, lighter than the miniver that furs

The purple of a queen, are the false love  
And the lip-loyalty men vow to her.  
Dear Anne ! I am the heiress to a throne,  
Yet rather than inherit that proud state  
I would I were a happy peasant-girl,  
Such as I've seen, with water-lilies crowned,  
Dancing and singing round the May-pole tree,  
Where flew my childhood in the summer-halls  
Of the great Edwards, my progenitors !  
I too was happy then. Dear Sheen !<sup>1</sup> ev'n now  
I see thy living landscape 'neath my feet  
Calm as the sleep of infancy. The song  
Of nature's vocalists ; — the blossomed thorns  
Fragrant with nature's frankincense ; — afar,  
The cattle wading in the clear, smooth stream  
And mirrored on its surface ; — the red glow  
Of sunset ; — the white smoke, and the old church  
Half hid by the rich foliage of the grove ; —  
These are thy charms, fair Sheen ! while, fairer  
still,

Winding through bowery meads its silvery way,  
The river, wafting many a graceful bark,  
Glides bright and peaceful as a lovely dream,  
Rend'ring thy lawns a paradise. I would  
I were thy humblest denizen !

*Anne.*

Nay, nay !

Despond not, lady ; peasants have their griefs  
As well as princes.

<sup>1</sup> Now Richmond in Surrey. See note at the end of the drama.



*P. Eliz.* Well, then, gentle one !  
I would I were the daughter of a knight,  
An artless being, loving and beloved,  
As thou art, Anne ! but I shall never love,  
And none will ever love me.

*Anne.* Say not so,  
Sweet princess ! Peerless as thou art in grace  
And loveliness, that man were cold indeed  
Who would not live and die for thee.

*P. Eliz.* Alas !  
So cold is he who is my destiny.  
Dear girl ! I have a secret for thine ear,  
A maiden's secret, — I am free no more.

*Anne.* What meanest thou ?

*P. Eliz.* In peril and in stealth  
Elizabeth of York engaged her troth  
To one, both young and valiant, but whose heart  
Is cold and loveless as an anchorite's.

*Anne.* In peril and in stealth ? — As soon,  
methinks,  
I should expect the glorious stars to stoop,  
And mingle with the common fires of earth,  
As thou, the daughter of so haught a line,  
Descend to such mean wooing.

*P. Eliz.* Nay ! thou wrong'st me.  
My mother, though a simple gentlewoman,  
Matched with a king, and by my father's soul,  
I will not mate beneath her ! He I wed  
Must rank with sceptred monarchs, and in sight  
Of men and saints espouse me. The queen bee

Weds not on earth, but, on her nuptial morn,  
Followed afar by her dun body-guard,  
Mounts with her spouse to the blue heaven, and  
makes

The sun itself her bridal lamp.

*Anne.* And yet,  
Why fling to one who'll toss it back to thee  
A pearl so priceless as thy virgin love?

*P. Eliz.* The daughters of a sceptred line are  
born

The children of their country, and must wed  
Not for their own but for their country's weal.

*Anne.* Dear princess! without boldness may I  
crave

His name whom thou hast linked thy fortunes  
with?

*P. Eliz.* What would'st thou say if 'twere thy  
cousin, Richmond?

*Anne.* Henry of Richmond? — All the saints  
of heaven

Preserve and shield ye both! But has he pledged  
His troth to thee, as thou to him?

*P. Eliz.* He has :  
At Vannes, before the high altar, 'midst the band  
Of noble exiles who partook his fortunes,  
He swore by the true cross his troth to me.

*Anne.* But thou, so sentinelled by curious eyes,  
How found'st thou means to pledge thine own?

*P. Eliz.* One night,  
As I was standing at the lattice bars

Of my stone chamber in the sanctuary  
At Westminster, and shedding bitter tears  
For those who had shared with me, but shared no  
more

Its solitude, there came upon my ear  
The distant chant of the retreating monks,  
Mellowed to such soft cadence as it streamed  
From vaulted transept and from fretted aisle,  
Ne'er angels guided with more soothing strains  
An infant's soul to heaven. A sweet calm  
Stole o'er my heart. The moon was on her  
throne,

And all her courtier stars were out that night,  
Silvering the palace of the Saxon saint,  
The ivied porch and the steeled sentinel,  
And the broad Thames that flowed by them. All  
heaven

And earth were lulled, save, ever and anon,  
Crossing the mirrored glory of the moon  
That played in rippling gold athwart the stream,  
Glided the noiseless flower-boat. More near,  
Before me in its shadowy grandeur loomed  
The black, funereal abbey, in whose vaults  
Lay the once sceptred ashes of the kings  
Who were my ancestors. My thoughts, dear  
Anne,

Were in their tombs with them, when, stealthily,  
One, muffled in a priest's habiliments,  
Yet with a soldier's aspect 'neath his cowl,  
Entered my cell and knelt to me.





Photo-etching from a painting in the collection of the Earl of Essex.

Photo-etching from a painting in the collection of the Earl of Essex.







The morning sunbeams cheered my prison-room,  
 There was such sweet consolement in my thoughts  
 Thou scarce wilt marvel when I tell thee, Anne,  
 That, when my brave ambassador returned,  
 I signed my sceptre and myself away.

*Anne.* Lady! a heavy stake forsooth thou hast  
 Depending on the hazard of these times.

*P. Eliz.* Far heavier than thou reckest of.  
 There's one  
 Who seeks to work me such a cruel wrong,  
 That, should the blessed saints abandon me,  
 I am lost indeed.

*Anne.* Whom speak'st thou of?

*P. Eliz.* The king.

*Anne.* The king?

*P. Eliz.* Hush! hush! these very walls  
 have ears,  
 And maidens' secrets should be sacred things.  
 Yet list to me! This most incestuous king,  
 Despite our close affinity of blood,  
 Would wed with me; — ay! sweetheart, wed with  
 me, —

His own most wretched niece, in hopes to found  
 A dynasty as foul as Lucifer's.

*Anne.* The saints preserve thee! 'twere too  
 terrible.  
 But has he breathed to thee his dire intent?

*P. Eliz.* The tomb had scarcely claimed the  
 broken heart  
 Of my poor cousin, his most gentle queen,

When in his mourning weeds, which were a shame  
And mockery of his widowhood, he sought me  
Here in this very chamber. At his beck  
My trembling handmaids left me, and I stood  
Facing my brother's murderer, — him who killed  
Poor Edward for his envied diadem,  
And, not contented with one innocent life,  
Slew in his sleep the gentlest, loveliest child  
That ever murmured the sweet name of sister ;  
Who, more than to his mother, clung to me ;  
Who wept his last tear on my cheek, and when  
They tore him from us, — ere the closing door  
For ever parted us, looked back on me  
His last sad smile, as if to comfort me,  
Before he passed to heaven. Why! ev'n the  
fiends

Had shrunk from injuring such sinless babes,  
Lest the whole angel host should arm for them.

*Anne.* And thou didst tax the tyrant with his  
crimes ?

*P. Eliz.* No, Anne! I dared not. — As the  
dove might feel

In the hawk's talons, with the hawk's bright eye  
Fixed mercilessly on her, so I felt,  
And speech forsook me in my mortal dread.

*Anne.* What passed then 'twixt thee and the  
caitiff king ?

*P. Eliz.* At first he spake in parables ; but  
soon,

By the quick passionate pleading of his voice,

And an unholy lustre in his eyes,  
His true and terrible meaning flashed on me.  
He would have wound his arm, his withered arm,  
Around me ; but Heaven gave me speech and  
strength,

And by a cry of desperate agony  
I brought my startled handmaids to my side.  
They saw not, — what I saw, — the glance of hate  
That changed as quickly to a devilish smile.  
Fair maids, he said, were easily unnerved ;  
A spider or a mouse had frightened me.  
And thus, in seeming mirth, he went his way.

*Anne.* And has he sought thee since ?

*P. Eliz.* No ! — all the saints  
Of heaven be praised ! — he has not ; yet he writes  
As if our nuptials were ordained by fate,  
And my refusal or consent were naught.  
But let us hence ! the thought of this grim king  
Congeals my very life-blood ; and withal  
The Lady Margaret waits for us ; come, Anne !

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A grove near Skipton Castle.*

*Enter Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY and TRAFFORD.*

*Brak.* Trafford, well met !

*Traf.* Thou hast just left my lord ?

*Brak.* I have.

*Traf.* What answer sends he to the king?

*Brak.* It sounded smoothly; "Tell his Grace,"  
he said,

"I am so beholden to my rightful liege,  
I'll head my vassals ere he breaks his fast."

*Traf.* Lurked there no cozenage, think'st thou,  
in his words?

Which liege designed he? — Richmond or the  
king?

*Brak.* Richmond, perchance, but he'll be stanch  
enough.

*Traf.* Why think'st thou so?

*Brak.* Because the king has seized  
The being whom he loves the most on earth,  
His young, fair boy, Lord Strange; and should  
thy lord

Swerve one iota from his loyalty,  
The king will hang his darling, as he'd hang  
A yelping cur that broke his midnight slumber.

*Traf.* Knows my lord this?

*Brak.* Yes, by the king's command  
I've warned him of the peril; 'twas for this  
I journeyed here.

*Traf.* How bore he the hard threat?

*Brak.* Methought I marked a quivering of the  
lip,  
And a convulsive clenching of his hand;  
Yet, maybe, I misread him. Mark me, Trafford!  
This high-born lord, despite his pleasant speech  
And easy courtesy, hides iron nerves,

And hatches deep conspiracies which yet  
May shake King Richard's sovereignty ; nay, more,  
So wary and astute his nature is,  
I doubt if he'd entrust, in these wild times,  
His thoughts to his own shadow. Watch him  
well !

Watch him, I say, and watch more closely still  
The Lady Margaret ! Thou dost not think  
She shares the secrets of her lord ?

*Traf.*

Egad !

She gleans as little of her lord's intents  
As knows an unborn infant of its sire's.  
But, tell me ! — you received my last despatch  
Touching my lady's treason ?

*Brak.*

Yes, my friend,

And laid it, as you wished, before the king.

*Traf.* 'Tis evidence no more ? — 'tis burnt —  
destroyed ?

*Brak.*

Undoubtedly.

*Traf.*

Thou swear'st it is ?

*Brak.* I swear it.

*Traf.* 'Tis well ; now tell me further ! — does  
the king

Ere deign to speak of my poor services ?

*Brak.* It was but yesterday he mentioned thee,  
And pleasantly enough withal.

*Traf.*

What said he ?

*Brak.* He said, forsooth, thou wert a clever  
rogue,

And in good time he would reward thy zeal.

*Traf.* A rogue? — he called me rogue? — damnation, man!

What meant he?

*Brak.* Surely, if thou play'st the spy,  
And turn'st informer 'gainst the princely dame  
Who reared thee, roofs thee, loves to see thee  
    ' decked

In purple and fine linen, 'twere in jest  
Were men to dub thee honest.

*Traf.* [*Aside.*]                      He speaks true;  
I am a rogue, yet was not always one, —  
At least not quite a villain, till I nursed  
This fatal passion.

    [*Aloud.*] Hear me, Brakenbury!  
Most men have wherewithal to win them brides;  
At worst they have honest parentage; but I, —  
Because no shaveling joined my mother's hand  
With his who foully wronged her, am a mark  
For my proud kinsmen, my own flesh and  
    blood,  
To curl their lips and shrug their shoulders at.  
But, by St. Paul, I will be quits with them!  
The time may come, believe me, Brakenbury!  
When the spurned base-born castaway shall  
    win

The daintiest daughter of their line. That day,  
I'll brand a bar on their escutcheonry,  
That shall repay them back my mother's wrongs,  
The whilst I glut my love and my revenge.  
Meanwhile, I bide my time!

*Enter Lord STANLEY, unperceived.*

*Stan.* [*Aside.*]                   He bides his time !  
What means the varlet ? But, whate'er his gist,  
I must not play the eavesdropper. [*Exit STANLEY.*

*Brak.*                                   Methinks,  
Thou art a bold conspirator to stake  
Thine all against such odds ; yet, as I live,  
Thy stars look fair to back thee. But farewell !  
I've a long ride before me, and the king  
Frowns somewhat grimly, when his servants loiter.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

*Traf.* My mother ! — hadst thou lived, thou  
might'st have weaned  
Thy son from a dark lot. When I recall  
Thy soft blue eyes, and the big tears they shed  
Over my graceless boyhood, there are times  
It so afflicts me that I wrung thy heart,  
That, wert thou still upon this earth, methinks  
I'd tread this silken finery in the dust,  
Hurl back upon the world the world's contempt,  
And, rich in thy affection, share thy home,  
And eat with thee the bread of bitterness.

*Clif.* [*Within.*] Trafford ! — what ho there !

*Traf.* [*Aside.*]                   Curses on that voice !  
And yet, slight fool, I thank thee ! thou hast  
roused

Thy rival from a maudlin reverie  
That might have changed his destiny. Fool, fool !  
Shall I recant, repent me, and become

A driv'ling penitent, confess to priests  
And number aves upon beads? Nay, more!  
Shall Martin Trafford let the man he loathes  
Wed with the maid he dotes on? Hell itself  
Has no worse torment than that thought! By  
heaven!

If hate, ambition, love, or subtlety,  
E'er won a woman 'gainst her will, I'll win her  
Though all the fiends opposed me. Men may  
thwart,

May crush — but they shall fail to wring from me  
This passion and fixed purpose of my life.

*Clif.* [*Within.*] Trafford! — what ho there!

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] Every curse attend  
Upon thy noisy clamouring! [*Aloud.*] What ho  
there! —

What ho! — dear friend; I've sought thee every-  
where. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*Apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*Countess of RICHMOND and ANNE ST. JOHN.*

*Count.* Dear Anne, how changed thou hast  
seemed of late! 'tis true,  
We all have cause for sadness, but thou'rt young,  
And youth should smile on sorrow. Can it be  
Thy shepherd-lover has proved false? Nay, sweet-  
heart!



Blush not ; nor look so gravely ; if he has,  
I'll never more believe there's truth in man.

*Anne.* Oh, name him not, dear lady ! If I  
blushed,

'Twas that I ever loved him.

*Count.* And thou still  
Dost love him, Anne ; for mere indifference  
Ne'er wore so wan an aspect.

*Anne.* Nay, believe me !  
He is no more to me than Martin Trafford,  
Or any other gallant thou might'st name.

*Enter TRAFFORD, unperceived.*

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] No more to her than Martin  
Trafford, said she ?  
Yet Martin Trafford may prove more to thee  
Than thou suspectest, proud one.

[*Comes forward.*  
Noble lady !

I bear this packet from Sir Launcelot,  
Who sends with it his reverent love and duty.

*Count.* How fares the brave old knight ?

*Traf.* Right well in health ;  
And fain, but for his years, would break once more  
A lance in cause of Lancaster.

*Count.* How fare, too,  
My humble friends, good Bartram and his wife,  
And Master Henry ?

*Traf.* They are stout and well.  
As for my friend, he will be here anon ;

At least he said he would, to prove his zeal  
By offering his poor service to your Grace.

*Count.* He said he would? what mean'st thou?

Well I know

Not ev'n thyself, much as thou lov'st me, Trafford,  
Would speed more promptly to my aid.

*Traf.* I know  
My friend's devotion to your Grace; yet love  
May steal a march on duty.

*Count.* Speak more plain,  
And tell me what thou hintest at.

*Traf.* Unless  
The village gossips wrong him, he's enslaved  
By Bartram's pretty daughter, and her tears  
May ev'n outweigh his duty to your Grace.

[*ANNE starts.*

*Count.* [*Aside to ANNE.*] Nay, Anne, believe  
it not! I no more doubt

His loyalty in love, sweet, than thine own.

[*To TRAFFORD.*] We'll not detain thee, Trafford;  
thou hast rid

Both far and fast, and must need food and quiet.

[*Exit TRAFFORD.*

*Anne.* Dear aunt!

*Count.* Well, Anne?

*Anne.* He will be here anon.

*Count.* Who, dearest?

*Anne.* Clifford; — prythee tax him not  
With chilled or changed affections. I am sad,  
Most sad, yet not for worlds I'd have him think

Thou wert my intercessor for his love :  
Promise thou wilt not.

*Count.* Well, I promise thee.  
But, see — he comes !

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Clif.* [*Aside.*] How pale and sad she looks !  
What can have changed her thus ?

*Anne.* Dear aunt, I'll leave thee ;  
Doubtless thou hast much to say to Master Henry,  
Were best imparted to his private ear.

*Clif.* If I intrude on thee, forgive me, lady !  
[*Exit ANNE.*]

*Count.* Accept my thanks, my heartfelt thanks,  
dear friend,  
For this prompt proof of thy regard.

*Clif.* Dear lady !  
I do no more than honour, gratitude,  
Alike demand of me. This night I speed  
To offer service to the earl, thy son :  
Thy blessing and my father's sword are all  
I came to sue thee for.

*Count.* There spake the blood  
Of Clifford and Plantagenet ; and yet  
How gladly would I thou hadst studied more  
In that great university, the world,  
Whose chiefest study is to know ourselves,  
Its next to know mankind. But thou art young  
And pure in heart, and such th' Almighty loves ;  
For such the angels arm themselves.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* Sir Reginald  
Entreats a private audience with your Grace.

*[Exit Attendant.]*

*Count.* Sir Reginald arrived! and from the  
camp

With tidings of my son! Dear friend, excuse me!  
I am a mother, and a mother's fears  
Make eager questioners; at present leave me.  
Yet, stay! the weapon thou so valuest  
Hangs where thou weetest. Take it! 'tis thine  
own:

Take it! — and wear it in the holiest cause  
Which soldier ever fought or woman prayed for.

*Clif.* That sad memorial of my sire's renown  
Should teach his son to triumph or to die.  
For this and all thy goodness angels bless thee!

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

TRAFFORD and ANNE ST. JOHN.

*Traf.* I fear my words have angered thee?

*Anne.* Nay, nay!

I sought to learn the worst. If I let fall  
Some foolish tears, impute them not to aught  
But maiden pride, since one I favoured so

Could fling me from him like a flower whose  
bloom

Rude hands have left to perish. But I feel  
Quite cheerful now, — quite cheerful.

*Traf.* Nay! by heaven,  
Thou weapest still! and with thine eloquent grief  
Blends a persuasive loveliness might rouse  
Armed hosts to win a world for thee. Right well  
I know my friend, and strange indeed it were  
If he should still prefer a village wench  
To thee, the high-born and the beautiful.  
Believe me! — when I tell him of these tears  
He'll not be long a truant from thy side.

*Anne.* Nay! Martin Trafford, tell him not I  
wept!

I do implore thee, tell him not I wept!  
Think'st thou I'm sunk so low as to have grown  
The object of his pity? Dost thou deem  
That, like his hawk, I can be whistled back  
Whene'er it pleases him? Oh! Martin Trafford,  
He must have changed, indeed, since thou, his  
friend,

Canst plead no better in thy friend's defence.

*Traf.* Yet still thou lov'st him?

*Anne.* Love him? — oh, no, no!  
Approached he now, and, kneeling at my feet,  
Presented me a queenly diadem,  
I'd spurn the glittering bauble, and still more  
The perjured heart that proffered it. But fain  
I'd learn who told thee I returned his love.

*Traf.* Nay, nay! it matters little; and withal  
My answer might offend thee.

*Anne.* For the sake  
Of happier days that may be ours no more,  
Our infant friendship, and our mutual home,  
I do implore thee, — answer me!

*Traf.* Alas!  
I must confess it was my friend who told me.  
[*Aside.*] She knows not how I fooled him of his  
secret.

*Anne.* Ah! — has he grown so mean as to betray  
My maiden weakness?

*Traf.* Nay! it needs must be  
That thou shouldst scorn him thus. I loved him  
well,  
And fain had screened his baseness; but the sight  
Of gentleness so wronged, and charms so spurned,  
Stirs such resentment in me, that henceforth  
I'll hold him as my enemy. Oh, fool!  
To fling away such bliss! If but one tear,  
Of all thou hast shed for him, might fall for me,  
I had given worlds had I but worlds to give.

*Anne.* Nay, Martin Trafford! mock me not, I  
pray,  
With such unmeaning compliments.

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis said  
A maid forsaken is a maid half won;  
If so, my suit speeds bravely.

[*Aloud.*] Hear me, lady! —  
Hear me, — I pray thee! for I worshipped thee

When others did but love thee. While my friend —  
For friend he was — seemed heart and soul thine  
own,

I quelled within me life's most cruel grief,  
Love that hope never smiles upon. But now  
That thou art free, as he is false as hell,  
Despite myself my thoughts force utterance. —  
Lady, I love thee ! passionately love thee !  
Oh, give me hope ! — hope distant as thou wilt,  
Still, let me hope ! Bethink thee ! o'er these halls  
Fate broods, like a charged thunder-cloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*] That blast  
Summons to judgment — it may be, to death —  
The saintly dame who reared us both. Ere morn,  
Thou may'st be homeless, portionless : thy friends  
Arraigned, — attainted ; — in thine hour of need,  
When towers the headsman and when gleams the  
axe,

Whom wilt thou have to trust to ? Trust in me !  
I have a heart to dare, a hand to strike ;  
I have friends at Richard's court ; oh, trust in me !  
Oh ! bid me be thy champion, guardian, friend,  
And I will win for thee a brighter name  
Than that my rival scorns to share with thee !  
Nay ! lady, frown not ! for ne'er devotee  
Knelt to a virgin-saint with lowlier zeal  
Than now I kneel to thee, thou peerless one !  
On whose dear accents hangs my future fate  
For evil or for good.

[*Kneels.*]

Anne. Unhand me, sir ! —

*Traf.* Nay, hear me! —

*Anne.* Rise, sir, instantly! what mean  
These empty ravings? Thou presum'st too far  
Upon my easy nature, Master Trafford.

*Traf.* Ravings! — If gazing upon eyes more  
bright

Than those the angels sinned for, — if the sound  
Of accents sweeter than the vows they poured  
To earth's enamoured daughters, could provoke  
Man's soul to frenzy, then, indeed, I rave;  
I can no longer quell this burning flame,  
Nor govern thoughts that are ungovernable.

*[Rises and approaches her.]*

*Anne.* Stand off! — I do command thee, Master  
Trafford!

Thou dost forget my station and thine own.  
Were my proud aunt to trow thine insolence,  
This night might be the last that Skipton's towers  
Would roof the frenzy of her base-born page.

*Traf.* *[Aside.]* Ah! dares she taunt me with  
my tainted birth?

Then will I win, and sacrifice to hate,  
If not her love, yet her who scorns me so.  
But I must keep this folly from her Grace.

*[Aloud.]* Lady! 'tis true; — I've sinned, — I am  
mad, indeed;

Yet, deem it my misfortune, not my crime,  
That I so loved thee, and so boldly spake  
That which I felt so wildly. Pity me!  
And, oh! forgive him who was once thy friend,



Albeit an humble one, and one who ne'er  
By word or deed provoked thee till this hour.

*Anne.* Ev'n as thou actest will I act by  
thee ;

But, at thy peril, let me hear no more  
Of this presumptuous courtship ! *[Exit.*

*Traf.* Still I'll win her !  
By all the saints, I'll win her ! By my means  
Lord Stanley crushed, — her kindred in the  
Tower, —

I'll to the king, who owns I've served him well,  
And claim this proud one's hand as my reward.  
'Twere hard indeed if he refuse the boon. *[Exit.*

#### SCENE V.

*The great hall in Skipton Castle.*

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter Cardinal BOURCHIER,  
Lord STANLEY, and other Lords ; a Sergeant-  
at-Arms, Scribes, Attendants, Criers, etc. The  
Cardinal and the Lords take their seats on  
raised chairs on the dais.*

*Card.* Call into court, in the king's name, her  
Grace  
Dame Margaret of Lancaster, late styled  
Countess of Richmond !

*Crier.* Come into the court,  
Dame Margaret of Lancaster ! late styled  
Countess of Richmond !

*Enter the Countess of RICHMOND, the Princess  
ELIZABETH, ANNE ST. JOHN, and female  
Attendants.*

*Count.* May I crave, my lords,  
What chance thus graces my poor prison-house  
With this illustrious presence?

*Card.* Haughty dame!  
The king and the High Court of Parliament  
Having adjudged thee guilty of grave crimes  
And misdemeanours, to the prejudice  
And peril of the state, our warrant runs  
To urge thee to confession of thy guilt,  
That, softened by thy penitence, his Grace  
May bate the rigorous verdict of the law.

*Count.* Lord cardinal! and ye, lords temporal!  
Singly, with courtesy I greet ye all,  
Bidding ye friendly welcome to these towers.  
But — for your perjured liege, usurping Gloucester,  
And for his proffered clemency! — bear back  
These words from Margaret of Lancaster!  
Tell him, — ay! in his teeth, and on his throne, —  
She loathes his crimes, she challenges his power,  
And, being guiltless, has no guilt to plead.

*Card.* Bear not thy words rude record to thy  
guilt?  
Doth not thy son, the false-styled Earl of Richmond,  
March with a rabble army through the land? —

Nay ! many deem 'tis for his mother's sake,  
As vaunted heiress to old John of Gaunt,  
He aims to ease King Richard of his crown.

*Count.* Lord cardinal ! — by all the saints, thou  
wrong'st me !

Bear witness, all ye angel-host of heaven !  
That, not for worlds, for me or for my line  
One trembling sinner ere his time should crouch  
Unshriven at God's awful judgment-bar !  
As Heaven's my guide ! I nurse no selfish thought  
To aggrandise myself. My gallant boy,  
As plighted to this peerless maid of York,  
Whose solemn troth he holds, as she holds his,  
Would I encircle with the diadem :  
Thus would I blend the Red Rose with the White ;  
Thus end these ruthless and inhuman feuds ;  
Give peace to the distracted commonwealth ;  
Spread learning and religion through these isles,  
And earn the blessings of a grateful realm.  
Is this ambition, my lord cardinal ?

*Card.* Madam ! we came to sentence, not to  
try thee.

Wherefore, my lords ! resolving how her heart  
Is numbed by arrogance and obduracy,  
Proceed we to our sentence !

Margaret Beaufort !

Thy peers have found thee guilty of misdeeds  
Whose penalty is death. 'Tis shown, by proofs  
As clear as gospel truths, that privily  
Thou hast conspired against the state : suborned

The king's liege subjects ; sent beyond the seas  
Moneys and writings to thine outcast son,  
Falsely and impiously provoking him  
To wage rebellious war against thy liege,  
His peace and sov'reignty. For these high crimes  
The law deprives thee of thy dignities,  
Thy titles, rank, endowments. Thy domains, —  
Thy castles, fiefs, and seigniories, — the king  
Cedes, for his lifetime, to thy lord ; withal  
At his demise to lapse to the king's Grace  
And the king's heirs for ever. For thy life, —  
Thy forfeit life, — in deference to thy near,  
Though tainted, kinship to his royal house,  
And as a guerdon for the services  
Thy lord has rendered to the state, his Highness  
Doth mercifully spare it.

*Count.* Namest thou  
Gloucester and mercy in one breath, my lord ?  
Great heaven ! what mercy owe I to your liege ?  
Doth he not rob me of my ancestral lands ?  
Rob me of all that smoothed the life he spares,  
The life he would, — but dare not take ?

*Stan.* What say'st thou ?  
He dare not, Margaret ?

*Count.* No, my lords, he dare not !  
He dare not be the first Plantagenet  
To smear the scaffold with a woman's blood :  
And, for the crimes ye charge me with ! I tell ye —  
Could innocence and guilt change seats this day,  
Then I should be your judge, and not ye mine.

For thee, lord cardinal! — I ask of thee  
How many oaths of fealty thou hast broke?  
How many rival dynasties thou'st served?  
How many murdered monarchs thou hast crowned?  
How many hapless heirs to England's crown  
Thine arms have cradled at the font? Go to!  
So well I know thy pliant loyalty,  
That, were the times less rude, and thou as blithe  
As when, of yore, at injured Margaret's court  
A mitre first became thy boyish brow,  
I'd wage my coif against thy cardinal's hat  
That, ere another moon revolve, thou'lt shift  
King Richard's crown to Henry Tudor's brow,  
And bless his bridals with great Edward's child.

*Card.* Madam! —

*Count.* Nay, hear me, my lord cardinal!  
I charge thee! — and I charge ye all, my lords,  
With a most foul betrayal of a cause  
Ye knew was sacred in the eyes of Heaven!  
I charge ye! — that, of yore King Henry's friends,  
Ev'n ere they wrapped him in his gory shroud  
Ye leagued ye with his murderers! ay, leagued ye  
With those accursed parricides who slew  
Young Edward upon Tewkesbury's fatal field!  
Nay, more! — Ingrate apostates that ye are!  
I charge ye! that anon King Edward's friends  
And minions of his splendour, — in the hour  
When stood the death-dew on his stately brow,  
Before the lifted crucifix ye swore  
To guard his orphans and his realm from wrong!

Brave Hastings took with ye, and kept that oath,  
And thereby fell the axe upon the neck  
Of the most gallant, finished gentleman  
That e'er was idolised in court or camp.  
But ye! — how high in power and place ye are!  
Thou, Thomas Bourchier! art lord cardinal;  
Thou, Thomas Stanley! steward of the household,  
Knight of the Garter and high constable;  
No niggard recompense, I trow, my lords,  
For treason to the living and the dead.  
Oh! shame on ye, false lords! foul shame on ye!  
To succour beauty in distress, to dry  
The tears of weeping innocence, methought  
The pleasing office of our holy Church;  
The glory of our Norman chivalry;  
But ye! — unknightly as ye are, would wed  
To infamy and incest the fair maid  
Whose sire showered rank and wealth upon ye; —  
would deck  
The shuddering victim for the nuptial couch,  
And lay her by her brother's murderer!  
Why! — my lord cardinal! the vilest wretch  
Who panders for the passions of your sex,  
And thrives upon the frailty of her own,  
Foul as her commerce is, would scorn a wrong  
So loathsome and so cruel!

*Stan.*

*Margaret!*

Thy words are libels on the Church, no less  
Than treason to the king. Conceivest thou  
We'll yield our judgment at thy woman's beck?

*Count.* Yield at my beck ! And what am I to thee

But the unloved, unsociable dame  
 Thou weddedst for her lands, as I chose thee  
 For the dear-bought protection of thy sword ?  
 Save that my blood was royal as his own,  
 Perchance King Edward, at some Paphian feast,  
 Had flung me to a rake-hell, fool, or fop ;  
 And therefore was I fain to wed with thee ;  
 For when Lord Stanley took the hand I gave,  
 At least, methought, I pledged my troth to one  
 Who had some respect for honour and his God.  
 Yield at my beck ! nay ! but thou didst at hers  
 The crafty Nevilles planted in thy path :  
 When Warwick staked his sister's sickly charms,  
 The Lord of Lathom fell an easy prey.

*Stan.* Now !—by our cold, unconsummated loves !

By the unnatural vow which thou didst take  
 That banished me for ever from thy bed,  
 I brand thy language as most scandalous !  
 Woman !—thou railest at the dead ! Away !  
 She whom thou tauntest is a saint in heaven.

*Count.* My taunt was at the living, not the dead.  
 Farewell, my lords ! I leave ye in the hope  
 Reflection may improve your courtesy,  
 And prayer remove the hardness of your hearts.

[*Exit.*

*Card.* Break up the court ! Should this imperious dame

Provoke her death-doom by her treasonous words,  
Her blood be on her head and not on ours.

*[The court rises. The Cardinal takes the hand  
of the Princess ELIZABETH, whom he leads  
from the hall.]*

*Card.* *[Aside to P. ELIZ.]* Maiden, our churlish  
kinswoman, I ween,  
Would stir thee to mislike of the king's suit?

*P. Eliz.* Mislike, my lord? — thou wrong'st  
her! — ere she named  
His name to me, I loathed him.

*Card.* Ah! — What say'st thou? —

*P. Eliz.* That rather would I the envenomed  
snake

Should writhe around my limbs, and dart at me  
His forked and hissing tongue, than I'd endure  
These monstrous bridals with my uncle, Gloucester!

*Card.* Hush! — To thy chamber, where anon  
I'll seek thee! *[Exeunt omnes.]*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*The Countess and Sir REGINALD BRAY, meeting.*

*Bray.* Peace to these halls and all who dwell  
herein!

*Count.* Thrice welcome! In adversity alone  
We learn the priceless value of a friend.



Thrice welcome then art thou, whose loyal heart  
Has casketed for more than twenty years  
The griefs of Margaret of Lancaster!  
But, say, what news? — what hope?

*Bray.* Not willingly  
I'd crush the hopes which have so long diffused  
Their starlight o'er thy stormy widowhood.

*Count.* Speak, I beseech thee, briefly to the  
point!

*Bray.* Alas! then, — should Lord Stanley join  
the king;  
Nay, more, unless he battles in our cause,  
I fear that Lancaster is lost for ever.

*Count.* I feared as much; yet can it be that  
Heaven  
Will delegate to one weak, wavering man  
A power so absolute for good or ill?

*Bray.* Not ev'n great Warwick was more  
powerful  
To make or unmake kings, than is thy lord  
The arbiter of England in this hour.  
Nay, all men marvel at his subtlety,  
Which, veiling his intents from either side,  
Makes both his wistful suppliants.

*Count.* Alas!  
Fool that I've been in my presumptuous pride  
Of book-lore, such as dreaming pedants vaunt,  
To hold myself a match for one so versed  
In the world's craft and knaveries! Great Heaven!  
Have mercy on a mother's agony!

*Bray.* Lady! by years of penance, tears, and  
prayer,  
Thou hast steeled thy soul with fortitude; yet  
still

I have that to say which may o'er agitate  
A heart too racked already.

*Count.* Ah! my son? —

*Bray.* Is safe, and fondly greets thee.

*Count.* Heaven be praised!  
Against all other griefs I'm adamant.  
Say on!

*Bray.* What soldier, on a battle-eve,  
But feels unbidden memories gush forth  
Of home, and home's pure ties; and the sweet  
smile  
Of some loved mother, sister, wife, or child,  
Whose lips have prayed, whose tears have flowed  
for him?

Such holy thoughts send yearnings to the heart,  
And moisture to the eyes. So yearns my lord,  
Who, ere he arms him for the fight, would fain  
Receive a mother's blessing at thy feet,  
And weep a son's farewell within thine arms.

*Count.* I guess thy meaning; he'll be here  
anon?  
Is it not so?

*Bray.* It is.

*Count.* Yet how evade  
Our watchful warders? will he peril all  
For one sad interview?

*Bray.* Nay, fear not, lady !  
Lord Stanley is a generous foe, who spurns  
Domestic spies, and 'gainst all other risks  
I have provided. Ere an hour has passed,  
Along the secret passages that wind  
From the church-turret to the baron's chamber,  
I'll lead my lord unquestioned to thine arms.

*Count.* Now has one-half my prayers been  
heard by Heaven !  
Now shall I listen to his voice again,  
And fold him in these longing arms once more !  
But, lo ! already gather at the porch  
The men-at-arms who journey with my lord.  
Once more I must confront him ! then, farewell  
Till Heaven conduct thee to the baron's chamber.

*Bray.* Farewell ! and Heaven award thee a  
success  
Worthy the mission it employs thee on ! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*Lord STANLEY seated with two portraits before  
him.*

*Stan.* Blest be the skill that gives us back  
the dead !  
Beautiful Eleanor ! my own dead bride !  
How different wert thou from this moody dame,

Who scorns the unlettered soldier, and accords  
No merit but to scholars and to priests !  
While thou, sweet saint ! wert all in all to me ;  
Proud of thy warrior-lord, as I of thee.  
Why didst thou leave me, Eleanor ? It seems  
But yesterday we strayed through Lathom's  
                    bowers,  
When parting the dark hair from thy pale brow,  
And gazing on thy calm and upturned face,  
I worshipped at the altar of thine eyes,  
And surfeited my soul with loveliness.  
What though the scoffer's calumny were true  
That Warwick triumphed through his sister's eyes ;  
Still, in thy young affections was no guile,  
Nor was it counterfeited tenderness,  
Nor lessons from designing kinsmen learned,  
Which gave such sweet persuasion to thy lips ;  
But love for thy great brother, and thy wish  
To blend my lot with his, as his with mine ;  
'Twas this endued with witchery thy words,  
And made me weaker than I might have been.

[ *Writes.*

So ends my letter to the king ! — Alas !  
This double dealing, this lip-loyalty,  
Are wormwood to an honourable mind.  
Would that by holier means I could preserve  
The life of my poor boy ! If I have erred  
'Tis from the depths of a fond father's love,  
And Heaven in mercy pardon me ! But, see !  
Here comes, unless I rate him wrongfully,

As thorough, smooth-tongued, double-faced a knave  
As ever dabbled in conspiracies.  
And yet, though served by such false followers,  
My wife is angered that I keep from her  
A secret, whose unravelment might steep  
Tower Hill in blood as princely as her own.

*Enter* TRAFFORD.

Pray speed thy business, Master Trafford! time —  
E'en moments now are precious.

*Traf.* Good my lord!  
I need not vaunt my attachment to thy house,  
Whose honoured walls so long have sheltered  
me?

*Stan.* I know that to thy lady's partial love  
Thou art much beholden. Then repay her,  
Trafford,

With that true service she so well deserves,  
And I shall be thy debtor, not thou mine.

*Traf.* 'Tis of my gracious lady I would speak.—  
If one thou lov'st, my lord, intent on death,  
Were rushing tow'rd a frightful precipice,  
Would'st thou not hasten to prevent the deed?

*Stan.* How canst thou doubt it, sir?

*Traf.* Alas, my lord!  
Tow'rd such a precipice now speeds her Grace.  
Her zeal for the lost cause of Lancaster  
Again, I fear, has lured her into plots  
Which, if untangled by unfriendly hands,  
May send her to the scaffold.

*Stan.*

As a spy

Or as a traitor, sirrah ! art thou here  
With such suspicious proof of thy regard ?

*Traf.* By heaven ! as neither. — To thy face,  
my lord,

I tell thee, though it banish me thy halls,  
That had my equal, or my foe, thus spoke,  
Either my life-blood should have stained his sword,  
Or, by St. Paul ! that taunt had been his last.

*Stan.* [*Aside.*] Beshrew the swaggering up-  
start ! — yet perchance

I've wronged him.

*Traf.*

Had I stooped to perpetrate

The cruel ill which thou imput'st to me,  
Long since thy mansions had been desolate ;  
But I was silent for my lady's sake  
Till silence grew a crime. From my first youth  
I have eat thy bread, and warmed me at thy hearth ;  
I ask thee, then ! — if chance disclosed to me  
A traitor prowling in thine inmost halls,  
How would'st thou rate my gratitude, my lord,  
Kept I the treason secret ?

*Stan.*

In these days

Men bide their time : — so runs the phrase, me-  
thinks :

For 'tis not of my coining. If thou art honest,  
I pray thee, bear with me ! If false, forsooth  
Thou dost but ape thy betters. [*Aside.*] Now,  
confound him !

He bears my gaze right calmly.

*Traf.*

Well, my lord !

This morn, as I was strolling by the Aire,  
Screened by the sedges on its tortuous banks,  
Three horsemen, two of them of knightly mien,  
Rode rapidly in sight, their jaded steeds  
Foaming from overspeed. Sir Reginald Bray,  
My lady's trusty servitor, was one,  
Who, parting rev'rently from the other knight,  
Straightway proceeded to the warder's lodge,  
And frankly sought admission to her Grace.

*Stan.* Ah ! — but proceed ! —*Traf.*

Meanwhile, the other knight  
Dismounted with the knave who seemed his  
guide.

'Twas plain the varlet knew his bus'ness well,  
For, choosing the most lone and covert paths,  
He led the stranger to the church, the which  
They entered stealthily. Anon the knave  
Returned alone. I watched him out of sight,  
Then entered too. Just then upon my ear  
There fell the quick sharp clinking of a spring,  
And then the sound as of a heavy slab  
Suddenly falling o'er a hollow space.  
I searched ; but he I sought for was not there ;  
The tombs of the dead Cliffords frowned on me,  
But midst the lifeless I alone had life.

*Stan.* 'Tis strange, — 'tis passing strange, —  
and shall be looked to,

As shall thy friendly zeal. Now prythee speed  
Unto my castellan, and say I need

His instant presence. [*Exit* TRAFFORD.] Yes!  
it must be he!

What motive, save a son's impatient love,  
Could tempt a soldier on a battle-eve  
To play the skulker in a lady's bower?

*Enter* Castellain.

List to me, Master Gizeley! with all speed  
Post half a dozen archers by the porch  
Of the old church, and should knave, squire, or  
knight,

Unknown to thee by name, essay to pass,  
Arrest him! — without force, if possible,  
And with all courtesy. The fewer words  
Ye interchange, the better: bring him here  
Quickly and silently. [*Exit* Castellain.] I have  
here, methinks,

A plan of the old pile, its dungeons, vaults,  
Its hiding-cells and secret passages.

[*Takes a plan from an escritoire and examines it.*  
Here is the Eagle Tower, — and here the court  
Beneath me, with its immemorial yew  
Coeval with the Conqueror. Ah! — what's this  
That, from the baron's chamber to the church,  
Winds round from tower to tower? Ha! ha! I  
have them.

Now to confront the plotters! — my good sword! —  
[*Takes it up.*

Nay, it were best I should go weaponless.

[*Lays down his sword and exit.*



## SCENE III.

*Apartments in Skipton Castle.*

*The Earl of RICHMOND and the Countess of RICHMOND; the Earl entering from a concealed passage and glancing cautiously around him.*

*Count.* [*Embracing him.*] Oh! blessed moment,  
to embrace thee thus,  
So loved, and lost so long! Thou little knowest  
How I have missed thee through the long dull  
years  
That came and went, and yet thou camest not.  
And thou hast sometimes thought of me, dear  
son?  
I know thou hast. The world and the world's  
ways  
Are rocks on which youth's best affections split,  
But thou hast been so loved, so mourned, — so  
long  
My hope, my pride, my all, — I'll not believe  
Thou couldst forget thy mother.

*Rich.* If I did,  
Or ever to my dying hour forget  
Thy long-enduring and most perfect love,  
Then Heaven forget thy son! But why these  
tears?  
Nay, nay, dear mother! if thou weapest thus  
I too shall play the woman, and just now  
I have need of all my fortitude.

*Count.* My tears  
Are tears of joy and gratitude. The blest  
Assurance that I press thy hand in mine,  
Thus kiss thy brow, thus fold thee in my arms,  
Half makes amends for the slow gloomy years  
That I have prayed for thee and wept for thee.

*Rich.* Mother, dear mother !      [*Supports her.*]

*Count.* Nay, I need no help ;  
The foolish fit has left me. Let me look  
Upon thy face ! — 'tis a fair volume writ  
In royal characters, in which command  
And firmness read right legibly. Men say  
Thou art wise and temperate, — and thou fearest  
God ?

Say that thou dost, dear Henry! — why! methinks  
'Twould break my heart wert thou estranged from  
him.

*Rich.* Had I neglected him in court or camp,  
Would he have blessed us with this priceless hour ?  
My mother, my own mother ! if some seeds  
Of piety and truth have taken root  
Within me, and repaid thy tender care,  
They sprang from the rich harvest of thy love,  
To whom I owe life, virtue, knowledge, — all  
That makes man valiant, happy, honourable.

*Count.* Nay! let us speak of thee, dear son!  
 thou seem'st  
 Of graver aspect and of slighter frame  
 Than in my dreams I have pictured thee. Thou too  
 Hast drained the cup of sorrow?



Mother, dear mother! [*Supports her*]

*Margaret, Countess of Richmond.*





*Rich.* And long years  
Have changed thee also, mother mine.

*Count.* Nay, Henry !  
I am not so old, — so very old. That day,  
When on thy coffined father's face I gazed  
My last, and quailed to find myself alone  
In the vast halls which were my heritage,  
I had seen but fifteen summers. Fourteen more  
They left thee with me, and then fourteen more  
I spent in pray'r and penance for this hour.

*Rich.* And Heaven has heard thy pray'rs.

*Count.* It hath, my son ;  
Yet would that thou wert still the joyous child  
That played and prattled round me in our own  
Old home at happy Pembroke.

*Rich.* Would I were,  
So thou wert with me ! I was then as free  
And fearless as the eaglets, that I watched  
Wending their flight above our battlements ;  
Soaring like man's high hopes, to melt, like  
them,  
First into specks, then into nothingness.

*Count.* Nay ! speak not thus despondingly !  
Ambition,  
That aims no higher than base, selfish ends,  
Such as dominion, wealth, vainglory, pomp,  
Is worse than nothingness. But when its proud  
And glorious object is to mitigate  
The amount of human misery, and exalt  
Freedom and virtue over chains and crime,

'Tis then the noblest enterprise for which  
Heaven ever armed its champions. But time  
speeds.

*Rich.* It does ; and ere we part, as part we  
must,

I'd fain, my mother, on my knees receive  
Thy farewell blessing. [*Kneels.*] With thy holy  
prayers,

And Heaven to guide me, I may die the death,  
But shall not dread the despot.

*Count.*

Heavenly Father !

Bless thou, oh, bless my child ! In the dread hour  
When fall the mighty, and when each man's sword  
Is raised against his enemy, be thou

The champion of my loved one ! Grant him faith,  
Strength, valour ! and, if not in vain I have drained  
The cup of anguish to the dregs, — if aught

I have found of favour in thy sight, by years —  
Long years — of fastings, scourgings, tears, and  
prayers,

Then be thou gracious to thine handmaiden,  
And send him back unscathed unto these arms !

Now am I calmer, Henry : fare thee well ! —

Yet, stay awhile ; — give me thy hands ! —

[*She joins them in the attitude of prayer.*

There, there ! —

Again thou lookest like the meek, fair child,  
Who lisped his earliest pray'r to me. Pray thus  
When last thou prayest on the battle-eve !

It will remind thee of a mother's love, —



Perchance her last sad words to thee. But  
hark! —

What noise was that? — Away! — quick, quick! —  
Away! —

Strange steps ascend the stairs. [*Conceals him.*]

*Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*Bray.* [*Hurriedly.*] Compose thyself!  
My lord approaches. [*Exit BRAY.*]

*Enter Lord STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Margaret! what mean  
Thy pallid aspect and thy tottering limbs?  
Shall I reply for thee? Within these halls, —  
Ay! in this very chamber, lies concealed  
A rebel to the king. In the king's name  
Thy lord demands the traitor.

*Count.* Would'st thou turn  
Thy wife's accuser? For myself I care not:  
Arrest! — arraign me! — drag me, if thou wilt,  
To durance and to death! But, oh, my lord! —  
Spare him, I pray thee, who ne'er injured thee!  
Oh! spare him for the Lord of Mercy's sake!

*Stan.* Margaret! — whoe'er he be thou harbourest,  
I must confront him: if alive, 'twere well;  
If not, his blood be on thy head. Now, mark  
me! —  
The secret outlet from the church — nay, start  
not! —

Is guarded by armed men. Should he attempt  
To pass them, he may fight his way to heaven,  
But here on earth there is slight hope for him.

*Count.* Lord Stanley! —

*Stan.* Nay, bethink thee, Margaret!

How soon the handspikes of my armourers  
Would solve the secret of your hiding-place.  
Name, then, the signal which will summon him, —  
Then leave me! — and, by heaven! I swear to  
thee

He shall go forth unscathed! If strife there be  
Between us, I'm in danger of his sword,  
Not he of mine: you see, I am weaponless.

*Count.* My kind, my generous lord! right sure  
I am

Thou would'st not cozen me with treacherous  
oaths;

Wherefore I trust thee, as I trust in Heaven.  
Knock thrice! — and one will answer to thy beck,  
Whom, of all living men, I had wished thy friend;  
But fate ordains it otherwise. Farewell! —  
Farewell, my lord! — And yet, before we part,  
I fain would hear one gentle word from thee,  
That said — we part in kindness. If of late  
I have been waspish and rude-speeched to thee,  
I beg of thee to pardon me.

*Stan.* Most freely;

We all have need of pardon. Margaret! —  
My noble Margaret! — At times I have felt  
That, had we mated in less selfish times,

And when our hearts were younger, we had known  
And loved each other better. Need I say  
I fain would part with thee, as thou with me,  
In Christian kindness? Fare thee well! — Per-  
chance,

To-morrow's fight may be my last : if so,  
I would that sometimes thou should'st think of  
this,

Our first, — our last endearment. [*Kisses her.*  
Fare thee well !

To those, who love as thou dost, well I know  
How dreadful is suspense, and therefore, Margaret,  
I'd fain, but must not now, impart to thee  
Much that thou yearn'st to know ; yet this, at  
least,

I say, to cheer thee when thou'rt oversad, —  
Margaret, I bide my time. — Once more, farewell !  
*Count.* Farewell ! and all the angel host protect  
thee ! [*Exit.*

*Stan.* Now ! to confront my stepson and my  
foe !

Poor Edmund Tudor ! for thy sake, my friend,  
I fain would save thy son. [*Knocks three times.*

*Enter the Earl of RICHMOND.*

*Rich.* Ah ! — who art thou  
Who stoopest to entrap a friendless man ?

*Stan.* For me, — I am the master of these  
halls,  
Thomas, Lord Stanley. I would fain eschew

Vain recognitions in these perilous times,  
Else with more right I might demand of thee,  
Who art thou, who, like a midnight thief, hast  
crept

Into my inmost chambers ; but enough !  
I came not here to bandy angry words,  
And must command like self-control from thee.

*Rich.* Command ? — what mean'st thou by that  
haughty word ?

*Stan.* To-day 'tis mine — it may be yours to-  
morrow —

To use the language of authority ;  
Wherefore I said command. Bethink thee, sir !  
The slightest word or sign of mine would fill  
This chamber with armed men. The dungeon keep  
Is not far off, and, if aright I guess  
Thy name, King Richard were well satisfied  
To pay in golden angels for thy head.  
'Thou hast forgotten I'm high constable,  
Sworn counsellor and liegeman to the king.

*Rich.* If thou provok'st me more, I may forget  
I am thy prisoner.

*Stan.* Nay ! speak less loud.  
My faithful castellan is well apprised  
That Skipton harbours an unbidden guest ;  
And as his only fault is over zeal,  
'Twere just as well he overhear thee not.

*Rich.* I know, my lord, my life is in thy hands ;  
Then either do thy worst, or cease to taunt  
A baffled foe.

*Stan.* Go to! — I did but seek  
To try thy spirit. Wise men, ere they stake  
Their lives and fortunes in another's cause,  
Would fain essay the mettle of their friends;  
And therefore, seeing that the penalty  
Of harb'ring the king's enemies is death,  
Thou must not murmur if I sought to test  
Thy spirit, ere I risked my head for thee.

*Rich.* My lord! I cannot blame thee: if my  
words  
Have angered thee, I pray thee pardon them.

*Stan.* Nay! I'm not angry; thou art much  
too like  
A loved companion whom I lost in youth,  
That I should long be wroth with thee.

*Rich.* My lord!  
Thy words are words of kindness; then what  
need  
Of this ambiguous language? Were it not  
Far better to discard misgiving thoughts,  
And, trusting to each other's knightly faith,  
Transplant our secrets to each other's breasts?

*Stan.* Not yet: now list to me! To-morrow  
night  
Meet me at Atherstone; thou see'st this ring;  
Fear not to trust him who will bring it thee;  
He will contrive our meeting.

*Rich.* Why not now  
Explain thy purpose?

*Stan.* Nay, it cannot be.

Farewell! — yet stay! — thou must not quit these  
halls

The way thou camest. Tell my lady wife  
The garden-wicket by the Eagle Tower  
Shall be unlocked; she will devise the rest.  
Her aching heart, I fear, but ill endures  
This long suspense: once more, then, fare thee  
well!

*Rich.* Farewell, until we meet at Atherstone!  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The garden below Skipton Castle.*

TRAFFORD, *solus.*

*Traf.* I'd stake my hopes of knighthood to  
resolve

The name of this same gallant who has made  
My lady's eyes so moist, and stirred my lord  
To play the rebel, — a false move for which  
I thank him, as King Richard will thank me  
When I report the perfidy.

At dusk

I meet the stranger by the Eagle Tower,  
And guide him to the river, where, no doubt,  
My crafty friend, Sir Reginald, has secured  
Fresh horses for their midnight ride. Suppose,  
then,

This gallant and the rebel earl are one? —

'Tis scarcely credible, and yet, perchance,  
'Twill so betide ; — what then ? — He needs must  
tread

The chamber of the Lady Anne, from whence  
The steps descend upon the terrace walk ;  
What then, again ? — he's near allied to her ;  
Therefore, in common courtesy, must bide  
To greet his gentle cousin. 'Twas well thought of,  
And promises more mischief than I've hatched  
Since Sunday se'nnight ; but, behold ! here comes  
My love-sick rival.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

Welcome, Master Henry !  
How fares it with thee ? Sorely grieved I am  
To see thee so downhearted. Hast thou met  
The Lady Anne since thy arrival here,  
For she alone, I ween, could move thee thus ?

*Clif.* Trafford ! I have ; and with such scorn-  
fulness

She greeted me, my soul is wrung with anguish.

*Traf.* Then still thou fanciest, — nay, start  
not, man,  
Before my words have left my lips ! — that love  
Has played thee false, and cursed thee with a  
rival ?

*Clif.* Trafford ! I never thought so, till thyself  
Surmised the damned doubt.

*Traf.* Then there is none  
Whom thou suspectest ?

*Clif.* None, by heaven! — Dost thou  
Presume to doubt her?

*Traf.* Nay, nay! 'tis her scorn  
Has jaundiced thy perception.

*Clif.* Why then look  
A language which belies thy words?

*Traf.* Hast heard  
That, pleading sudden ailment as the cause,  
The Lady Anne has kept her bower since noon?

*Clif.* I have: — I learned it from her tire-  
woman,  
Whom now I crossed by accident.

*Traf.* 'Tis strange.

*Clif.* Great heaven! what's strange?

*Traf.* Nay, fear not for her health;  
Her ailment is not mortal. One word more; —  
This morn, when thou departedst from her  
Grace,  
Was there a gallant with her? — one of fair  
And winning presence?

*Clif.* There was none with her  
Except Sir Reginald; who should there be?

*Traf.* Except Sir Reginald?

*Clif.* Why echoest thou  
My simple words? Had peer or knight arrived,  
The sentry's challenge and the warder's horn  
Had heralded his coming. My Lord Stanley  
Has left no guests at Skipton. Whence, then,  
sprang  
This phantom visitor?



*Traf.* It matters not :  
Enough ! — I have earthed the intruder.

*Clif.* And he's here  
Without her Grace's ken, — or canst thou mean  
She harbours him unworthily ?

*Traf.* Nay, nay !  
Had I presumed to hint a dame so grave,  
So holy, so decorous, ripe in years,  
Could entertain a secret paramour,  
Fool were too fair a name for me. Believe me !  
There's daintier game at Skipton. Canst thou  
name  
No lovelier, likelier lady ?

*Clif.* Martin Trafford !  
Thou dar'st not mean the Lady Anne ! By  
heaven !  
Had other than my friend ev'n looked that hint  
I had called him liar in his teeth.

*Traf.* I sought  
To root a hopeless passion from thy breast,  
And thou retortest with insulting words.  
Is this a friend's fit treatment of a friend ?  
Till thou'rt thyself again I'll leave thee. [*Going.*

*Clif.* Stay !  
I pray thee, stay ! I know thou meanest well,  
Although thou speakest tortures.

*Traf.* Ay ! and stir  
Thy waspish wrath again.

*Clif.* Nay, bear with me !  
I will be calm ; hate should be ever calm.

*Traf.* Then listen! — Should I give thee ample proofs

That in the very chamber of thy love  
Lurks the spruce errant knight I told thee of,  
Wilt thou not thank me for untramm'ling thee  
From this unworthy thralldom?

*Clif.* Saidst thou proofs? —  
They lied who used that word to thee.

*Traf.* Well, well!  
Meet me at dusk beneath the Eagle Tower,  
And thou thyself shalt witness to their truth.

*Clif.* And why not now convince me, Martin  
Trafford?

Doubt is so dreadful I would learn the worst,  
Ev'n though thy words sent arrows through my  
heart.

*Traf.* Nay, nay! it is impossible. Remember!  
'Tis but an hour's uncertainty; — farewell!

[*Going.*

*Clif.* Wherein, ye guardian saints! have I so  
sinned  
That I should merit this great misery? [*Exit.*

*Traf.* Hate should be calm, he said: and he  
said well.

Hate should present the lull before the storm,  
Stifled, but charged for bursting. Such is mine!  
Such, for my purpose, will I make this dullard's!

[*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

*The hall in Skipton Castle.*

CLIFFORD, *solus*.

*Clif.* This, then, my murdered father ! was thy sword,  
Grim with the blood of Rutland and of York !  
Fear not thy son will shame it.

Let me look,  
Albeit my last, upon this bannered hall  
Where frown the pictured heroes of my race  
Amidst the trophies which their valour won.  
Ye great and glorious men of a past age !  
How am I fallen from your high estate !  
Not one of you but rode to fame or death,  
Followed by squires and knights, and loyal bands  
Of steeled and plumed retainers ; yet your heir  
Rides forth alone and bannerless. Alas !  
My vassals know me not ; my very name  
Passed from me with my childhood ; ev'n the dogs,  
Whose fathers fawned on and were fed by mine,  
Snarl at their vagrant chief. But ye ! ye lords  
Of a lost heritage ! why look ye down,  
So fierce and so reproachful, on the last  
Of your long ancestry ? is mine the fault  
If on the bloody battle-field ye sleep  
Shroudless and tombless ? Ye at least achieved  
The fame of heroes, — happier in your deaths

Than I, your living offspring. When ye died,  
Fair cheeks were blanched, and brave and faithful  
hearts

Mourned for their warrior lords ; but if I fall,  
No eye will shed one tear for me. Yet, Anne !  
How often, when I've pictured the sad hour  
That fate might tear me from thee, have I deemed  
A parting tear might fall upon my breast  
Dropped from thine angel eyes, and, if I fell,  
That thou would'st mourn me as my sires were  
mourned !

But I unman myself ; enough of this !  
No wonder that yon bearded chiefs look down  
With stern displeasure on their recreant heir.

*Enter ANNE ST. JOHN.*

The Lady Anne?"—[To ANNE.] My presence here, I fear,

May savour of intrusiveness, and yet  
Believe me, lady ! accident alone  
Has thrown my unwelcome shadow 'cross thy path.

*Anne.* These are cold words to pass 'twixt thee  
and me.

What if I sought thee, Henry?

*Clif.* May I crave, —

So scornful as this very morn thou wert, —  
What moves thee, lady, so to honour me?

*Anne.* Because—thou wert my playmate,  
brother, friend,  
In happy childhood. Thou hast done me wrong ;

Didst pledge thy troth to me, yet break that troth,  
Making me scorned of others and myself.  
Yet I forgive thee, Henry ! for the sake  
Of our young love, and the remembered time,  
When, side by side, and hand in hand, we strayed  
Along the greenwood and the rivulet,  
Deeming each copse a paradise, that roofed  
The primrose and the bluebell. Thou go'st forth  
To battle with the ruthless ; and if death  
Should be thy lot, and the red earth thy grave,  
'Twould rack me to my dying hour to think  
I had let thee part from the old hall, nor spake  
One kind — one last "God speed thee." But  
thou stand'st

With haughty aspect and with folded arms,  
As if 'twere I who had wronged thee, not thou me.

*Clif.* Now ! by that Heaven who reads thy  
heart and mine !

And by this sword my dying father grasped !  
I swear I never wronged thee !

*Anne.* Say'st thou so ? —  
Then we are friends, dear trusting friends, again ?  
Oh, tell me that we are ! — Thou answerest not !

[*Takes his hand.*

Canst feel no tear fall on thy hand ? — Canst hear  
No heart throb louder than thine own ? — What !  
— cold

And unrelenting still ?

*Clif.* Nay, nay ! — not cold :  
Far rather than endure this frantic hour

I'd lay my sorrows in thy lap and die,  
Drinking those silvery syllables that melt  
Like music from a viewless harp o'er which  
The night-breeze sighs its requiem. — Lady! —

*Anne.*

Nay! —

Call me not lady! Call me, as of yore,  
Thy joy, thine own, thy loved one! and, anon,  
When the last echo of thy horse's hoofs  
Shall leave these chambers comfortless, my tears  
Shall flow less wildly for that blest farewell.

Alas! — wherein have I offended thee?

Why drops thy hand thus listless from my own?

*Clif.* Because the henbane's roots are round  
my heart;

Because I know not woman and her wiles;

Because yon frowning forefathers of mine

Look down and bid me shun thee. — Maiden, hear  
me!

Have we not watched on many a gusty night  
Black vapours struggling with the virgin moon,  
Like fiends enraged with Heaven? — her bright  
orb

Awhile imprisoned in their foul embrace;

Anon to wend again her glorious way,

Steeping the world in loveliness?

*Anne.*

Alas!

Thou speak'st in parables. I pray thee, solve them!

*Clif.* Know, then! the moon is thy fair fame:  
the mists

Are doubts that cloud its brightness.

*Anne.* Not of yore  
 Thus churlishly thou spak'st on the fair nights  
 We watched the moon together. — Shame on thee !  
 Had angels told me half an hour ago  
 Such heartless words could pass Lord Clifford's  
 lips,  
 I had not believed them.

*Clif.* Half an hour, say'st thou ?  
 'Tis a brief space ; and yet one brief half-hour  
 May wither a whole life. In half an hour  
 Either I prove thee chaste as Heaven, and hate  
 These lips that have so slandered thee, —

*Anne.* Or else ? —

*Clif.* We have met to meet no more.

[*Exit* CLIFFORD.]

*Anne.* Gone ! — has he gone —  
 Without one gentle word, one parting look ? —  
 Oh, cruel, cruel Clifford ! — My fair fame  
 Aspersed, my love repulsed, my tears despised,  
 By Clifford, too ! I should be wroth with him, —  
 Should hate him, fly from him ; but he may die,  
 And then — O dreadful thought ! O heavy  
 hour ! —

So woebegone, so crushed, so lone, I am,  
 My heart will burst from very wretchedness.

*Enter the Princess ELIZABETH.*

*P. Eliz.* Weep not, dear Anne ! All will be  
 well again,  
 With thee if not with me : nay, prythee weep not !

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* Madam ! a knight, in the king's name,  
entreats

Instant and private speech with thee.

*P. Eliz.* Admit him !

I have no choice but to receive the knave.

[*Exit Attendant.*

[*To ANNE.*] Sweetheart, cheer up ! I'll seek thee  
presently,

And learn what causes these fresh tears of thine.

[*Exit ANNE.*

*Enter Sir SIMON DIGBY.*

[*Aside.*] Ah ! the stout knight my father loved  
so well ?

[*Aloud.*] If I mistake not, thou'rt Sir Simon  
Digby,

Who, side by side with my great father, charged  
At Somerset's doomed throat at Tewkesbury.

Alack-a-day ! truth must have flown the earth  
When such as thou prove false.

*Digby.* By the gilt spurs

Thy sire begirt me with on Barnet field !

By these gray hairs, oft perilled in his cause !

I merit not this scorn from thee !

*P. Eliz.* Away !

Thou wear'st the livery of perjured Gloucester,

Who slew my brother and usurps his crown,

Yet dar'st to say thou'rt honest ! Get thee hence !



King Edward's daughter has her sire's disdain  
For renegades and time-servers.

*Digby.*

By heaven!

These are harsh words to greet a soldier's ear.  
Lady! —

*P. Eliz.* Nay, tell thine errand, sir, and leave  
me!

I fain would be alone again.

*Digby.*

Alas, then!

The king entreats your Highness to accept  
My humble escort, and this night depart  
For Leicester, where he tarries for your Grace.

*P. Eliz.* What warrant hast thou for this rude  
behest?

*Digby.* His Grace's signet-ring and this fair  
scroll

Writ by his royal hand : his Highness adds,  
That for the due observance of your state,  
The Lady Margaret of Lancaster  
Will journey in your Grace's train to Leicester ;  
At least, he so entreats of her.

*P. Eliz.*

Alas!

Entreaty and command, in these wild days,  
Bear but the same rude meaning. Leave me, sir!  
Your liege shall be obeyed.

*Digby.*

[*Aside.*] She little deems

What perils I would risk for her.

[*Exit.*

*P. Eliz.*

Assuredly

I must obey ; yet, strange to say, I quail not.  
'Tis true, I shall be nearer my grim uncle,

Yet better be environed with armed hosts  
Than caged in these lone halls. And now, adieu,  
Ye gloomy towers of Skipton! and Heaven grant  
That, save I visit you as England's queen,  
I ne'er may cross your dismal courts again! [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

*A terrace below Skipton Castle.*

TRAFFORD *and* HUBERT.

*Traf.* Hubert, thou lov'st thy mistress? From  
thy birth,

Her Grace has ever favoured thee.

*Hub.* I owe her  
More than I e'er can pay her.

*Traf.* And thou loathest  
This Master Henry?

*Hub.* Little cause I have  
To love him, Master Trafford.

*Traf.* Shall I show thee  
How thou may'st serve thy mistress, and the  
while

For ever rid us of this pestilent upstart?

*Hub.* Say on, good Master Trafford!

*Traf.* Should it chance  
That hate and treachery dogged the steps of one  
Her Grace holds precious as her soul, — a knight  
She shelters from his enemies, methinks  
Thou'dst strike a blow to save him.

*Hub.* I should like  
Such gallant service.

*Traf.* Listen then ! Anon,  
A knight her Grace so cherishes steals forth  
From Skipton ; but there lives a cutthroat knave  
Would track him to his doom.

*Hub.* What ! Master Henry ?  
Beshrew th' ungrateful and perfidious villain !  
Would I might cross him !

*Traf.* And thou shalt, good Hubert.  
Her Grace so loves this knight, that if he fell  
I fear 'twould be her death-stroke. Mark me,  
then !

Hide thee anon behind the Eagle Tower,  
And, should'st thou hear fierce words and clash-  
ing steel,  
Spring forth and strike ! — Thou know'st thy man,  
brave Hubert.

*Hub.* He shall not balk me, Master Trafford.

*Traf.* Stay !  
I have left my rapier in my sleeping-room :  
I pray thee fetch it. Keep it for awhile ;  
I need it not as yet. Dost mark me, Hubert ? —  
I need it not just now. Should blood be shed,  
And thou, a serf, be questioned how it chanced  
Thou carriedst steel, thou'lt answer thou wert  
speeding  
On Master Trafford's errand for his sword :  
Thus will it seem sheer accident, friend Hubert,  
Thou wert so bravely furnished.

*Hub.* I'll at once  
To do thy bidding. Let the wretch but lift  
His finger 'gainst the man her Highness loves,  
And, trust me ! I'll be quits with him.

[*Exit* HUBERT.

*Traf.* Poor fool !  
Yet thus is man the prey of man, no less  
Than slave to his own passions.

So far well !

Now for the stranger ! — Should he chance to  
prove

The rebel earl, he yet may win the day ;  
And, therefore, to forestall his gratitude,  
I'll make it seem, or own myself a dullard,  
As if he owed his life to me by means  
Of Hubert's interference. But already  
From latticed window and from embrasure  
The castle lights are flashing. A strange chill  
And deathlike gloom creep o'er me. The wan moon  
Rises in muffled beauty, as a bride,  
Sickly and woebegone, might stagger forth  
Beneath a troop of funeral plumes. The wind  
Chafes with a dirgelike, melancholy moan ;  
While, grim as hell-kites round the necromancer,  
The demon bats dart past me. But here comes  
My other prey !

*Enter* CLIFFORD.

Thou art punctual, Master Henry.  
'Tis well ; as I've a mission from her Grace  
Pregnant with life or death : — or else, —

*Clif.* What would'st thou ?

*Traf.* Confront the gallant who still loiters here,  
As wooer or as spy.

*Clif.* Quick ! what of him ?

*Traf.* Mark me ! — anon he will descend yon  
steps,

And, as a loyal servant of her Grace,  
'Twere right that I should question him.

*Clif.* Go to !

Leave that to me who have the better right :  
At least I had so yesterday. — Great heaven !  
Why ! 'tis the chamber of the Lady Anne  
Thy finger points at with such icy scorn !  
Now ! by my soul I'll dash him to the earth  
Who dares to desecrate so pure a shrine !

*Traf.* Nay, cross him not ! I pray thee cross  
him not !

Thou wilt but breed disturbance ; and besides  
Thou art unarmed.

*Clif.* And art not thou unarmed ?

*Traf.* 'Tis true ; I had forgotten it : but, hush !  
Draw nearer, Master Henry ! See'st thou nought  
Shading the light athwart yon lattice blind ?

*Clif.* I do, — I do : — unless my sight's be-  
witched,

I mark the yielding figure of a maid,  
And, bending over her caressingly,  
The shape of one who seems her paramour.

*Traf.* 'Tis he ! I would that I might tarry here.  
Thy angry humour makes me fear for thee.

*Clif.* Fear not for me, who fear not for myself.

*Traf.* Yet cross him not ! I warn thee not to cross him !

'Twere worse than madness.

*Clif.* I am mad already.

*Traf.* Nay, take a friend's advice : and now, farewell !

I must speed hence to hinder worse mishaps.

[*Exit* TRAFFORD.]

*Clif.* Not cross him ? — May confusion seize on him !

He takes her hand ; — he draws her to his side ; —  
He plants his impious lips upon her cheek.

Oh, agony ! — but, see, he comes ! Not cross him ?

I'll cross him to his death.

*Enter the Earl of* RICHMOND.

Who art thou who stealest  
Thus thief-like from a maiden's bower ?

*Rich.* [*Aside.*] What means  
This senseless interruption ? [*Aloud.*] Good my  
friend,

We have no quarrel : stand aside, I charge thee,  
And let me pass.

*Clif.* We have no quarrel, say'st thou ?  
Then for our pastime's sake I'll find us one ;  
Who art thou ?

*Rich.* To be crossed and bearded thus  
By a base clown ! — Sirrah ! thine insolence

Deserves a whipping at the porter's lodge ;  
Stand back !

*Clif.* Now ! tell me quickly who thou art  
Or, by the light of heav'n ! —

*Rich.* Stand back, I say !

*Clif.* Ay ! draw thy foil, and with my quarter-  
staff,  
I'll hurl it piecemeal to the castle ditch.

*Rich.* What monstrous folly's this ? I wage no  
war

With serfs and vassals. If a friend thou art  
To the great lady of these halls, thou'lt seek  
To speed me on my way, not thwart me thus.

*Clif.* Now will I shame thy craven soul to  
arms !

Thou call'dst me vassal, and therein thou lied'st :  
My sires were noble when thine own were serfs,  
And forth, from these their towers, thou passest  
not.

*Rich.* Beshrew thee and thy stale nobility !  
And yet thy language gives thy garb the lie ;  
Who art thou, then, who dar'st obstruct me thus ?

*Clif.* The time has passed I cared for secrecy.  
Behold me ! baffled skulker that thou art !  
Henry, Lord Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,  
The rightful seignior of these halls.

*Rich.* Ye saints !  
Can Clifford live ? — the heir of that fierce house  
Which made ev'n Warwick tremble ? Bear with  
me,

Right noble Clifford ! Of all men on earth  
'Twere most unnatural that thou and I  
Should meet or part in bitterness.

*Clif.*

Avaunt !

Thou shall not fool me with thy cozening words.  
I am so distempered by a hideous grief,  
Thy very look breeds tortures in my soul.

*Rich.* Nay, hear me ! for the love of Heaven,  
hear me !

Our sires were fellow soldiers, kinsmen, friends :  
Of yore, on many a fiery battle-field,  
Thy fathers charged with mine, and fell for  
mine ;

And, therefore, with no churlish courtesy  
Will I return thy confidence. — Thine ear ! —

[ *Whispers* CLIFFORD.

Now, is it meet that we should wrangle more ?

*Clif.* My lord ! my liege ! I was unmannerly  
To arraign thee as I did : and yet, by heaven !  
When I remind me how thy lips assayed  
A cheek which to my fancy was as chaste  
As virgin snow, —

*Rich.*

Why ! thou wert wroth with me :

I read thy thoughts : thou didst imagine me  
Some gay beleaguerer of ladies' hearts,  
Some graceless trifler prowling after sweets  
In meads that are another's. But thou wrong'st  
me :

I did but claim, in common courtesy,  
The pleasant privilege of relationship



To leave a kiss on a fair cousin's cheek ;  
And, by my troth, it is a passing fair one !

*Clif.* May all good angels bless thee for those words !

My liege, my sov'reign liege ! for such I hold thee,  
Thou see'st before thee an attained man,  
His lands distrained, his honours forfeited,  
And strangers rampant in his fathers' halls.  
My grandsires fought and conquered in their time :  
They died the death of heroes : I alone,  
The last of a long ancestry, in vain  
Have fretted for the chance and circumstance  
Which made them glorious ; yet my prayers are  
heard

If, as a soldier, thou wilt lay thy sword  
Upon a soldier's son, and say to him,  
" Come forth with me and earn a warrior's fame,  
Or hew thyself a soldier's sepulchre." [*Kneels.*

*Rich.* There spake the spirit of thy forefathers.  
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me ! [*CLIFFORD rises.*]

Men say

Lord Stanley's steeds are matchless for their speed.  
Provide thee then the fleetest ! And anon  
Meet me beneath yon agonising group  
Of poplar-trees, that, scourged by the fierce gust,  
Bow down, like spirits in eternal bale,  
Their silvery crests to the disdainful moon.

*Clif.* Yet fain I'd say farewell ! —

*Rich.* Is this a time  
For lovers' partings ? Speed thee ! and when next

Thou standest on this homestead of thy sires,  
I tell thee that, from yonder battlements,  
The crimson banner of thy house shall wave  
Its ancient welcome to its long-lost lord.  
Fetch but thy father's sword ; with all besides,  
That should equip a knightly gentleman,  
My henchmen shall provide thee at the camp.  
But where's my appointed guide ?

*Enter TRAFFORD, unperceived.*

*Traf.* [ *Aside.* ] I much mislike  
This new, unnatural friendship. By my troth,  
Should they compare surmises and suspects  
I am lost for ever. [ *Aside to CLIFFORD.* ] Hearken,  
Master Henry !

It seems we are playing at cross purposes :  
We were mistaken in this gentleman.

*Clif.* [ *Aside to TRAFFORD.* ] Rather, methinks,  
thou has played the traitor, Trafford.  
By heaven ! I half suspect thee.

*Traf.* [ *Aside to CLIFFORD.* ] And, by heaven !  
I'll brook not such rude words from living  
man !

I am here upon an errand from her Grace,  
To guide this stranger to the poplar-grove :  
What would'st thou more ?

*Clif.* [ *Aside to TRAFFORD.* ] Thy life — if thou  
hadst wronged him.

*Traf.* [ *Aside to CLIFFORD.* ] Away, slight brag-  
gart ! At a fitting season

Thou shalt arraign me when and where thou wilt.  
[To RICHMOND.] Sir Knight, I bide thy bidding.

*Rich.* Lead the way, sir !  
Speed thee, brave Clifford, speed thee !

*Clif.* Doubt it not ;  
Thou shalt not long expect me. [*Exit* CLIFFORD.]

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] Clifford, said he ?  
Then have I guessed his cursed name aright.

Clifford, I loathe thee ! and may crush thee still.  
[*Exeunt* RICHMOND and TRAFFORD.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Interior of a tent near Bosworth.*

*Lord* STANLEY, *solus.*

*Stan.* The time draws near I must to Atherstone.

*Enter the Princess* ELIZABETH *and Sir* REGINALD BRAY.

*Sir Reg.* Here, lady, we must part. — My lord, the princess. [*Exit Sir R. BRAY.*]

*Stan.* [*Aside.*] This is a favour which I looked not for.

*P. Eliz.* My lord ! thou wert the friend of my dread sire :  
He loved thee well, and in his dying hour,

While those he prized knelt sobbing round his  
couch,

His ebbing breath bequeathed me to thy care,  
And charged thee with the wardship of his child.

*Stan.* That solemn passage in his life and mine  
Is not forgotten, lady. Thy great sire  
Imposed that sacred trust in me ; what would'st  
thou ?

*P. Eliz.* What would I not ? — hope, safety,  
freedom, friends :

These things the hind enjoys, but values not ;  
While I, the foremost maiden of the land,  
Am doomed to weep away a life of care,  
Unloved, enthralled, dishonoured, desolate.

*Stan.* Nay ! not dishonoured, lady.

*P. Eliz.* I repeat —

Dishonoured, — basely, cruelly dishonoured !  
My lord ! thou art of the council to the king,  
And know'st full well his pitiless intent  
To force me to his arms. Is it no dishonour  
To be subjected to the unholy suit  
And monstrous dalliance of the man I loathe ?

*Stan.* Ah ! has he dared renew his ruthless  
suit ?

*P. Eliz.* Dared ? How I thank thee for that  
welcome word !

May Heaven shower all its blessings on thy head !  
Vouchsafe thee fame, wealth, honours, happiness !  
Make thy life's autumn sunny as its spring !  
And lastly grant thee, at its tranquil close,

Age without sickness, death without a pang !  
Oh, good my lord ! I deemed not that this earth  
Was fraught with such dire wretchedness, as when  
My dreams recall him in his wooing mood,  
His husky voice, his bright and basilisk eyes,  
His touch, — each, all, — so terrible !

*Stan.*

Alas !

So softly nurtured, and so fondly loved  
As late thou wert by the most gallant king  
Who ever led the brave or wooed the fair,  
Thy tears half cheat me of my manliness.

*P. Eliz.* Then thou wilt arm for me ? — I know  
thou wilt :

I mark a telltale moisture in thine eyes, —  
Nay, dash it not away, it shames thee not,  
Which, more than volumes, tells me that thou  
wilt.

*Stan.* Sweet princess ! I am young no more ;  
yet still

I own the majesty of loveliness  
Which makes men saints, knaves, heroes, what it  
wills,

Omnipotent for evil or for good :

Then how can I behold the peerless child  
Of the great king who made me what I am  
Thus bowed by grief, thus lovely in her tears,  
Nor feel as man should ever feel for woman ?

Thou art fair, and therefore should I arm for  
thee ;

Thou art sad, and therefore do I weep with thee ;

Thou art young, and therefore would I trust in thee ;

My queen, — and therefore do I kneel to thee.

[*Kneels.*

Thus place I life and fortune in thy hands ;  
For, glanced King Richard on these bended knees,  
A feather dropping from a moulting bird  
Were of more value than Lord Stanley's life.

[*Rises.*

I'd dare for thee whatever man should dare  
For woman, but alas ! — I am powerless.

*P. Eliz.* Thou art powerless, my lord ? — what  
meanest thou ?

Methought I had heard my mighty father say  
Of all his fiery barons there was none  
Could marshal to the field so brave a host  
As hailed the Lord of Lathom for their chief.  
To see Lord Stanley charging at the head  
Of the renowned retainers of his house  
Might well alarm, he said, a weak king's fears,  
And rouse a stout king's envy. Oh, my lord !  
Not long ere he departed hence, my sire,  
The while his mother's weakness filled his eyes,  
Thus linked thy name with mine. — Fierce foes, he  
said,

Were leagued against his house and heritage,  
And though I was the daughter of a king  
So feared and envied as he then appeared,  
Yet, when death's mightier hand should lay him  
low,

Ill times might fall upon his darling one.  
 Therewith, my lord ! he spake of thee as one  
 Who loved him for himself, not for the lands  
 And gold his bounty had enriched thee with,  
 And who, for thy dead friend and master's sake,  
 Had sworn to be the guardian of his child.  
 My lord ! — he loved thee as kings seldom love :  
 He built that splendid edifice, thy fortunes :  
 He died, Lord Stanley ! with thy hand in his,  
 And dying pressed it with a tenderer grasp,  
 Because thine oath had comforted his end. —  
 Now, then ! I ask thee, — wilt thou arm for me ?  
 Thou pausest : — oh, my father ! is this man  
 The friend thou lov'dst so tenderly ?

*Stan.*

Nay ! hear me

Ere thou arraignest me !

*P. Eliz.*

'Tis Heaven, my lord !

Not I, arraigns thee.

*Stan.*

Then, by Heaven ! I swear

I crave no braver chance than that my axe  
 This moment thundered on the tyrant's casque,  
 Or flew my falchion at his throat : but fate  
 Ordains it otherwise.

*P. Eliz.*

Away, false lord !

It stirs my choler that thou tremblest not  
 Lest the wronged spirit of my sire should rise  
 And tax thee with thy foul ingratitude.

*Stan.*

Yet, maiden, hear me ! — Hear me, ere  
 we part !

Thou may'st remember a fair child, in whom

I centred all the fondness of a heart  
That knew no other sympathies? Alas!  
The king has seized him, and with dev'lish  
threats,

Sworn by St. Michael and th' archangel host,  
His life shall answer for his father's acts.  
Poor George! the headsman is his chamber  
fellow,

And ever, when he wakes in the grim dawn,  
Upon his morning toilet gleams the axe,  
A terrible memento of his sire.

*P. Eliz.* My lord? —

*Stan.* Nay, urge me not! There's one above  
Who, should I doom to death our mutual boy  
O'er whom she hovers in her silvery sheen,  
Would seek me in my widowed dreams no  
more;

Perchance denounce me at the throne of Heaven.

*P. Eliz.* Then all is lost! Elizabeth of York  
Has now no friend but Heaven.

*Stan.* Yet Heaven ere now  
Has shaped a happy issue out of ills  
Ev'n dark as thine. Dear princess, trust in  
God!

And, next to God, trust to thy father's friend,  
Who yet may succour, — nay, who yet may save  
thee!

Mourn not as those who sorrow without hope;  
And now, farewell! — Sir Reginald, what ho,  
there!



*Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*Stan.* Take back, Sir Reginald, thy precious charge!

Good night!—good night, sweet maid! May soothing dreams

And brighter hopes, to-morrow, smile on thee!

[*STANLEY retires.*]

*Sir Reg.* He spake of comfort, lady?

*P. Eliz.*

But gave none;

He bade me hope, but I am sick of hope:

'Tis but a false and cozening name for doubt,

And doubt is dreadful as reality.

*Re-enter Lord STANLEY.*

*Stan.* [*Aside.*] Poor child! her father's spirit pleads for her.

[*Aloud.*] Sir Reginald!

*Sir Reg.*

My lord!

*Stan.* [*Aside to BRAY.*] This maiden's grief Has half unmanned me. Should her tears flow on, Tell her, — *I bide my time.*

*Sir. Reg.*

My lord!

*Stan.*

No more, sir!

Albeit I falter at a maiden's tears,

I brook not man's rude questionings.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENE II.

*A retired spot near Atherstone.*

*The Earl of* RICHMOND, *Lord* STANLEY, CLIFFORD, *and* Sir SIMON DIGBY.

*Stan.* This, then, I promise! — that, whate'er betide,

I will not arm against thee.

*Rich.* Should Lord Strange  
Find means to escape — what then?

*Stan.* I battle for thee.

*Rich.* But should the tyrant slay him?

*Stan.* Then I fight  
For vengeance and my own sake.

*Rich.* Is there nought  
Will stir thee to join instant cause with us?

*Stan.* While my boy's life depends upon my  
acts  
There's nought. Couldst thou have seen his  
mother's eyes,

Thou hadst not asked me to forsake her child.

*Rich.* Yet Brutus, when his country was in  
peril,  
Preferred the Roman's to the father's part,  
And doomed his sons to die before his face.

*Stan.* Those sons were traitors to the noblest  
cause  
That Roman ever struggled for; but mine  
Has done no wrong that he should die the death.

*Rich.* Then, rather than thou'lt risk his single life,

Thou wilt imperil as sublime a cause  
As that for which the Roman slew his sons?

*Stan.* My lord ! I have a home, a happy home,  
Rich with ancestral memories ; a home  
Where dwelt the founders of my line, and where  
After their well-earned honours they sleep sound.  
I have vassals too, whose fathers fought for mine,  
Who love my wassail-bowl and buttery-hatch,  
And who — should my espousal of thy cause  
Consign them to an alien vassalage —  
Would sadly miss me, their indulgent lord.  
All these have their hereditary claims ;  
Yet lands, rank, life, were my brave boy but safe,  
Right freely — gladly — would I risk for thee.

*Rich.* Believest thou, fell tyrant though he be,  
That Gloucester would destroy a beardless youth,  
Not for his own, but for his father's fault?

*Stan.* My lord ! thou little knowest him : 'tis  
true

He is not cruel from the innate delight  
Which gloats o'er human anguish ; yet but cross  
His treacherous path, and safer 'twere to beard  
The tigress roaring for her stolen whelps,  
Or tamper with the basking crocodile,  
Than bide the goring of the boar of Gloucester.  
And now, my Lord of Richmond ! let us speak  
Of other matters. — I've thy sacred pledge  
That, should the God of Battles bless thy cause,

Thou'lt ratify the oath, which late thou swor'st  
At Vannes and Paris, that King Edward's child  
Shall share her father's throne with thee.

*Rich.*

I swear it !

And yet ; my lord ! 'tis hard to give our hands  
Where the heart cannot follow.

*Stan.*

Then thou lov'st

Another ?

*Rich.* Once I did ; but she I loved  
Has mated with my rival.

*Stan.*

Much I fear

Thy thoughts still harp upon the Lady Maud,  
Lord Herbert's blue-eyed daughter : but I trust  
Ye have forsworn each other.

*Rich.*

For her sake

Most piously I trust so. I am not wont  
To rove from flower to flower, from sweet to sweet,  
Breathing light wishes into ladies' ears :  
Yet youth's first love-dream hath so sweet a spell ;  
Its longings, aspirations, tremblings, hopes,  
Stamp such undying memories on the brain,  
That, should I thrust vile Gloucester from his  
throne,

'Twere quite as well my Lord Northumberland  
Should keep his lovely countess from my court.

*Stan.* Northumberland at Henry Tudor's  
court ?

Impossible ! The silver lion waves  
Beside the royal banner, as myself  
Beheld at sunset.

*Rich.* True ; most true, my lord ;  
Yet, trust me ! when the trumpet sounds the  
charge,

Nor he, nor his, will couch a single lance  
To aid their worthless master.

*Stan.* Then there's hope  
For my brave boy !

*Rich.* How so ?

*Stan.* Northumberland  
Is charged with his safe-keeping ; and if false  
To Richard must wish well to Lancaster.  
Could I but find a herald to the earl ! —  
But who would risk such peril ?

*Clif.* Good my lord !  
Great Harry Hotspur was my forefather,  
Wherefore I'm kinsman to Northumberland.  
I trust then, as my first essay in arms,  
This venture may be mine.

*Stan.* My noble Clifford !  
Deeply I thank thee ; but, in war, success  
Depends on stratagem as much as valour :  
And therefore, as the craft is new to thee,  
I should but sacrifice thy precious life,  
And place my son's in sadder jeopardy.

*Clif.* My lord ? —

*Stan.* Nay ! urge me not ; it must not be.  
Digby !

*Digby.* My lord ?

*Stan.* I know thou lovest me.

*Digby.* Therefore I'll be thy herald to the earl.

*Stan.* I knew thou wouldst : 'twas wrong in  
me to hint,  
Not bide the gen'rous offer. Yet bethink thee !  
Should Gloucester find thee prying in his camp,  
He'll hang thee, my brave friend, before he sups.

*Digby.* I dread him not. It was but yesterday  
I left his service, — somewhat scurvily,  
I grant ; yet thereby there's no fence nor ditch,  
No parapet, nor breastwork in his camp  
But I'm familiar with.

*Stan.* Thou art resolved ?

*Digby.* I am.

*Stan.* Then follow me ! Dear friends,  
good night !  
A kind farewell to all : pray Heav'n we meet  
This hour to-morrow with less anxious hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Neighbourhood of Bosworth Field. Tents. Moon-  
light. TRAFFORD, solus.*

*Traf.* This is her tent ! I marvel if in sleep  
She's lovely as my dreams have pictured her ?  
Methinks I see her with her hazel hair  
Wandering in glossy tendrils o'er a breast,  
White as the snowflakes, when they fall from  
heav'n  
Like down from seraph's pinions ; her soft cheeks

Fringed by the silken lashes of her eyes,  
And vermeiled by a bloom as delicate  
As the pink lining of the ocean-shell.  
I dare not pray, or I would pray for her.  
There is an angel mission in her eyes,  
An angel's sweetness in her voice, which plead,  
More ably than her Grace's homilies,  
That good exists on earth and joy in heaven.  
But ah! — Heaven's spirits seem abroad this night  
Of perfect loveliness: — what! stirring still? —  
The princess and the Lady Anne? — 'Twere well  
I watch their midnight vigils.

*Enter the Princess ELIZABETH and ANNE ST. JOHN.*  
*TRAFFORD conceals himself and observes them.*

*P. Eliz.*

Dearest Anne!

I cannot sleep.

*Anne.* Nor I, sweet princess! Thoughts  
Of death and carnage, and the clank of arms,  
Have so distraught my spirits, that in vain  
I have sighed and prayed for slumber.

*P. Eliz.*

Let us hope  
This heavenly night may calm our restive thoughts.  
Nay! cheer up, Anne: slight cause, methinks,  
thou hast

For heaviness of heart, since, by my troth,  
I almost envy thee thy shepherd-lord,  
Who strove so bravely with ill times, and who,  
If right I judge him, in to-morrow's fight

Will emulate the valour of his sires,  
And claim my friend's fair hand for his reward.

*Anne.* Lady! I have told thee that he loves  
me not ;

Nay, that he loves another.

*P. Eliz.* Nay, nay, Anne !

Lord Clifford loves thee as true knight should  
love,

And should he die the death, —

*Anne.* Die ! — Clifford die ? —

*P. Eliz.* There, say no more ! That look of  
agony

More eloquently proves than words could do  
How tenderly thou lovest him. Now mark me ! —  
Mistrust this Trafford : little doubt I have,  
That to promote his own presumptuous suit  
He planned this feud between thee and thy love.

*Anne.* Trafford ? — my earliest friend ? — No,  
lady, no !

He could not, would not, wrong me thus.

*P. Eliz.* Alas !

Thou little knowest the world's villanies,  
Thou wert not born the heiress to a throne  
As I was, gentle one ; thou never saw'st  
Peers, courtiers, statesmen, fawning at thy feet,  
Love on their lips, but falsehood in their hearts :  
Yet such was my estate while fortune smiled,  
Whose earliest lesson was to lie with grace  
And seem the thing I was not : — such is Traf-  
ford !



*Traf.* [*Aside.*] May furies pluck out that glib tongue ! 'Tis well  
Her Grace o'erhears her not arraign me thus.

*Enter the Countess of* RICHMOND.

*Count.* What ! wakeful, fair ones, like myself ?  
Your speech  
Seems somewhat grave, too. May I share your secrets ?

*P. Eliz.* We were conversing —

*Anne.* [*Aside to P. ELIZ.*] Hush ! sweet princess, hush !  
Her Grace so loves and favours Master Trafford,  
Thou'lt sting her to the quick.

*P. Eliz.* [*Aside to ANNE.*] Nay, Anne ! for once I must deny thee. [*To the Countess.*]  
Dearest mother mine !

Our speech was of Lord Clifford's altered love,  
The which I did impute to the mean arts  
Of one your Grace loves far beyond his worth.

*Count.* Thou startlest me ! whom meanest thou ?

*P. Eliz.* I mean  
Your Grace's wily secretary, Trafford,  
Who dared aspire to wed this high-born maid,  
The while he stopped to vilify his friend.

*Count.* They were false tale-bearers who told thee so.  
Anne ! tell me that she wrongs him, foully wrongs him !

Nay! he's within, and shall himself refute  
The cruel calumny; what ho there, Trafford!

*Enter TRAFFORD from the Countess's tent.*

Dear friend! I've been advised that, in despite  
Of my fond care of thee from infancy,  
Thou hast'been guilty of so grave a breach  
Of every social compact, as to seek  
This noble maiden for thy wife. I know  
It is a lie, an arrant lie; yet fain  
I would thy lips should scornfully refute  
The imputation of so base a wrong.

[TRAFFORD *hesitates*.

Ah!—Martin Trafford, dost thou pause?—Ye  
saints!

Can I have warmed a viper at my hearth  
These long, long years?—Say, I command thee,  
sir!—

Art thou the Judas men deem thou art?

*Traf.* Lady, alas!—I am.—

*Count.* And who art thou  
Who dar'st affect thy liege's kinswoman,  
And aim'st to match with princes?

*Traf.* Who am I?—  
The bastard scion of thy royal house;  
A villain if thou wilt:—yet, lady, hear me!  
Is mine the fault that I am flesh and blood?  
Is mine the fault that, in my earliest years,  
My only playmate was the loveliest child

Whose sunny looks e'er matched the smiles of  
heaven?

Who called me brother, told me all her griefs,  
And wept at mine? If love grew with my growth  
Till love became idolatry, I ask —

Was I to blame, or nature, or thyself  
Who flung'st the sweet temptation in my path?

Was mine the fault that thou instill'dst in me  
High hopes and aspirations which themselves  
Are nature's true nobility? Nay, more!

If base my birth, is the blame mine or his  
Who liked to listen to my infant talk,  
And loved me while my mother's face was fair,  
But flung me from him when she charmed no  
more?

'Tis true — the child of accident and shame  
Dared breathe his love; and therein was my  
crime:

Yet thereby sought I not the rank nor wealth  
Which the plumed perfumed darlings of the  
world

Alone are taught to wed for. When I spake  
'Twas when the idol of my soul was girt  
By peril and by threatened penury;  
Nor then had I spoken but my heart was full,  
So full that, torrent-like, love burst the bounds  
Of prudence and of duty! I was wrong;  
Yet, when my soul forced language to my lips,  
'Twas nature syllabled the frantic words,  
Not thy spurned base-born kinsman.



Elizabeth of York shall be the first  
To see full justice dealt thee.

*Traf.* Justice dealt me !

Alas ! prejudged, dishonoured by thy words, —  
[*To the Countess.*] By thine too, noble lady ! from  
this hour

Thy halls must cease to shelter me. 'Twere  
well

I perish in to-morrow's fight : if not,  
My sword shall win me service in some land  
Where justice sides with innocence. Farewell !  
For all thy goodness to the orphan youth  
May Heav'n for ever bless thee !

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

Should I meet —

As soon I trust I may — a soldier's death,  
My last pray'r shall be offered for thy weal,  
The last word which I breathe shall be thy name.

[*Rises.*

*Count.* I pray thee, leave me ! for my heart is  
full, —

Too full for further speech. Let us within,  
Fair ones ! and pray that sleep may strengthen us  
To brook the terrors of the approaching morn.

[*Exeunt Countess, P. ELIZABETH, and ANNE.*

*Traf.* Can Hubert have betrayed me ? — Can  
the fox

Have slipped at last into the cunning pit  
Himself contrived for others ? Oh ! fool, fool !  
To plunge beyond my depth into a stream

Which, tranquil though it seemed, I should have  
known  
Concealed the treacherous whirlpool! Yet, come  
death, —  
Come infamy, — I'll stand at bay and beard  
The yelping hell-hounds; they may guess my guilt,  
But, curse them! let them prove it! What then  
rives me  
With this tormenting augury of ill?  
Why! — that my rival lives, and still may wed  
The Lady Anne. Damnation! how I wish  
He stood within the length of this good sword,  
That I might end his courtship or my own!  
Oh, Anne! sole starlight of my darkened lot!  
Lost Pleiad in my soul's lone firmament!  
Better to die, than, loving, live to lose thee.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*Lord STANLEY's camp near Bosworth.*

*Interior of a tent. Lord STANLEY rising from  
his knees.*

*Stan.* Now have I made my peace with God  
and man:  
Now should my soul be reconciled to death:  
Yet cheerless feel I as the sluggish mist  
That wraps yon sleeping host. The watch-fires  
fade

And flicker like false hopes, the wills o' the wisp  
Of the benighted heart. How calm the scene!  
Yet o'er the camp death hovers, like a storm  
Awhile imprisoned in the stifling air,  
To burst anon in flames and thunder-peals.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

Hark! how the trumpet startles into life  
Thousands whose slumbers shall be yet more sound  
Ere the sun warms their graves for them! But  
where  
Can Digby be? — who comes? —

*Enter Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* The king, my lord!  
Enjoins thee with all speed to head thy troops,  
And join his standard.

*Stan.* Should I disobey —  
What then? He ever threatens when he's crossed.

*Brak.* His Highness added with a fearful oath,  
"Tell my Lord Stanley, if he hesitates  
I'll hang Lord Strange upon a gallows tree  
So high, that every sutler in my camp  
Shall see him dancing to the mocking breeze."

*Stan.* Commend me to his Majesty, Sir Robert;  
And, mark me! — tell him I have other sons,  
And cannot wait on him just now.

*Brak.* My lord!  
Bethink thee how thy words will anger him!

*Stan.* Thou hast my answer, sir! I pray thee,  
leave me;

I fain would be alone. [Exit BRAKENBURY.

Oh, Digby, Digby !

What evil fortune can detain thee thus ?

But who comes now ? — Sir Reginald ? — Beshrew  
These bootless interruptions !

*Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*Bray.* Good my lord !

The tyrant leads an army to the field,  
So brave in numbers and in discipline,  
It puts Earl Richmond's scanty force to shame ;  
Wherefore he prays thee, for the love of Heaven,  
To join him with all speed, or ruin waits him.

*Stan.* Tell him I'll be with him at supper-time !

*Bray.* My lord ! is this thine answer to the  
earl ?

*Stan.* It is, sir ! I would be alone ; I need  
No counsel or I'd crave it.

*Bray.* By my troth,  
These are harsh words to a tried friend !

*Stan.* Forgive me !  
'Tis not my nature to be petulant ;  
But life has trials that might ruffle saints.  
Enough ! till I'm assured Lord Strange is safe.  
I have no fairer message for the earl.

*Bray.* Then all I fear is lost ; farewell, my lord !

[Exit Sir REGINALD BRAY.

*Stan.* Oh ! that the leaden hours would creep  
less slow,  
And make my soul acquainted with the worst !



My first-born and my first-beloved ! e'en now  
 The block may pillow thy young head. But, ah !  
 Here comes my friend.

*Enter Sir SIMON DIGBY.*

A thousand welcomes, Digby !  
 What tidings from Northumberland ?

*Digby.* Cheer up !

I have seen a gibbet on which no one hangs,  
 And heard of threats which none, I trust, will  
 heed.

*Stan.* Say on, my friend !

*Digby.* Know then ! an hour ago,  
 The tyrant ordered that Lord Strange should  
 die :

But, on the pleading of the Duke of Norfolk,  
 Who reasoned that thou still might'st meditate  
 Some sudden emprise for the king's behoof,  
 He suffered execution to be stayed.  
 Meanwhile Northumberland, with whom I spake,  
 Has promised, when the king, as is his wont,  
 Shall charge into the fiercest of the fight,  
 To aid thy son's escape.

*Stan.* Yet how, my friend !  
 Shall I receive full surety that he's safe,  
 In time to serve Earl Richmond ?

*Bray.* When thou see'st  
 A horseman gallop up yon gentle hill  
 Waving a crimson pennon, be assured  
 Lord Strange is saved from the usurper's gripe.

*Stan.* Bravely thou hast done thine errand;  
now to arms!

Yet stay! my lady-wife is bowed by grief;  
Therefore I'd have thee seek her, and, so far  
As prudence will permit, recount to her  
What thou hast heard and seen. Her princely  
rank

Demands it; nay, 'tis not impossible  
Ere night she'll be the mother of thy king.

*Digby.* Farewell! and may we meet again, my  
lord,

On this side paradise!

*Stan.* Farewell, dear friend!

[*Exit* DIGBY.]

Oh! save my son, Great Author of all good!  
And thou, my Eleanor, my sainted one,  
Pray for our first-born at the throne of Heaven!  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Neighbourhood of Bosworth. Tents. The Count-  
ess of RICHMOND, Sir SIMON DIGBY, and Sir  
REGINALD BRAY.*

*Count.* As welcome as repentant souls to  
heaven!

Welcome as summer to the birds and flowers!

As tears are to the wretched, and as rain  
To the parched earth, are thy refreshing words  
And the bright hopes thou raisest. Thy brave  
feat

May change an empire's destinies.

*Digby.*

Nay, lady!

I did but serve a friend.

*Count.*

Yet never friend

Was served more gallantly. Didst learn by chance  
How the usurper bears himself?

*Digby.*

Men say

His every act displays the skilful chief  
And dauntless warrior. Sportive, yet severe  
Almost to savagery, himself last night  
Relieved the sentinels; one wearied wretch  
Lay sleeping at his post; the tyrant drew  
His sword, and plunged it in the slumberer's heart,  
Muttering, as calmly he resumed his rounds,  
"I found him sleeping and I've left him so."

*Bray.* And yet 'tis said that, in the dead of  
night,

Accusing thoughts, that will not be appeased,  
Press like a brooding nightmare on his soul.

*Digby.* Yes! oftentimes he starts in his unrest,  
Raving of murdered Henry, Edward, Clarence,  
Whose spectral shapes he sees, or seems to see,  
Glide in their bloody grave-gear by his couch,  
Pale, coroneted shadows, unaneled  
And unavenged, who, as they slowly melt  
Into the sable silence of the night,

With aspects of unutterable grief  
Beckon their murderer to follow them.

*Count.* Thus conscience ever mutinies 'gainst  
crime !

True ! there's a dread hereafter which must dawn  
On each unwilling straggler to the grave ;  
Yet, irrespective of that world to come,  
There reigns a retributive power in this,  
A heaven or a hell in each man's breast.  
For crime is its own Nemesis, and vice  
A suicide that immolates itself ;  
Since thereby come remorse, disease, despair,  
The wasted body, the distempered mind,  
The startled slumber, and the waking dread ;  
With other ministers of punishment  
That scourge us on our journey to the tomb.  
But virtue lifts a crown to her own brow :  
Albeit 'tis an iron diadem,  
'Tis studded with the choicest pearls of heaven ;  
With thoughts, that are not of this transient earth,  
With hope, that is the sunshine of the soul,  
And faith, that is the soul of perfectness.

*Bray.* Thou dost remind me of a day long past,  
When, sailing midst the sunny Cyclades  
Clad with the date, the citron, and the vine,  
I watched a pirate vessel on her course.  
Her crew were speeding from a hideous deed :  
Blood was still red upon their hands ; and still  
Rang shrieks of murdered wretches in their ears ;  
Yet the light laugh came wafted from her deck,

As the fair bark flew merrily along,  
Flinging the sparkling waters from her prow,  
And racing with the softest gales of heaven.  
But God was on their wake though man was not !  
Anon, the winds, like childhood tired with sport,  
Slept on the sea's smooth breast, which gently  
heaved,

Fanned by their infant breathing. Then I marked  
An alien cloud that spread its gradual pall,  
Ev'n as a fiend might stretch his sable wings,  
Above the ruthless harlot of the deep,  
Till night usurped the lurid universe.  
Then suddenly a rushing wind was heard ;  
And, louder still, the thunder crash of heaven.  
Therewith a mighty lightning-flash lit up  
The wrath of the roused ocean and its realm  
Of far and foaming waters ; and I saw  
The ship, that had so revelled in her guilt,  
The plaything of the giant elements ;  
Now hurled above the wildest of the waves,  
And now, in the black trough of the rent sea,  
Mocked by the careless seamew which sailed past  
Screaming her death-dirge. Thus awhile she  
reeled

Or wrestled in her helpless agony ;  
Then, freighted with her demon crew, whose  
shrieks  
Were drowned by the mad tempest which yelled  
back  
Their victims' curses in their ears, she plunged

Into the billowy hell which gaped for her,  
Engulfed for ever by the avenging deep.  
It was an awful and a perilous hour ;  
Yet gloriously the glad sun rose again,  
Chasing the mists from the blue heaven. And thus  
This day may the veiled sun of Lancaster  
Rise paramount and radiant o'er this realm !

*Digby.* And ev'n as fate o'ertook that ruthless  
crew,

Doth vengeance lower above the head of Gloucester.

*Bray.* Amen ! That he is doomed I question  
not ;

Yet still there doth pertain to this dire king  
An adamant fortitude, a grim  
Delight in danger, and a rooted hate  
Of all who thwart him in his devilish ways,  
Which, ev'n in death, will make him terrible.

*Count.* Thou deem'st, then, he will die, as he  
has lived,

Undaunted, unrepenting ?

*Bray.* Doubt it not !

He is not one to rail at death, nor vent  
His fears in execrations. He'll depart,  
And make no sign. Despair may rive his soul ;  
The big cold drops may stand upon his brow ;  
Yet, with a mute unconquerable will,  
He'll shroud his thoughts from all except his God,  
And the foul fiends that wait for him. But, lo !  
The sun already streaks the east with gold ;

Wherefore, dear lady ! thou should'st seek thy tent,  
And we our several posts.

*Count.* [*To DIGBY.*] Farewell, Sir Knight !  
And Heaven reward thee in its own good time !  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*An elevated spot near Bosworth.*

*The Princess ELIZABETH, the Countess of RICH-  
MOND, and ANNE ST. JOHN.*

*Count.* How racking is suspense when all our  
hopes  
Hang trembling in the doubtful scales of fate,  
Poised against death and ruin ! Long ago  
I could have stood upon yon eminence,  
And gazed unflinching on the dreadful pomp  
And panoply beneath. But where is now  
My vaunted fortitude ? — Too late we learn  
How certainly the insolence of youth  
Is punished by the impotence of age.

*Anne.* Dear aunt ! I am young ; I trust in  
Heaven's decrees :  
I'll place me on the summit of yon mount,  
And glean what passes in the plain.

*P. Eliz.* Stay, Anne !  
My father was a soldier and a king,  
And danger is my birthright.

[*Ascends the mount. Sounds of  
drums and trumpets.*]

*Count.* Quick ! what seest thou ? —

*P. Eliz.* A sight for kings to look upon ! — the  
march

To glory or to death of earth's fierce sons ;  
War in her naked majesty. How grand  
The measured trample of the steel-clad host !  
The streaming banners and the waving plumes !  
The flashing bucklers and the glittering helms !  
The bristling spears, the neighing cavalry !  
Oh ! would I were a man, to bear my part  
In yon brave revelry ! On ! on they march,  
Archers in front and billmen in the rear,  
And, in the midst, a terrible array  
Of bombards, morrice-pikes, and arquebuses.

*Count.* Of whose battalions speakest thou ?

*P. Eliz.* Of Gloucester's ;  
Earl Richmond's have the sun upon their backs,  
Are farther westward and less bravely clad,  
And therefore less distinct.

*Count.* Canst thou behold  
Him whom we both should tremble for ?

*P. Eliz.* I mark  
The glittering cognisance of Lancaster,  
And, borne o'er one who seems in high com-  
mand,  
The fiery dragon of Cadwallader.

*Count.* 'Tis he ! — Great God of Battles ! shield  
my child !  
Now strive if tow'rd the east thou canst descry  
The dread usurper.



*P. Eliz.*                      On a gentle height  
I mark a troop of warriors gaily plumed  
And gorgeously caparisoned. Amidst  
The dazzling throng, upon a milk-white steed  
That paws the ground and arches his proud neck  
As if he bore a conqueror, — sits one  
In arms of damasked gold, around his casque  
Wearing a kingly diadem. About him  
Are streamers blazoned with the silver boar  
Of Gloucester, and, waved high above his plumes,  
The gorgeous banner of St. George.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

*Count.*                                      Hark ! hark ! —  
That blast seemed rife with horror.

*P. Eliz.*                                      Lady ! mount !  
And view the stately pageantry ! More near  
Advance the rival legions. Front to front,  
They buckle on their helms — they couch their  
spears —

They draw their arrows to the head. And now,  
Their shafts in iron showers o'ercast the light ;  
And now, again, the rays of the fierce sun  
Flare upon brand and buckler. Mount ! oh,  
mount !

They meet ! — they close ! — sword flashes against  
sword ;

Lance crosses lance, and the rude battle-axe  
Thunders on casque and cuirass. Far and near,  
Bannered and beautiful, the tide of war  
Rolls fiercely to and fro ; advancing now,

And now receding ; the heart-stirring drums,  
The thrilling trumpet-blast, the neighing steeds,  
The clanging armour, and the deafening cheers,  
Rousing each soul to frenzy.

*Count.* In the strength  
Of thine hereditary fearlessness  
Thou heedest not the grisly slain whose souls  
Are fluttering tow'rd eternity. Seek, rather,  
The rider whom I named to thee !

*P. Eliz.* Ev'n now  
A horseman gallops to the rear ; a score  
Of arrows whizzing past his helm. On ! on  
He goads his panting steed : — he gains the  
height,

And, glancing round him with defiant air,  
Waves high a crimson pennon o'er his head.

*Count.* [*Falling on her knees.*] Sweet God of  
love ! I thank thee ! [*To P. ELIZ.*] Look  
again !

Lord Stanley should be stirring.

*P. Eliz.* And he is !  
Upsoars the eagle-banner of his house !  
Upstart the bold retainers of thy lord !  
They brace their casques : — their glittering swords  
they wave ;

And, rushing forward, shout, or seem to shout,  
“A Stanley to the rescue !”

*Count.* And the king ? —

*P. Eliz.* Ponders some desperate feat. With  
lifted lance,

And air and gestures of a king, he speaks  
Words that seem strangely eloquent. His knights  
Raise high their falchions, and with loud ac-  
claim

Extol the orator. They form! — they charge! —  
The flower of English chivalry! on! on  
They spur their coursers tow'rd —

*Count.*

My son?

*P. Eliz.*

They do! —

Felling whole ranks at once. With furious speed,  
Foremost and fiercest, sweeps the warrior king;  
Goading his foaming charger o'er the dead  
And mowing down the living.

*Count.*

And my son

Goes forth to meet him?

*P. Eliz.*

No, he bides the brunt;

While, inch by inch, grim Gloucester gains on  
him,

Unhorsing squire and knight. So close they  
are,

Scarce twenty paces part them. Onward pants  
The fiercest of his lineage; fast and sure  
Flashes his dreaded falchion: nearer still  
He hews his way, and with unearthly might  
Fells one of giant stature. — By the mass!  
One last wild effort more, and he has reached  
The banner of thy house! — Ay! down it falls!  
Its bearer's helmet cloven to his skull. —

I can endure no more.

*Count.*

Yet, hark! I hear

Loud sounds of triumph. Look again ! perchance  
They are friends who shout.

*P. Eliz.* They are. From north and south  
Rush on the vassals of thy lord. Their ranks  
Hem in the doomed usurper. In the midst  
Of the red fray I mark him. One by one  
His knights fall lifeless by his side ; yet still,  
Unhorsed, unhelmed, he battles on his feet,  
Sword, lance, and axe all aimed at him. — But lo !  
Fainter and feebler drops that stalwart arm !  
O'erpowered by numbers, — wounded, — bleeding,  
— falls

The master-piece of warriors ! spurned already,  
And trampled on, as common dirt, by men  
He held as cheap as dirt.

*Count.* May all the saints  
Plead for his fleeting soul !

*P. Eliz.* Amen. And yet  
Slight mercy showed he to my brothers' souls ;  
To Clarence, Rivers, and brave Buckingham.  
When valiant deeds shall sanctify foul crimes,  
Then will his soul be safe, but not till then.

*Count.* Yet mercy is Heav'n's attribute. But  
now

Look round ! and say how fares it with the foe.

*P. Eliz.* One half is flying from the field : the  
rest

Salute the conqueror. High above his host,  
Girt with an hundred banners, and the pomp  
Of nodding plumes and blazoned bucklers, stands

Thy son and my liege lord. Upon a lance,  
Uplifted o'er his head, thy lord exalts  
The royal diadem. Oh, mount and look!

[*Countess and ANNE ascend.*]

Lo! it descends, — it glitters on his brow.  
Ten thousand swords leap sheathless to the sun;  
Ten thousand warriors shout with one accord,  
“Long live King Henry!”

*Count.* Blessed is the sight;  
And blessed be the Power that fought for us!  
Well is it writ that those who sow the wind  
Shall reap the whirlwind.

*P. Eliz.* Let us hence! I see  
A goodly troop of horsemen seeking us,  
Lord Clifford at their head. Yes, — Anne! he  
lives:  
Come, sweetheart, come! we should not be the  
last  
To greet the victors of this glorious fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Interior of King RICHARD'S tent at Bosworth.*

*King HENRY, Lord STANLEY, Sir SIMON DIGBY,  
and Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*K. Henry.* Thou'rt satisfied, Sir Knight?  
*Bray.* I am, my liege;  
This Trafford was the traitor, and none else.

*K. Henry.* [*To STANLEY.*] My lord ! thou hast  
known him from his infancy,  
What sayest thou ?

*Stan.* I never loved the knave ;  
Yet one, who yesterday so stoutly won  
His knighthood by brave deeds, could scarce, I  
ween,  
Be guilty of such baseness.

*TRAFFORD enters and kneels to HENRY.*

*K. Henry.* Rise, Sir Knight !  
Knowing thy shrewdness, we have sent for thee  
Touching a weighty matter which concerns  
Our royal mother's weal. In this, the tent  
Of the late despot, writings have been seized  
Attesting that for months her acts and those  
Of my Lord Stanley, now my Lord of Derby,  
Were, by some household spy who ate their  
bread,  
Most trait'rously revealed to our arch-foe ;  
Whereby her sacred head, and our own hopes  
Of winning the dominion of this realm,  
Were placed in grievous peril. Canst thou guess  
Who wrought this fiendish treason ?

*Traf.* [*Looking askant at Sir R. BRAY.*] Heaven  
forbid  
That Martin Trafford should so wrong a friend  
As ev'n to guess him guilty !

*K. Henry.* What award  
Deem'st thou such baseness merits ?



THE LAST WAR OF THE ROSES.

ALAN. [To SPENCER.] My hand thou hast  
Lent him from this morning;

THOMAS. From him?

ALAN. I never loved the knave:

Yet once and once only he stoutly won

His brightness by brave deeds, could more, I

Wish.

He guilty of such baseness.

THOMAS. *Enter and shows ALAN RICH.*

ALAN. How now, Richard?  
Rising so cheerfully, yet soon back too? Ours  
Travelling, a weary master, which concerns  
Our men more than a word. The day, the hour,  
The place, the cause, the manner, must needs be told  
According to the *Henry VII.* and all that

Photo-etching after the painting by Vanderhaukey  
Of the very same household spy who ate their

But the world's revealed to me, and the  
Spacious, the world's head, and the  
Of the world's head, the world's head,  
The world's head, the world's head,  
The world's head, the world's head,

THE WORLD'S HEAD, THE WORLD'S HEAD, THE WORLD'S HEAD.

THE WORLD'S HEAD, THE WORLD'S HEAD, THE WORLD'S HEAD.

THE WORLD'S HEAD, THE WORLD'S HEAD, THE WORLD'S HEAD.





KING HENRY THE VII.<sup>th</sup>



*Traf.* Good my liege !  
Death were too merciful a penalty.

*Stan.* [*Aside to DIGBY.*] What say'st thou —  
He bears well, I trow, the brunt  
Of the king's questioning.

*Digby.* [*Aside to STANLEY.*] He doth, my lord ;  
For still his compact with the Evil One  
Abides the hour of cancelling.

*K. Henry.* Sir Knight !  
These are the writings. — Scan them well ! — per-  
chance  
Thy wit may recognise the characters.

[TRAFFORD examines them.]

*Traf.* My liege ! I know them not ! — and yet,  
methinks,  
They bear a close resemblance in their shape  
To certain writings of Sir Reginald  
Her Grace from time to time has shown to me.

*Bray.* Before thy coming, sir ! his Grace ob-  
served  
This foul attempt to work me ill ; but, thanks  
To my long-proved attachment to his house,  
My liege absolves me of this damning sin.

*Traf.* And am not I absolved ? — for, by my  
troth !  
I see black looks arraign me. — O my liege !  
Let me not slink through life a branded wretch,  
More cursed, more black, than Cain !

*K. Henry.* We must confess,  
We find slight cause to brand thee with this guilt.

*Traf.* Then, if my king absolves me, who besides

Dare tax me with this crime? — Sir Reginald!  
I mark a coward sneer upon thy lip,  
And therefore to thy teeth once more I say, —  
Who dare accuse me?

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

*Clif.* I dare, Martin Trafford!  
I charge thee with ingratitude so base,  
With perjuries and crimes so damnable,  
That ev'n the fiends will point to thee as one  
Whose sins were fouler than their own! All this,  
False traitor! at a fitting place and hour,  
I'll make so glaring to thine utter shame,  
That men will rather huddle with the wretch  
On whom the plague-spots fester, than they'll mate  
With thee, thou blotch on chivalry and truth!

*K. Henry.* This is a grave impeachment, Master Trafford:

What answer hast thou to Lord Clifford's charge?

*Traf.* My fittest answer is my gage; which  
thus, [To CLIFFORD.

Thou braggart forger of malicious lies!  
I fling in deadly challenge at thy feet;  
Defying thee, with brand or battle-axe,  
To verify thy words, or own thyself  
A false and recreant knight.

*Clif.* Thus, too, I hurl  
My gage at thee, right worthless though thou art!

Defying thee, thy body against mine,  
To mortal combat.

*K. Henry.* Good my Lord of Derby!  
As lord high constable, and president  
Of the High Court of Chivalry, we ask thee, —  
Is it meet that we consent they arbitrate  
This cause by wage of battle?

*Stan.* My liege lord!  
'Tis entered on the statutes that a knight,  
Accused of unproved treason, may demand  
To try his suit by combat.

*K. Henry.* Be it so!  
We grant the battle. We ourselves, Sir Knights,  
Will name the time and place for your encounter;  
And grace it with our presence. [*To TRAFFORD.*]

As for thee, sir!  
Till thou hast wiped away the stain which rests  
On thy new knighthood, we would fain dispense  
With further service at thy hands.

[*Exit TRAFFORD.*]

Brave Clifford!

Thou'rt of our kin and lineage; and our house  
Is bounden by so many ties to thine,  
That all our hopes and pray'rs must needs be with  
thee;

But, knowing how the hazards of thy youth  
Have circumscribed thy scholarship in arms,  
We tremble for the issue.

*Clif.* Nay! — I am steeled  
In armour brighter than the mail of kings;

The panoply of innocence. My faith  
 In Heaven, and in the goodness of my cause,  
 So nerves me, that I'd cross a score of Traffords,  
 Though hell itself equipped them for the fray.

*K. Henry.* Certes ! ev'n yesterday thy battle-  
 axe

Did me stout service when the tyrant's lance  
 Was pointing to my gorget. Fare thee well !  
 May Heaven and all good angels guard thy weal !  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*A village fête. View of Skipton Castle.*

HUGH BARTRAM, RUTH, ALICE, HUBERT, Peas-  
 ants *dancing.*

*Hugh.* Fill up your tankards to the brim, my  
 friends !  
 Three cheers ! [*Peasants cheer.*] Three more !  
 Long may Lord Clifford live  
 To enjoy his rightful, long-lost heritage !

#### SONG.

Three cheers for our chieftains !  
 Three cheers for the day  
 That gives back to Skipton  
 Their time-honoured sway !  
 Our lost lord's discovered,  
 His rights are restored,

And Threlkeld's young peasant  
Is Westmoreland's lord.

Where sat at the banquet  
The chiefs of his race,  
Where they led off the galliard,  
Or headed the chase,  
Once more the blithe minstrel  
In hall shall appear,  
And their horn from the greenwood  
Shall startle the deer.

Through Brough'm's ivied turrets  
The wind moans, where soon  
The owl shall no longer  
Lament to the moon ;  
For bright lamps shall sparkle,  
And bright eyes shall shine,  
While whirl the light dancers,  
And flows the red wine.

In Lonsb'rough's lone chambers,  
Her widowhood o'er,  
The lady of Bromflete  
Sits weeping no more :  
Her lost son's recovered,  
His rights are restored ;  
The shepherd of Threlkeld  
Is Westmoreland's lord.

*Enter King HENRY and Lord CLIFFORD on horse-back. Courtiers, Attendants, etc.*

*Clif.* [*Dismounting.*] Heaven bless thee, dearest mother ! and thee too,  
Sweet Alice ! [*Embracing them.*] Bless thee, too,  
my noble Hugh !  
I would not miss the grasp of thy true hand  
To gain a score of coronets. [*To HENRY.*] My  
liege,  
This is the faithful pair of whom I spake,  
[*Presents them to HENRY.*]  
Who, at the hazard of their lives, preserved  
The persecuted boy.

*K. Henry* [*To HUGH and RUTH.*] Not oft the  
tale  
Of humble worth finds listeners at a court,  
But yours has reached your sovereign. Such re-  
wards  
As earthly kings can give were nought to  
you  
Whose meed is stored in heaven ; yet demand  
The choicest gems in Henry Tudor's crown,  
And freely will he grant ye them.

*Clif.* [*Remounting.*] Farewell !  
Friends of my tranquil boyhood ! Ere I play  
The chieftain in the hall to-night, I trust  
To drain a loving tankard to your healths,  
And trip once more with Alice on the green.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, CLIFFORD, Courtiers, etc.*]



*Ruth.* Dear Hugh, I feel that I could weep  
outright

For very joy. Dost see how gallantly  
He reins his noble steed, and with what grace  
He rides beside the king? And then, how kind  
To greet us with such friendly welcoming!

*Hugh.* Almost too kind by half; for, by my  
troth!

I feel a tingling in my fingers still,  
So heartily he grasped them.

*Ruth.* Then, how good  
To call me mother! —

*Hugh.* Ay, and kiss thee, dame,  
In sight of king and courtier!

*Ruth.* Yes, how kind,  
How good of him! My tears are gathering fast;  
I cannot check them.

*Hugh.* And our pretty Alice  
Missed not her share of kisses.

*Alice.* Nay, dear father,  
He did but kiss my hand; — but look, who comes?

*Enter Father FRANCIS.*

*Ruth.* Good Father Francis here? The kind  
old man!  
See how the children run to him!

*F. Fran.* Heaven's peace  
Dwell with ye all, dear friends! I little deemed  
These feeble limbs would carry me again  
So far from my lone isle. For years I have prayed

That Heaven would spare me to embrace once  
more,

On the familiar threshold of his sires,  
The son of my dead master. But I fear  
I have come to shrive him in his dying hour !

*Alice.* Father ! what meanest thou ?

*F. Fran.*

Alas ! my friends,

The gauntlet has been flung, the lie exchanged,  
'Twixt Master Trafford and my lord. This day  
They join in mortal combat.

*Ruth.*

Oh, Hugh, Hugh !

This is too sad — too terrible !

*Hugh.*

Whence sprang

This cruel feud betwixt two friends ?

*F. Fran.*

My lord

Has charged this Martin Trafford with foul acts  
Of treason to the king, and fouler wrong  
Done to himself, wherein he did belie  
The lady of his love, and furthermore,  
Suborned some wretch — who yet may hang for  
it, —

To filch the vouchers of his birth.

[HUBERT starts.

*Alice.*

Why, Hubert !

Thou quakest like yon poplar leaves : what ails  
thee

That thus thy colour mounts and flies ? — Come  
hither ! —

And thou, too, father, come with us !

[ALICE takes HUBERT and Father FRANCIS aside

Oh, Hubert !  
'Twas thou who didst this wrong ? Deny it not !  
'Tis written in thy hang-dog look. — See, father !  
See, how his eyeballs glare at me !

*F. Fran.* My son !

Confess thy crime ; nor carry to thy grave  
A canker ever gnawing at thy heart,  
That hideous canker, conscience ! Even yet  
A full revealment of thy guilt may stay  
This most unequal combat.

*Hub.* Alice ! — father ! —

'Tis true I did this wrong : but not for gold : —  
No ! not for gold. When I so sinned, my brain  
Was crazed by hate and jealousy. Oh, Alice !  
This Martin Trafford swore that thou wert false,  
And Master Henry wooed thee to thy shame.

*F. Fran.* I see it all ; thou hast done wrong —  
foul wrong, —

But fouler wrong was wrought on thee. My son !  
Thou must at once to Skipton, and unmask  
The devilish dealings of this subtle Trafford  
Ev'n to the king and council.

*Alice.* Tarry not :

They will not hang thee, man !

*Hub.* And if they did,

Better the rope were round my neck, than bear  
The hell that writhes within me.

*Alice.* Quick then, Hubert !

And thou [*to HUGH*], dear father, come with us.

I trust,

With God's good blessing, we may yet preserve  
The noble Clifford.

*Hugh.* Alice, art thou mad?

*F. Fran.* Nay, question not the maid, but fly  
with her!

'Tis no fool's errand which she leads thee on.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### SCENE V.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

ANNE ST. JOHN *discovered in a swoon.* Princess  
ELIZABETH *attending her.* CLIFFORD *in armour.*

*Clif.* Anne! my beloved! speak to me!—  
Alas!

She hears me not, she heeds me not; she sleeps  
The sleep that recks not lover, friend, nor foe;  
How deathlike, yet how beautiful! [*Trumpet  
sounds.*] Again

That trumpet cites me to the lists. Farewell,  
Gentlest and dearest! Could thy shrouded eyes  
Look up, and greet me through the pleading tears,  
That trickle down thine alabaster cheek,  
Like dewdrops from the plumage of the swan,  
They would not chide me for this chaste, first kiss,  
Hallowed by such sad parting. [*Kisses her.*] Fare  
thee well!

[*To P. ELIZ.*] Farewell, too, royal maiden! Should  
I fall,

I pray thee, minister a sister's care  
To this fair, fragile floweret. Should I live,  
A Clifford's sword, life, heritage, are thine,  
To prove how deep my gratitude.

[*Kisses her hand.*

*P. Eliz.*

Farewell !

And love and victory wreath thy sword, Sir  
Knight !

[*Exit CLIFFORD.*

*Anne.* [*Recovering.*] Methought he knelt beside  
me ! — Has he gone ? —

Gone to his death ? — He wept to see me weep ; —  
He loves me ; — I will seek, kneel, pray to him ; —  
Ay, grovel at his feet, — but I'll prevent  
This foul, unnatural butchery !

[*Going.*

*P. Eliz.*

Stay, Anne !

On this — the untarnished hearth of a proud  
race —

Bethink'st thou that the Clifford's destined bride  
Should blast the Cliffords' honour ? His fierce  
sires,

Who charged at Poitiers and at Agincourt,  
Sprang not from such scared mothers.

*Anne.*

Thou art right :

Their frowns would haunt my slumbers.

*P. Eliz.*

Come then, Anne !

Come to the lists ! Nay, shudder not, poor child !  
The king expects thee : and withal, what knight,  
Knowing the lady of his love o'erlooks  
His cause with pray'r and weeping, but must feel  
His arm thrice nerved for victory ?

*Anne.* Should he fall? —  
Oh, lady! should he fall?

*P. Eliz.* He will not fall;  
By angels sentinelled and those dear eyes, —  
His cause so righteous and his wrongs so deep, —  
So true a Christian, and so brave a knight, —  
I had almost said — he shall not! Come, Anne,  
come!

[*Exit Princess ELIZABETH, leading*  
*ANNE ST. JOHN.*]

#### SCENE VI.

*Open space in front of Skipton Castle. Lists. A  
throne for the King, and latticed gallery for  
ladies.*

*Lord STANLEY, and Heralds within the lists.*  
*Enter in procession King HENRY, Princess*  
*ELIZABETH, Countess of RICHMOND, ANNE*  
*ST. JOHN, Courtiers, Heralds, etc.*

*K. Henry.* Is all set forth by ancient pre-  
cedent,  
Accordant with the rules of chivalry?

*Stan.* It is, my liege.

*K. Henry.* Then let the trumpets sound  
To summon the accuser and the accused.

*After a flourish of trumpets, CLIFFORD enters on  
horseback and rides up to the barriers.*

*Stan.* What mounted knight art thou, who,  
cased in steel,  
Demandest entrance to these royal lists?

*Clif.* I am Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmore-  
land,  
Prepared to do my devoir with my axe  
Against Sir Martin Trafford, whom I hold,  
And here pronounce, a false, disloyal knight,  
A traitor to his king, this realm, and me.

*Stan.* Sir Knight! lift up thy vizor, and give proof  
Thou art the true appellant in this suit.

[CLIFFORD *raises his vizor.*  
Swear that thy cause is holy, just, and true!  
Swear that no aid thou hast from witches' craft!  
From herb, nor stone, nor from the wizard's lore,  
By which thou look'st for victory!

*Clif.* I swear it!

*Stan.* Then enter, and the saints defend the  
right! [Flourish of trumpets.

*First Herald.* Sir Martin Trafford! come and  
prove thyself  
A valiant knight and loyal gentleman,  
'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,  
Appellant in this cause!

TRAFFORD *enters on horseback and advances to the  
barriers.*

*Stan.* Sir Knight! who art thou,  
Who, mounted and with casque and cuirass dight,  
Seek'st entrance to these lists?

*Traf.* I am Martin Trafford,  
A true and loyal knight, come here to do  
My devoir with my falchion, lance, or axe,  
'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,  
Whom to his face I style a perjured knight,  
And dastard utterer of spiteful lies !

*Stan.* Uplift thy vizor ! [*TRAFFORD raises it.*  
It is well, Sir Knight !

Now, swear no help thou hast from sorcerer's  
art,  
Nor look'st for victory by other means  
Than God and thy own chivalry !

*Traf.* I swear it !

*Stan.* Then enter, and the saints uphold the  
right ! [*Flourish of trumpets.*

*First Herald.* Our sovereign lord, the king,  
hereby ordains

That none, — whate'er his rank, estate, degree, —  
On pain of death, shall dare approach these lists  
To abet or aid the combatants.

*Second Herald.* Behold !

Ye lieges all, brave knights and princely dames !  
Henry, Lord Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,  
Intent to do his devoir with his axe  
Against Sir Martin Trafford, whom he styles  
A false and recreant knight.

*First Herald.* Ye lieges all !

Behold Sir Martin Trafford, who maintains,  
'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,  
His cause is just, and dares him to the fray.



*K. Henry.* Sir Knights, address yourselves for aid to Heaven !

Then do your dévoirs well and valiantly !

Sound trumpets ! — Forward to the battle !

[*They fight with battle-axes.* TRAFFORD  
*is wounded ; staggers and falls.*

*Stan.*

Hold ! —

The king throws down his warder. Good my liege !

The vanquished knight, I trow, is hurt to death.

*K. Henry.* Unclasp his vizor ! give him breathing room !

[*Sir REGINALD BRAY is beckoned away by an Attendant.* TRAFFORD *feebly raises himself, and fixes his gaze on CLIFFORD.*

*Traf.* Ah ! — vanquished ? and by thee ! — The fiends themselves

Will work me no worse torture !

*Clif.*

Martin Trafford !

Yield thee my prisoner, and confess thy guilt !

That, for the sake of ancient fellowship,

I sue the king to spare thy forfeit life.

*Traf.* Fool ! — All the kings of earth were powerless

To add five minutes to my waning hours :

Nor, if they could, — came the vile meed from thee, —

Would I accept it, though with years of life.

*Clif.* Then, for the sake of thine immortal soul,

Confess, and pray Heaven's mercy.

*Traf.* What ! — confess —  
 To thee — I loathe with such undying hate,  
 That, glared around me hell's most damned imps,  
 Fretting to whirl me to its dreadest depths,  
 I'd care not, — so my gripe were round thy  
     throat,  
 And that I dragged thee down with me.

*Re-enter Sir R. BRAY, followed by Father  
 FRANCIS, HUBERT, and the BARTRAMS.*

*Bray.* My liege !  
 Behold a conscience-stricken wretch — withal  
 Abashed by this great presence ! — who avows  
 That he was wrought on by this wounded knight  
 To steal the vouchers of Lord Clifford's birth ;  
 The which he has made good upon his oath.

*Traf. [Aside.]* Ah ! Hubert false ? — Then  
     death is death indeed ! —  
 My mother ! oh, my mother ! it was well  
 Thou diedst before this hour !

*K. Henry. [To HUBERT.]* Confessest thou  
 This wrong, false knave ?

*Hub.* Alas ! my liege, I do.

*K. Henry.* Then we adjudge this vanquished  
     combatant,  
 Thus cast by Heaven's high doom, no less con-  
     vict

By dint of human evidence.

*F. Fran. [To TRAFFORD.]* My son,  
 Bethink thee of eternity ! for here

Thine hours are numbered. Hast thou nought to say

May smooth thy soul's dark passage hence ?

*Traf.* To thee

Nothing ! — Yet somewhat to yon quaking thief,  
Whose lips would lie away men's fame. — Come  
hither !

[*Feels for his dagger.*] Come nearer, Hubert ! My  
voice fails. — I am weak. —

[HUBERT *hesitates.*

Damnation ! Stand not thus with staring eyes  
And chattering teeth ! — Thou'lt fear the hangman  
yet

More than thou fearest me. Come here, I say !  
Thou wilt not come ? — Then hear me ! May my  
curse,

And this, my parting look of quenchless hate,  
Haunt thy scared nights, and agonise thy days  
With pangs as fierce as I now feel !

And ye !

Who feast your eyes upon my dying throes,  
I hate ye all ! — save one — whose seraph face  
I fain would look upon once more. — Alas !  
I see her not ! — a film steals o'er my eyes ; —  
An icy chill creeps through my veins ! — Can  
this —

Be death ? 'Tis strange, — 'tis terrible ! — To  
die ! —

To sink so young into the damp, dark grave ! —  
No heart to mourn, no eye to weep for me !

My mother! — do I see thee? — clasp thee?  
— No! —

Even thou avoidest, — fliest me! — Oh, save  
me!

Save me, my mother! — save me! — Ye foul  
fiends!

Stand back! — Avaunt, I say!

*K. Henry.*

This is no sight

For ladies' eyes to gaze on. Bear him hence!

His words and looks are fearful.

[Attendants *lift up* TRAFFORD.]

*Traf.*

Do ye dread

A dying man? — Where's Clifford? — Art thou  
he? —

Methinks thou art. — Hark, Clifford! — To the  
last

I do abhor thee! — scorn thee! — spit at thee!

[*Exit* TRAFFORD, *borne by* Attendants.]

*K. Henry.* Behold the wrath of retributive  
Heaven!

But meet it is that we attune our minds  
To gentler thoughts and feelings.

My Lord Clifford!

Amidst the peerless bevy of fair dames  
Who trembled for thy safety, one I marked,  
The silent agony of whose clasped hands  
And stifled tears too eloquently told  
How tenderly she loves thee. Take her, Clifford!  
We give thee our sweet cousin; and may Heaven  
Accord thee such abundant happiness,

As we ourselves forsooth anticipate  
With this fair Maid of York.

[*Takes P. ELIZABETH by the hand.*

For yonder knave —

Who has so wronged thee — guards! away with  
him

To instant execution! [Guards *seize* HUBERT.

*Clif.* Good my liege!

Right humbly do I crave thy clemency

For this misguided peasant. He has erred:

Yet once I knew him virtuous, kind, and brave;

And, weeting by what wiles he was beset,

I pray thee pardon him! Here's one, I trust,

[*Points to ALICE.*

Who'll be his surety, should his life be spared,

That he'll transgress no longer.

*K. Henry.*

Be it so!

If thou canst pardon him, 'tis not for us

To shut the hand of mercy.

*Clif.*

Take then, Hubert,

The life thy guilt has forfeited! Ev'n yet,

By prayer and shrift, thou may'st achieve for thee

That choicest blessing Heaven ordains for man,

A woman's changeless love.

*K. Henry.*

And now, dear friends!

Praise be to him who has reserved for us

To heal the maladies of this sick realm;

To dry the widow's and the orphan's tears; .

And blend for ever York and Lancaster!

Henceforth the glory of our reign shall be

To sheath the sword, disuse the armourer's craft ;  
To change the trumpet for the lover's lute ;  
The war-horse for the lady's ambling steed ;  
To turn dank marshes into orchard meads,  
And tangled thickets into garden-bowers.

*[Curtain falls.]*

THE END.

## NOTES TO THE DRAMA.

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### I.

Page 228.

“From Staincliffe, Horton Fells, and Litton Dale,” etc.

THE roll of names, as given in the text, of the principal places from which the retainers of the Cliffords anciently flocked to the standard of their lords, is taken from the old metrical history of Flodden Field, in which the manors of the “shepherd-lord” are thus enumerated :

“From Penigent to Pendle Hill,  
From Linton to Long Addingham,  
And all that Craven coasts did till,  
They with the lusty Clifford came ;  
All Staincliffe hundred went with him,  
With striplings strong from Wharlédale,  
And all that Hauton hills did climb,  
With Longstroth eke and Litton Dale,  
Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,  
Well brown'd with sounding bows upbend ;  
All such as Horton fells had fed  
On Clifford's banner did attend.”

— *Whitaker's Hist. of Craven*, p. 254.

## II.

Page 238.

“ Dear Sheen ! ev'n now  
I see thy living landscape 'neath my feet,” etc.

Previously to the commencement of the sixteenth century, Shene, or Sheen, — signifying shining or beautiful, — was the ancient name of the palace of Richmond, in Surrey. The latter name was substituted by Henry VII., in compliment, apparently, to the title which he had borne before he exchanged an earl's coronet for a kingly diadem. “ In this year [16 Henry VII.], the 21st of December,” writes Fabyan, “ in the night was an hideous thunder ; and, this year, was the name of the king's palace of Shene changed, and called after that day Rychemont.” (Fabyan's “ Chronicles,” p. 687.) The lines in the text, in which the Princess Elizabeth is supposed to apostrophise the beautiful prospect visible from Richmond Hill, were composed by the author some years since, and formerly figured anonymously as an inscription in the terrace walk in Richmond Park, overlooking the valley of the Thames. The possibility of its occurring to an occasional reader that he has somewhere met with the lines before, though without exactly recollecting where, induces the author to point out this otherwise very unimportant circumstance. To those who are well acquainted with the locality, the “ old church” referred to in the text is intended, not for Richmond, but for Petersham church, which lies embowered in the valley below.

Hic nimum dilecta, jaces, pia nata, fidelis  
Uxor, amans mater, junctaque morte soror.  
Hic, ubi cara tuis, aliis aliena, fuisti,  
Te celebrare licet, te meminisse juvat.

J. H. J.



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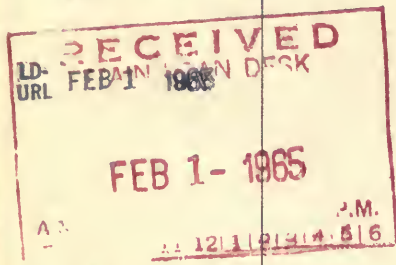


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